THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Winnipeg, June 1928 — *Ten Cents a Copy*

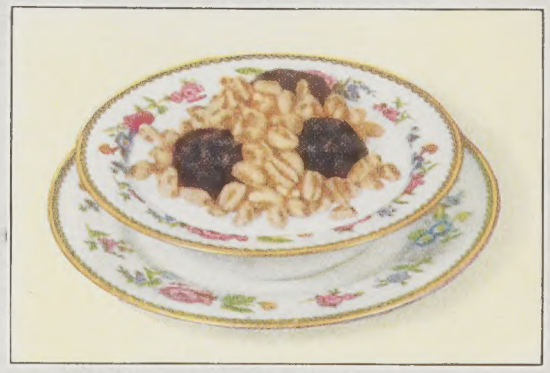
Windermere, at Hanging Glacier Lake

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

"The Fair" by Zona Gale

Six Breakfast Suggestions for JUNE that offer the Charm of Variety

Cereal foods different from any other known that combine food energy with deliciousness and prove food that's "good" for you can also be enticing



Prunes take on a new allure when served with crisp Puffed Wheat and rich milk, or half and half.

For that change at breakfast that keeps appetites prime, give him Puffed Grains in these suggested new ways.

A CHANGE is one thing every person needs; change of environment, change of amusement, and, above all things, according to modern-day authorities, a change in food.

Particularly does that apply to breakfast, too often a dull and colorless meal; yet tremendously important to the success of the day. The breakfast appetite, more than any other, demands the stimulus of *variety.*

Thus thousands are turning to Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice—grain foods that taste different, look different, *are* different from all others.

Imagine, if you can, flavory, crunchy grains steam puffed to eight times their normal size; then crisped like toast—made as enticing and brittle as a French *Marguerite.*

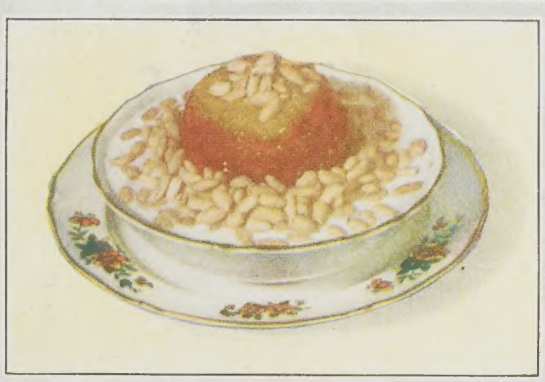
They taste like toasted nutmeats—only richer. You'll find them as tempting as confections. Children who ordinarily don't "take" to cereals revel in their richness.

Their food value is that of wholesome grain foods. The Puffed Wheat contains over 20% of bran, but you would never guess it. Steam puffing makes them easy to digest, for every food cell is broken in this process, and quick digestion fostered.

Thus they meet, in a delightful way, the modern idea in diet, which starts by *tempting* the appetite with delicious and enticing foods, that you eat because you love them—not merely "because they're good for you."

Give to the children every day in every way you can. As a between meal tid-bit to take the place of sweets. With melted butter and salt like nuts. With bowls of milk as an ideal supper dish.

A breakfast joy for the children—sliced banana, crunchy Puffed Rice and half and half, or milk.

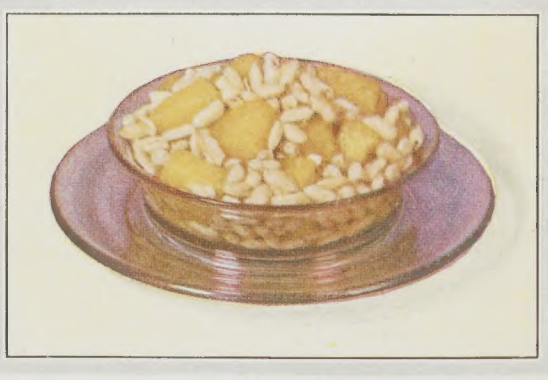


A delightful way to serve Puffed Rice is with a baked apple with all its juice, and cream or milk.

Another change: Sprinkle cinnamon on Puffed Wheat, then toast in the oven. Serve with rich milk.

Try a half peach in its rich syrup with Puffed Wheat and pour cream or half and half over it. A tempting change.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY



Serve sliced or cubed pineapple with Puffed Rice, add milk or cream to the rich juice. It's delicious!

Poised . . . Refreshed . . .

READY TO GREET THE EVENING AT YOUR BEST

Discard the telltale droop, the soil of day, in a single beauty session . . . a single, simple treatment . . . Now— a cream that performs two beauty rites in one!

By MME. JEANNETTE DE CORDET

VIVID, sparkling, in your evening beauty — a lovely challenge to the cares of day!

For though you've sped through a crowded calendar—though you're "ready to drop" when nightfall finds you . . . your evening self can be—you at your loveliest best.

And all this miracle of change can be wrought in the fleetest sort of session. For now—a cream in tune with the modern pace.

Now . . . a cream which cleanses

RELIEVES FACIAL FATIGUE

the two together—in no time!

Pompeian Night Cream divides forces, as soon as your fingers begin to work it in. Part goes straight to its cleansing work. Part stands by, to give your fingers the texture they need to work their magic.

CLEANSES . . . Smooth a generous quantity on your face. Under the circling movement of your fingers, do you feel it seeping in? That is the cleansing part, so penetrating that even deep-down dirt, embedded powder and rouge cannot escape it. And as this thorough cleanser does its work, that taut, dry feeling goes . . . dust and grime give place to soothing, healing oils.

RELIEVES FACIAL FATIGUE . . . Your fingers—keep them flying. Beginning at the neck, circling, circling, upward, outward to the hair line. Pompeian Night Cream —so velvety—gives your fingers gentle "hold" as no just-for-cleansing cream will ever do. That is the wondrous other half of this dual-purpose cream; and, aided by its velvet texture, soon your fingers coax fatigue away.

For soon, there's circulation working. Soon a new tone to muscles. Nerves relax. Drooping lips curve upward. Gradually an exquisite sense of well-being—that perfect, restful something that happens to you in the chair of a good masseuse. Now, remove the soiled cream, apply a fresh film of it—and *relax.* Five minutes. More if you can. As you rest, this rich cream penetrates every little pore, to soften, soothe.

Then up . . . your bath—your hair—your frock . . . and now you're ready!—to amaze your friends who left you all tired out just a little while before! Vivacious, radiant, sparkling . . . who else is so equal to—come what may?

AGAIN AT NIGHT . . . Give your face this same simple treatment with Pompeian Night Cream before you retire, this time leaving the second film on all night to soften, to soothe. You'll be lovelier—tomorrow . . . and in after years!

DAY CREAM . . . *a light foundation for powder* . . . Astringent, enlivening. Put it on before your powder, to give your skin that cool, smooth, exquisite "feel" . . . Then your rouge and powder—and you'll go through the day with a well-groomed powder-smoothness — free from "shine"—free from the need of frequent powdering.

FLOWER FRESHNESS . . . SO EASY NOW . . .

With fingers flying, circling always upward . . . outward . . . soon deep-down soil comes to the surface, muscles are toned, nerves relax, and all trace of weariness is coaxed away.

FREE . . . *My little booklet and samples* . . . The movements for relieving Facial Fatigue are clearly set forth in word and picture in my little booklet, which, with generous samples of Pompeian Night Cream and Day Cream, will be sent to you without charge. Won't you write me of any beauty problems that trouble you?

Jeannette de Cordet

POMPEIAN *Night* CREAM

RELIEVES FACIAL FATIGUE AS IT CLEANSES

Madame Jeannette, The Pompeian Company
Dept. 855-F, 72 St. Ambroise St., Montreal, Que.

Please send me free sample tubes of Pompeian Night Cream and Day Cream with your booklet on how to relieve Facial Fatigue.

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Address_____

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So Fine a Car

and at such a price

The Essex 4-Door Sedan

In the way women by thousands are turning to Essex is a story of the great and dynamic "man's Super-Six" made beautiful for women.

The stunning exterior grace and finish which bears closest examination with the honors of true beauty and workmanship, is carried on and heightened by the interior details of comfort, convenience and appearance.

The Essex Super-Six high-compression motor is patented and exclusive, and is so far as we know the most powerful of its size in the world.

The four-wheel brakes used on Essex are the same type used on costly cars and assure the maximum brake safety as well as the softness of control that you associate only with high-priced cars.

In these and such things as the black rubber, steel-core steering wheel, the worm and tooth disc steering mechanism and the vertical radiator shutters, Essex visibly duplicates costly car practice, as it does also in the hidden things you never see.

4-Door Sedan $960 Coupe $900 (*Rumble Seat $35 extra*) Coach $885

All prices f. o. b. Windsor, taxes extra

ESSEX SUPER SIX

Are Canadians Badly Educated?

AN AMERICAN writer has made the great discovery that Canadians are an uncouth, uncultured class without ideals and æsthetic appreciation. They are but money-grubbers, narrow-minded bigots and if there is anything worse it may be added. It is too bad that a super-sensitive soul has been wounded. One can now understand the feeling of the refined and cultured Athenian when compelled to associate with the rude barbarians. And to think that the castigation should have come from a fellow-citizen of "Big Bill" of Chicago.

This, however, is not the worst. A principal of what at one time was a high-class school of learning in Toronto has discovered that Canadians as a class are woefully lacking in culture. This is proven by the fact that the Rhodes scholars from this part of the Empire are not as well able to pass examinations in Latin and Greek as the scholars from Australia. All of this but shows that it was a man of scholastic type who passed the judgment. The average Canadian has got beyond measuring culture and efficiency by such standards as ability to read and write the Ancient Languages. Culture, refinement, manliness, intellectual ability, moral and social worth may be linked up with attainment of quite a different order. The most learned man the writer ever met was an ordinary farmer, the most gracious a clerk in a store, the most sure in his judgment of men and affairs, a hardware merchant. The scholars were not in the super-class at all. A schoolmaster's judgment of worth is not always the soundest. Perhaps we can let it go at that.

Canadians are not very brilliant in some matters, but their record in American cities and in the Great War, their achievement in industry and their willingness to assume the white man's burden, all prove that they have something which is more serviceable than the knowledge of the schools. Unless men possess probity and courage, honor and courtesy, good-will and generosity, all their Latin is but sounding brass and their Greek is but a tinkling cymbal. If we are to measure worth or ability, let reference be made to a proper standard.

Good Sports

SHOULD anyone endeavor to get the opinions of people in any community with regard to sport, he would be certain to find some who say that it is the very salvation for our young people and others who hold that it is the prime cause of their unsteadiness and their lack of poise and manliness. To the former class belong physical training experts in schools, colleges, and Young Men's Christian Associations, to the latter certain sober-minded, and some people say semi-fossilized individuals, who cannot endure the rooting at a ball-game, and who never experience the thrill of a racing contest. There is something to be said for each class.

Here is a young man who is a fine amateur golfer; he loses an arm in the war and takes to tennis; just as he reaches the top in that sport he meets with an accident and one of his legs is useless; next he takes to croquet and achieves distinction. That is what we call good sport. The young man is trying to attain proficiency in one form of activity, and he is not daunted by an accident, however serious. He is the stuff out of which heroes are made.

On the other hand, here is a young fellow who never indulges in any sport, but who attends all contests, whatever their nature. He cheers his own players, right or wrong, excuses their wrong-doing and ungentlemanly conduct, *boos* at the opposition, joins in rough-house tactics should they be victorious, is loud-mouthed, boisterous, insulting—in short, anything but a good sport.

A town is not a good sporting town simply because it has enough young men to win a championship, nor a poor sporting town because it cannot produce winners. Nor is a young lad a good sport even though he is a good player. Moral rectitude, gentlemanly bearing, courtesy, kindliness—all these are essential to sportsmanship.

It is utterly impossible to make sports of some men ."One cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

Now the newspapers, in reporting sporting features, rarely tell whether sport is good or bad. They tell of goals won or rounds lost or scores made, and let it go at that. If the reporter is one of the advocates of sport—no matter what its character may be—he will magnify every gracious word and glorify every kindly act. He will even make of a Tunney an authority on Shakespeare and persuade us that a successful aeronaut is a world-authority on international relations. On the other hand, he who sees the evil side of sport—the betting, the brutality, the dishonesty, the indecency, the coarseness, will never have a good word to say for harmless and helpful physical development that takes the form of games and contests.

It is for Western Canadian towns to emulate the Varsity hockey team of Winnipeg, who not only won the coveted trophy, but at the same time won a reputation for gentlemanly bearing and modesty. The fine basket-ball team from British Columbia now touring the East is winning an equally fine reputation. This is the ideal that should ever be put before young people—winning the game if possible, but winning a good name whether victor or vanquished.

The direction of sport in every Western town should be entrusted to men with high ideals. Otherwise sport should not be encouraged.

The Stock Market

THERE is a mania in the stock market. Records of every kind have been smashed. Stock exchange seats have risen 175 per cent. in price in a year, and the sales at a single session have passed from a peak mark of 3,800,000 shares to over 5,000,000 shares. The experts in financing are puzzled. Some are prophesying blue ruin, while a few see nothing but normal action. If public speculation is unjustified the day of reckoning is at hand, but if the speculators are obeying economic laws there is nothing to fear. The New York Outlook says:

"Always after a great war interest rates have declined. This trend continued for more than thirty-five years after Waterloo. Without any question, capital is having a hard time finding employment. Agents of American banks are scouring foreign countries offering loans. No one can say dogmatically that it is less wise to lend funds to a dangerously-placed European nation at 5½ per cent. than to buy shares of magnificent American organizations like the General Motors or the General Electric corporations for ten or fifteen times what they earned last year."

The St. Lawrence Route

THE idea of a St. Lawrence route is very appealing, but before Canadians commit themselves to it they should answer to their own satisfaction one or two questions. If the Hudson Bay route opens up successfully, as is now anticipated, how much traffic from the West will be carried over the Great Lakes? If the Hudson Bay scheme is a disappointment and if all traffic has to go over the Great Lakes, what would be the fate of the railways from the head of the lakes to the ocean? Will the saving on the price of carrying grain be enough to pay the interest on the capital outlay? With the gradual lowering of the water-level in the Great Lakes by diversion of water at Chicago, how long would it be possible for ocean vessels to use the St. Lawrence route?

There are other questions that financiers alone are able to answer, and these are serious enough to make them pause before endorsing the undertaking. One can understand how the American people are much more ready than Canadians to commit themselves to the venture.

Greater Population

IN CONSIDERING the settlement of a country one has to consider such elements as area of tillable land, forest and other resources, manufacture, transportation, marketing, population, education, capital, labor, legislation, administration of justice. Manufacture is impossible unless raw products are available and unless there are markets; railways and steamboats are unnecessary unless there is something to carry; population must be limited to the industrial capacity of the country; urban population must not exceed rural population unduly; labor and capital must be fairly balanced. Increased population is a menace unless provision is made for employment and for education, and unless justice is administered fairly and loyalty to the state insisted upon.

The point in saying this now is to offset a doctrine to the effect that increase of population is bound to bring prosperity. It may bring the very opposite. Population without assured work will mean a long bread-line in winter and unrest during the summer. An immigration policy that does not provide for suitable activity for immigrants is totally indefensible. The bringing in of new settlers means that the government must be sure there is work for them to do, and that educational facilities are provided after they come. It is because people realize this, that they are doubtful about two things—the wisdom of entrusting the selection of immigrants to the railway authorities, and the placing of these immigrants without reference to provincial governments, who in the end are responsible for administering education. If the problem is properly handled there is everything in favor of increasing the population, but if it is handled without wise precaution then we are only heaping up trouble for ourselves.

Exterminate the Mosquito

AN INTERESTING experiment is being made in Winnipeg this year looking towards the extermination of the mosquito. That seems to be a very large order, but those directing the campaign are quite sure that their efforts will meet with success. Mosquitoes breed in stagnant pools, and by treating these with oil at the proper time the larvæ are unable to develop. It is hoped that the district around Winnipeg for some miles out can be treated successfully and as the mosquitoes travel for only a few hundred yards, or at most a couple of miles, it is hoped the city will be freed from the nuisance. Of course it is a long call from this to a treatment of all the pools in the province. A farmer would need a fortune to treat the water-holes on his own farm. The marshes all over the West are innumerable. Still, the experiment is praiseworthy, and, if it succeeds, the towns throughout the West will not be slow to organize for a combined attack on a common enemy.

Alcohol

THE free use of alcoholic beverages in Canada justifies a statement that most people will think is contrary to fact, but which is undoubtedly true, as it is made by no less an authority than Dr. Howard A. Kelly, who was a noted surgeon on the staff of Johns Hopkins for years. He says that alcohol cures no disease and that therefore it is not a medicine. In ten years it will never be prescribed by physicians. He says, moreover, that it is not a stimulant but a depressant. It creates illusions of vigor. For instance, the imagination of the user says one thing, but the testing apparatus says another. Railroads have found this out, but the general public have yet to learn the lesson. Whisky does not stimulate heart action, it lessens it. Here is another interesting fact: Tables made out by the British insurance companies show that the man at thirty who does not use liquor, has a life expectancy of thirty-nine years, but the liquor-user has an expectancy of only thirty-five and a half years.

SMART, graceful, luxurious—the New Canadian Oakland Six bears eloquent witness to the beauty and the comfort built into every Body by Fisher. It strikingly illustrates, too, the unmatched ability of Fisher to build supreme value into a motor car body. You will not find a greater motor car value in Canada than the New Canadian Oakland Six. Part of that value is in its chassis, with its big motor, its bull-dog sturdiness and strength—and part in the attractive, comfortable and extremely durable Body by Fisher. That General Motors is able to offer such a car at such a price is still further proof of the beneficent result of Fisher resources, Fisher efficiency and Fisher craftsmanship

GENERAL MOTORS
OF CANADA, LIMITED

Body by FISHER

Hetty fell back a step or two behind the others. "Only married." So that was the way he thought of it

THE FAIR

By Zona Gale

Author of "Miss Lulu Bett", "The Loves of Pelleas and Etarre", "Friendship Village", "Faint Perfume", Etc.

Illustrated by Kathleen Allen

IF HETTY had stood on the rim of the world, looking it over and choosing her part, she would have wanted exactly the part which the morning held for her. The fluttering of the flag from the Fine Arts Building tower, and the constant moving of the crowd made a swift flowing of life within her as the bay mare trotted down the fairground at eleven o'clock in the morning on County Day.

"Oh, Egby," Hetty said happily, "I bet you they'll all run us—don't you"?

"Leave 'em," said Egby philosophically. Then he looked at her, there on the seat beside him—a look of magnificent possession, the look which can linger as it likes and need not turn away. "Golly-olly," he said, "they don't none of 'em need to remind me I'm married to you."

Even yet, a whole month after the event, the words had a kind of unreserve which made hearing them an adventure. Adventure it was, too, for Hetty to say "My Husband." Never yet, before older women, had she called Egby that. Now she looked down at his brown hand on the lines and at his sleeve, and suddenly she laughed up at him.

"Egby," she said, "what's by your collar"?

He brushed at his collar vaguely, not understanding.

"You've forgot my first mending," she chided him.

"I ain't," he defended, slipping his hand inside his coat collar, where, on the shoulder seam of the soft checked shirt, was the plain blue patch that Hetty had stitched in there yesterday. "I should say I ain't."

The road curved.

"Look at the Midway," Hetty cried ecstatically. "My, what a lot o' tent attractions! Oh, Egby, won't we have fun there"?

"Sure," said Egby, "we'll be meetin' everybody."

" 'Specially Lulu Miner," Hetty said.

"Lulu Miner," Egby repeated. "That's so. Lulu Miner. Well, how do I know you ain't here lookin' for Lenny West"?

"Oh, Egby," said Hetty. "Gracious! I couldn't bear him to speak to me, now."

"Well, see you don't," said Egby masterfully.

Her eye swept the scene, her young blood beating time to the life of the place.

"Ain't it funny," she said, "all the folks an' the doin's an' the fun of fair-time an' everything—an' yet the biggest part is just bein' *us*"?

She always startled Egby somewhat when she thought things through. Boylike, and some manlike, he, so to say, merely felt his reflections. Above all, he never said them. To tell his "notions" gave him the same undressed feeling which the naming of certain facts gave to Hetty.

"What we goin' to do first"? he demanded, merely. "I know," he went on. "Look at the stuff an' then go an' set in the grand stand. "*An'*," he added, "I ain't got to wonder this year whether Lenny West is goin' to set the other side of you."

"Lenny's got a automobile this year," remarked Hetty. "He'll be here in that."

"That's so, he has," said Egby gloomily. "Well, now, if you'd-a married him——"

"Eg-*by*," said Hetty. "Don't—why, don't"!

"Well, I won't—dum him," Egby said.

"Buy me some peanuts—buy *me* some peanuts before we go up in the grand stand," Hetty commanded; but instantly her face fell. "No—I guess not peanuts," she added. "They're kind o' common, ain't they"?

"Common," Egby repeated. "How's that"?

"Well, Lulu Miner use' to say they's common," Hetty recalled.

"For cat's sake," said Egby, "let's leave up on Lulu Miner."

DRIVING down the grounds from the gate, they passed lumber-wagons, on whose seats or in chairs in the boxes were women and girls, dressed in their best—here a red waist, there an "all silk," there a fabric negligible under the innocent ostentation of starch and fresh bows. Last year it was so that Hetty had come, in her uncle's wagon; and she had been longing for a white dress and new gloves. Of last year she remembered especially Lulu Miner's white flannel dress, her leather vanity case and smart little hat. Also Egby had taken Lulu for ice-cream—Hetty remembered Lulu's way of lifting her face so that it seemed to be her mouth that she lifted. Lenny West had taken Hetty — she remembered her angry satisfaction that Lenny was so good-looking, but she was hearing every word that Egby said. And now—and now! Here she was, and Egby belonged to her, and they had come in a buggy, and she was dressed like this, and it was County Day, and everybody would be here to see.

As Egby helped her to alight before the Fine Arts Building, Hetty heard the whisper of two or three standing by the door—"The bride—there's the bride." And whereas on their brief wedding journey there had been for her in the suspicion a particular, delicious agony, tinged with delight; now, back here in her home town and for the first time since their return, about to meet their old friends, the delight was chief, but touched, too, with a certain delicious and perfectly bearable agony.

Yes, there was no mistaking, even to the eye of a stranger! Hetty was the bride eternal. Perhaps no one could have told quite how the fact was plain, but there is no way to tell of countless sweet certainties. Hetty was in white, new white, the starched linen of her dress crisp and rustling; and her hat was white, new white, with pink rosebuds stitched to the crown; and her long silk gloves were white, new white. But all these one left for the look of her eyes, which had that exquisite and peculiar liquidness of a certain young life and young happiness, and the look of her cheeks, which

were in a kind of rhythm of blushes, blooming and going, but always coming back. And there was the witness of Egby, big and brown and conscious and in his wedding best. One knew the bride-and-groom truth as simply as one recognizes roses. And for Hetty the self-consciousness of the moment was the heart of the delight. She swam into the hot Fine Arts Building as if she were entering upon some luring future.

THE long nave of the building was lined with exhibits: There were the stoves, hideous grotesques, like clowns put to uses; the sewing machines, lined up in reticent domesticity; the radio outfits, their dials inviting curious fingers; the rooms furnished "complete," till one felt that one ought not to be looking; the school displays, shy with wistful promise or impudent with aspiration; the china painting, here a real dream caught on a cup, there a plaque of roses, magnified, made as definite as wounds under a microscope; the "oils," the "art squares"—vague reachings-out for beauty, reachings-out which ended in embroidering, eggs and ice-cream. And to Hetty and Egby it was all as beautiful as it really was wonderful, and potent with life and with death; as wonderful as were the fine, sincere, feathery cakes, the flaky-crusted pies, so perfect that they might have been hung on the walls in the place of these walls' more ambitious guests.

"Would you look where the fruit ain't," observed Egby. "Six plates of grapes for the whole lay-out—say, but this year's been fierce for the country. Not an apple—not an apple. Biggest apple here's a turnip. Say, ain't that a swell showin'? Blamed but I guess we'll go West—we got to round up some climate somewheres. Not a tomato—say, let's go an' give a look at the stock. They don't need no climate."

Hetty listened, not looking in the stalls, her eyes on the crowd. There was one and another and another whom she knew: the mayor and his wife, both elderly and unimpressed—oh, would Egby and she ever be like that, not paying any attention to each other?—and there was Lillie Chalmers in a new very short cloth dress—she was pretty, but she had lately been divorced, and some said it was because "she couldn't cook a decent meal of victuals and she kept house so slipshod nobody could-a stood it." There she was, with "that Mis' Raymer," as stylish as she — "but awful loud-lookin'," Hetty thought, and in an excess of young-wifely dignity pretended not to see either of them.

Behind them a player-piano broke out abruptly, as if it had kept still as long as it could, and must instantly discharge all its incoherent, pent-up might. The crowd in the building took up the melody and hummed it as they listened, and a chorus of fresh, girlish voices upbore it above the rest—

Oh, the moon shines b-r-right and p-r-retty,
R-r-r-red Wing,
La la la la la——a, la lala la——a

they exaggerated it, and ended in a cry:

"Forevermore — here they are! Here's Hetty an' Egby. We've been lookin' everywheres for you—Hello, Bride. Well, for*ever*more"!

Even in the first moment of their welcome, with Hetty one impression dominated: for here was Lulu Miner, but not the Lulu Miner of last year, whose costume Hetty herself had now half-unconsciously copied; but a Lulu Miner in a corn-colored coat and sport dress, and a snug little hat with a perky feather at the side; and with her was a stranger, "my friend Miss Mears," in a gray cloth wrap with rose lining, who, to the "Real pleased, I'm sure," of Hetty's acknowledgment, returned an airy "Delighted indeed," which to Hetty was somehow as disconcerting as a snub. But for the little bride there flooded underneath the moment the instant, warm, cherishing consciousness that Egby was hers, no matter what Lulu wore.

But as she looked at Lulu, the better to revel in her own possession, Hetty saw something. Egby was married, but that made no difference in the way Lulu was looking at him. She stood before him with that old way of upturning her face so that it was her mouth that was upturned, and her eyes were on his, in his, in the same merry, challenging, even possessive way. Something caught at Hetty's heart and would not let it beat. Lulu was looking at Egby as if she understood him, as if she were glad, after his absence, to sink back in his look. Moreover, it was so that Egby was looking at her—"but it's her fault, it's *her* fault," Hetty thought, "it's her that's doing it. Of course he's looking—but then he's just laughing and letting her look."

When, after the moment's gay chatter, the badinage, the "runnin'," they all moved away together and stopped outside the building, "my friend, Miss Mears," and the others walked beside Hetty, and Lulu fell in beside Egby.

"Let's go back down the Midway," said Lulu. Everybody come on. I could die hearin' the barkers. Couldn't you"?

They all followed—there was about Lulu a leadership that always left a rival baffled and defenceless.

Egby was married, but that made no difference in the way Lulu was looking at him

"My," said Hetty, with a laugh to show how at ease she was. "I been wondering when we'd find you girls. We said . . . ."

"Oh, gracious, we've been everywhere," said Lulu— and there was about her that which, when she chose to speak, left the sentences of anybody else unfinished. Her sentences, her eyes, her presence were as insistent as her hat. "We been dying for a man to take us around. Seen Lenny? Say, his automobile is like parlor furniture——"

All that she said was said to Egby. In the crowd the two were walking a little before Hetty and the others, Lulu always looking up. How nice they looked, walking together, Hetty thought uneasily. She herself was small of bone and girlishly slight. Lulu was large and strong and a blonde—she looked beautiful in her corn-color, beside Egby. And how glad they were to see each other—they seemed so used to each other. . . . .

THE Midway, symbol of that slow transition from the day when the County Fair was a thing of stock and produce and races to a time when it shall indeed be a festival of the harvest, with drama and folk-dancing and historic pageantry—the Midway was trying its best to release its scheduled glamor: on the canvas façades, painted figures of dancing girls; everywhere great colored letterings, music boxes, calls of the door-men with a penchant for Latin derivatives, all the contortion of gaiety and lure. But, save to the very young, it was only as good-will conspired to mask the sophistication that folk accepted it at all. They liked the Midway not for itself, but because it was nakedly there to be liked, and the time was one of professional merry-making. They did not enter into the moment; rather, they lent themselves to it—that dreary distinction between pleasure-seeking and ancient, sunburnt mirth.

Well down the tawdry avenue a tent with raised sides, and hung with pink mosquito-netting, bore over its door the device:

EATING PAVILION

It was Lulu who said: "Oh, let's get us some dinner now, while we can pick first." And at the demurring of the others about leaving out Lenny West—"Who? Oh, Lenny'll be fed. We don't need to wait for Lenny—*now*."

They sat at one of the long tables, and were waited on by anxious, tired members of some Ladies' Missionary Society in the town. In the intervals when she turned her attention from the talk of Lulu Miner, Hetty noted the evident head of the dining committee making solicitous excursionings to bring fresh, hot dishes to her own husband, who sat alone. Hetty watched the woman and smiled with the others. "Ain't wives the silliest, don't you think"? said Miss Mears, and Hetty admitted it. But chiefly Hetty's thought was on Lulu Miner, who, as a matter of course, had taken a place at Egby's other side.

"No, sir," Lulu was saying lightly, "no good askin' Egby to pay for our dinner. Egby's got a family to support now."

"Oh, shucks," said Egby; "this dinner is on us, all right. Ain't it, Hetty"?

Lulu pouted up at him, lifted her brows, shook her head, ignored Hetty.

"I expect you're *that* domestic, Egby," she said.

In reality, Egby took a delicate, sheepish delight in this impeachment. He wanted to hear more. It was to him a kind of honest and loyal enjoyment to have Lulu call him domestic, and to know that it was true. He prolonged the moment.

"Oh, I dunno," he said.

"*Ain't* you"? said Lulu airily. "I expect I'll see you helpin' dishes often. *If* I'm asked over."

"Hetty an' I are goin' to have the crowd over all the time when we get to housekeepin'," said Egby magnificently. "Ain't we, Hetty"?

"Sure," said Hetty, bravely. But suddenly she could see Lulu Miner at their house, *their* house, looking at Egby across their supper-table, laughing, flirting, *understanding* him . . . . and she herself obliged to pretend to notice nothing. As she was having to pretend now.

Presently: *"Isn't it"?* said Egby earnestly, to something which Hetty had not heard Lulu say. What had she said, Hetty wondered, and wasn't what *what?* . . . . "Do you still not take any coffee, Egby," Lulu said, once. "I think they said they'd got some cocoa—I'll ask." She *did* ask, and the cocoa came. Hetty watched to see if Egby would drink it. It was their first dinner together at a fair, and it was Lulu who was looking out for him! Hetty looked across at the head of the dining-room committee, who was just bringing her husband a heaped-up plate of apple pudding. And Hetty had

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So old Jack Swan flew in the direction of a little island in the middle of the lake and dropped the Princess into a bed of flowers

The Princess and the Giant Swans

By William Thompson

Illustrated by Carle Michel Boog

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MANY fairy days passed before the Princess could be comforted. Any mention of the late unhappy Queen made her eyes fill with tears so small that mortal eyes could not see them, but Fairy eyes could, and as Fairy eyes only saw them it was the Fairies that the little tears made sad.

One morning at sunrise, that part of the day the Fairies like best, the Princess went for a promenade. The wind was alive with its many songs of cheer; above the forest arched the great blue dome of the sky; leaves danced with the invisible but happy sprites of the air, whom the eyes of the Princess could not see, for even to her the Fairy Goddess had not revealed all the secrets she held. Stately ranks of tall trees, noble kinsmen of a long forgotten time, the woodland chieftains of her domain. wearing each a green plume, bowed to her as she passed.

Through mystic trails she strolled, humming a little tune so sweet that all the crickets stopped their rhythmic songs to listen to one very much sweeter. Woodland animals peeked from their holes to see what strange being was passing. Wolves and bears listened to the sounds, but, knowing it was their Princess, went about their business, feeling that they were not very popular with Her Highness, for they did many things which were not pleasing to her, and she had been very frank in telling them so.

On she wandered until she came to a very beautiful lake whose name she did not know, or had forgotten, if she ever had known. Scribbler had named it "The Lake of the Giant Swans," for it was here there lived the largest swans in all the world, either Fairy or Mortal.

Unlike the swans of Mortals, their wings were of a golden hue, their bodies, necks and heads, of a pearly-white color. As the Princess approached the water, many of the beautiful creatures, startled by her sudden appearance, took to the air; but those having young in their nests along the shore, hovered near, making weird sounds that really frightened the Fairy.

Of course, understanding the language of all her people, and being able to converse with them, she told them she was their Princess and friend, and loved them very much. This they did not believe, and began screeching at the top of their voices. Two old swans swooped down and seized her, flying off toward the West.

One of the swans said to the other: "What are you going to do with——"? In trying to finish the sentence, he opened his mouth too wide and lost his hold on the Princess, who hung suspended by her drapery, being held by the swan who had not spoken. This caused the one carrying her no inconvenience as she was so little.

"Drop her on the island," said the one who had lost his hold. "I'm sure she can't swim. If she tries, we can keep our eyes open, and if she makes any attempt to escape, we will carry her so far away she will never come back to trouble us any more."

So old Jack Swan flew in the direction of a little island in the middle of the lake, and dropped the Princess into a bed of flowers. She begged him to take her back to the Palace, and promised that she would not punish him, which she had intended to do later.

This made him laugh, and he went back to tell his friends what a funny little thing he had taken to the island.

All that day the Fairy wandered about. She found all around her bushes bearing delicious berries and beautiful flowers, but she longed to be at home in the Palace of the Oak with her most loving and attentive subjects.

She could have floated away to the mainland, but knew that the swans would only catch her and take her much farther away, so she decided to wait until some means of escape presented itself.

It was the very first time that any of her subjects had been so rude to her, and she felt it very keenly, plotting in her mind what punishment she would inflict upon them, feeling they deserved something very severe. She was also really in a very serious plight; her garments had been badly torn in the thorn bushes, and there was a very tiny scratch on the little toe of her left foot that caused her some inconvenience. Like an unhappy little ghost she wandered amid the crimson flowers and green grasses, or like the restless wind seeking to find a place to go to sleep. The day was dying, and here and there smiled a placid star, a beacon to that land far beyond. Once she had said: "The stars must be timid things, for they never dare show themselves until the sun has gone to sleep." Now and again a marsh light glinted as if to say: "Good-night, little one; it's time you were a-bed." Soon the golden-green of the surrounding hills, wooed by the grey shadows of the night, was lost in darkness. Fragrances and the scented winds blew her little garments so tattered. At last the "Sandman" of Fairyland touched her eyes, and she fell exhausted among the gardens of wild flowers.

IT SO happened that near the place where she had gone to sleep there lived an old man named Lepidoptera, who had the power to make Fairies dream of a Wonder Palace far away in the land of Mortals. Knowing that the Princess was asleep, he tip-toed to the spot where she lay, and touched her with his hand, saying: "Lep-i-dop-te-ra," which means "Butterfly." The old man then flew back to his nest and waited anxiously to see the ship of the little Princess enter the Port of Dreamland.

The place where she had fallen asleep was so deeply covered with foliage and flowers that, from his home, he could not see the face of the Princess, so he perched on the stalk of a mignonette. He wanted to wake her up and ask her how she had happened to wander so far from her beautiful home in the Oak; but knowing she had made a long journey and must be very tired, he did not.

"I am coming!" the Princess called. "I am coming!"

The Princess awoke amid a new day of wonderful colors—the hills were golden glories—the clouds, scarlet flames.

"How wondrous"! exclaimed the Fairy, looking at Lepido, seeming not a bit startled.

"What, my Lady,"? knowing all the time.

"The Palace of Dreams. Who are you"? all in the same breath.

"Just a faded old Butterfly," replied Lepido.

Princess TeeNee WeeNee rubbed her little eyes; "I thought I was at home," looking about.

"Do you want to go home"? asked Lepido.

Oh yes, very much, indeed, I want to tell Scribble Sprite all about my dream; but I do not dare to start. The Swans will catch me and bring me back if they see me."

"No, they won't. Last night they all turned black and have black goggles on their eyes, and can't see but a very short distance."

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Immediately the crew sprang into action, seizing the packs and piling up enormous loads

The Gates of Grand Portage

By Samuel Alexander White

Illustrated by J. Little

COMPLETING the union of the Northwest Fur Company and the Little Company, David McKay, acting agent of the Northwesters, sat at the head of his feasting table in the Grande Portage Post shouting out the names of the Little Company partners and issuing their Northwest shares.

"Brian Fairfield of Rainy River," he called as he came to the last name on his list.

Half way down the long table from McKay's right Fairfield rose to his feet. So tall he loomed that his head of fair hair brushed and festooned paper ribbons which were strung as decorations to the beamed ceiling. The candlelight glowed on his steady blue eyes, on his youthful, handsome face which bore the same suggestion of grim, rugged strength that resided in his tall frame.

He looked at McKay quietly, but he did not move from his place to take the Northwest shares that were to be his by transfer, and the assembly of one hundred-odd men stirred with a murmuring and shaking of heads. Their first impulse of surprise at Fairfield's attitude was succeeded by a thrill of remembrance. They recalled that bitter as the old fight had been between all the agents of the Little Company and the Northwest Company, it had reached its climax in the opposition carried on by Fairfield and McKay in the Rainy River district. McKay's antagonism had amounted to unmitigated persecution.

More than once had the two agents come to blows, almost to bloodshed in the interests of their respective companies. McKay had done his worst and failed by a narrow margin to drive Fairfield out of the Rainy River country. Only the news of the amalgamation of the Northwest and Little Companies had called a truce between them.

Wilderness rumor had it that there was a woman behind it all and that McKay's deadly antagonism was not only a trade but a personal rivalry. Local post keepers who were in a position to know whispered the truth in the ears of their comrades from the farther posts of the *Pays d'en Haut* as they sat about the table.

"Therese Marchand is the cause," these explained in undertones, "a beautiful French-Canadian girl, daughter of Jacques Marchand, Fairfield's brigade leader from the Rainy River post. Yes, yes, they are here tonight, or will be shortly. Jacques Marchand has been east to Montreal for supplies and his girl for finery. Some say it is the trousseau. Who knows? We shall see. Fairfield has come to Grande Portage to meet them. I wonder what is going to happen. Fairfield and McKay are sworn enemies. It is plain that Brian will not take Northwest shares from McKay's hand. *Oui*, and the question is: will he take the shares at all"?

McKay, his face purplish-red at the silent insult cast upon him, an evil glare in his wine-shot eyes, shook the packet of Northwest shares over his head.

"What are you standing there like a stone image for, Fairfield"? he demanded. "Do you mean you won't take these Northwest shares"?

"Never from you, McKay," Fairfield answered grimly. "Nor from any other member of your company."

McKay let out a gurgling roar.

"What? You refuse to join us—you, the very last man on the list"?

"I do refuse. If the methods you have used against me the last four years are the Northwest methods, then I have seen enough of them."

"But the Northwest Fur Company is supreme in the field," expostulated McKay, growing almost apoplectic. "You know that the Northwest policy is to absorb all independents or else drive them out. You cannot operate independently in the Rainy River district. We will not let you have the means of doing so. We will never let your canoe cargoes, due from Montreal tonight, go through Grande Portage. We will cast them to the four winds of heaven as soon as they arrive."

"You may stay your hand for a little," mocked Fairfield. "They have not arrived."

"When they do, you'll find out," cried McKay, leaping to his feet. "And you'll find out, too, that you can't bait Northwesters in their own headquarters. You'll either join the company now or we'll seize you and put you where you can't make trouble for us."

"Perhaps you think you can lay hands on Jacques Marchand and his daughter Therese as easily as on me," Fairfield taunted. In either case you're badly mistaken, McKay. No dirty finger of yours will ever hold me."

McKay made a maddened plunge down the right-hand side of the table. Fairfield gave a lightning leap to meet him half way. They came together with a thud that overturned the table and crashed the dishes on the floor.

Fairfield's fist drove straight into McKay's bulldog jaw, hurling him back into his chair. A dozen Northwesters, close cronies of McKay, grasped at Fairfield in the mêlee, but he eluded them, put foot upon the bench that served as a seat and sprang to the window-sill above.

The window was open to let in the balmy summer air of evening. Upon the sill reposed a bank of wild flowers, used as decorations to set off the festooned ribbons on the walls and ceiling. Fairfield's impetus sent the fragrant wild roses falling in a crimson shower upon the heads of the Northwesters who leaped like a pack of baying hounds below him.

They clutched at his legs, but with another leap he was through the window into the palisaded yard. No common canoeman loitered in its precincts. Only partners and other officers, clerks, guides, interpreters had the right to sit at meat

round the banquet-hall table laden with its array of savory viands, flooded with Northwest wine.

The moment Fairfield touched earth he was off running at full speed. The palisade gate was shut tightly, and he did not waste time trying to open it. With lithe upward swings of his body he climbed the cross-braces, vaulted over the top and dropped upon the sands outside.

There all was carousal and carnival, for Grande Portage was the Lake Superior rendezvous of the fur companies, the assembly place where the fur brigades from the West met the supply brigades from the East for the purpose of exchanging cargoes and sending out from this wilderness depot the expeditions of Upper Country Northmen into *Pays d'en Haut* beyond the Great Lakes.

Around the crescent-shaped sands of Grande Portage Bay, sheltered to mirror-like stillness by the cliff-scarred, forest-covered Laurentian mountains which fringed it, camp-fires glared like the eyes of giant ogres in the dark. Smoke spirals rose against the stars as from some suddenly-built city. Paddles, pack-sacks and dunnage lay piled in a veritable barricade, while just inside the barricade the canoemen's camps were pitched, their fires alight, their cooking kettles slung.

Every Indian breed swarmed there: Iroquois from the Ottawa, Hurons from Lake Huron, Saulteaux from the Sault, red boatmen of the East mingling with their Western brethren: Ojibways, Crees, Chippewayans and the mighty Northmen from the posts of the *Pays d'en Haut*, from English River, Isle Portage, Rainy River, Lake Winnipeg, Fort des Prairies, Isle à la Crosse, Fond du Lac, far Athabasca.

A boisterous horde, they sang and danced about the fires. Fairfield slipped between their dancing figures like a swift phantom. Even while some of the more sober rubbed their eyes and stared to see who was so light on his feet, the Little Company man from Rainy River topped the barricade of dunnage round the camp-ground and dashed down to the canoe-harbor.

Fleet upon fleet floated there, some tied to shrubs at the shore-line, others fastened to timbers of stone-weighted cribwork pier whereon the cargoes were unloaded before being transferred to the sand beach beyond. On the beach itself were craft which could not find water-space in the canoe harbor, lined bottom-up in long rows.

AMONG these massed canoes Fairfield was not at a loss to find his own craft in the dark. It lay at the end of one of the long yellow lines. With a heave he swung it to his shoulders, darting out on the stone-weighted cribwork of the long canoe pier.

So tightly packed with crafts was the harbor within the pier that he had no opportunity to launch there. Only outside the pier lay open water. He lowered his craft from the end of the cribwork into the channel between the Grande Portage sand beach and a nearby island that sheltered the bay.

Behind him he heard a mighty clamor, and he looked back for a second. The palisade gate of the Northwest fort was open. He glimpsed McKay leading the rush of Northwesters, yelling and cursing the carousing canoemen for not getting out of the way.

In a few minutes the Northwest leader would reach the pier. Fairfield did not pause to give him the direction of his going. He shot away over the dark water of the channel, dipping his paddle silently, rounding the high, boulder-strewn, forest-covered island and using it as a screen to hide his flight along the Laurentian walls of the mainland shore.

Two miles away from Grande Portage Bay he swerved into a quiet cove among the towering granite cliffs and gave the low screech of a night-hawk as a signal. Instantly the signal was answered by a second night-hawk's call. With an exclamation of relief Fairfield paddled on to the end of the cove where a brigade of huge six-fathom Rabiscaw canoes from Montreal, laden to the gunwales with supplies and trade goods, lay motionless in the calm water awaiting his coming.

All but one of the big crafts carried Indian paddlers. The silver starlight filtering down between the cliffs betrayed the figures of two whites among the Iroquois crew of the last craft. One figure was that of Jacques Marchand, Fairfield's brigade leader, a lithe, swarthy French-Canadian, bronze-skinned, black-eyed, black moustached, resting coolly in his place of command. His hands were clasped behind his head, his back propped comfortably against the packs, a long, straight pipe in his mouth glowing and dimming alternately like a firefly in the night. The other figure leaning forward expectantly beside him in a tense, listening attitude was that of his daughter Therese. Even under the weak silver radiance shed by the lofty, luminous stars her profile was a thing of beauty. Silhouetted against the phosphorescent waters of the cove, full-bosomed, swan-necked, each delicate feature clearly etched, she poised, a queen of the wilderness, her great dark eyes fixed upon Fairfield's approaching canoe.

Suddenly he backwatered. His gunwale lightly touched the gunwale of the Rabiscaw and the girl laid a shaking hand on the scroll of the craft.

"We were getting afraid, Brian," she breathed tremulously. Even at this distance we could hear a clamor at Grande Portage—the lake is so still."

"You didn't need to worry, Therese," Fairfield laughed exultingly. "I was quite able to take care of myself. As for clamor, you would have heard a lot more if McKay had known I met you here before we went into session at Northwest headquarters. There was a wild time when I refused to join his company, but I accomplished my purpose I made him show his hand."

"You hint at troube"? cried Therese. "There was fighting at Grande Portage? I told my father a dozen times that you were gone too long and needed us, but one might as well try to move these cliffs."

"I be under Brian's orders to wait here till he come again, *cherie*," smiled her father. "W'en I'm receive orders I ain't disobey dem. To yield to wan girlish impulse might be place de whole brigade in danger; destroy it, mebbe. *Comment?* Is it not so"?

"Tell us of the fighting," implored Therese, her eyes shining brighter than the stars.

"There wasn't much. Nothing but a blow or two," laughed Fairfield, rubbing the skinned knuckles of his right hand. I had speed enough in my legs to get away before McKay could pursue. But we are not done with him. We can't go through Grande Portage. He swears he'll scatter the cargoes if we try. We'll have to go in to Rainy River by the Kaministiquia route."

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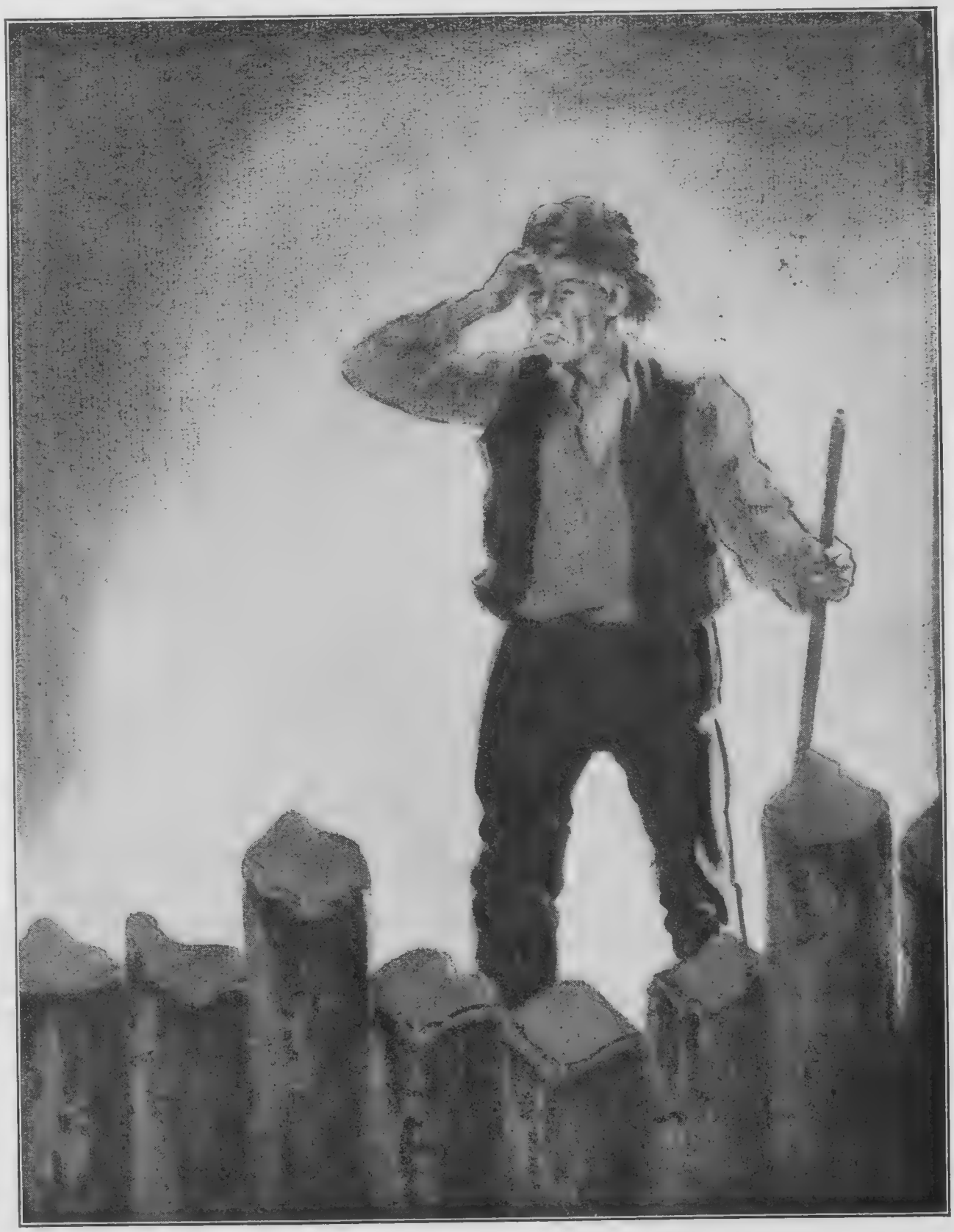

They glimpsed his figure appearing on top of the palisades, blackly outlined against the light

What Ho! for the Spanish Main

By Bessie L. James

Central Avenue, Panama

VACATION to most Western Canadians is synonymous with summer. Whether it is a survival of our youthful enthusiasm for the day that school lets out, or the feeling that the perfect days of life come in the months of June, July, August and sometimes September, we cannot say. Nevertheless the idea is most firmly fixed that when the sun is high in the northern heavens, and the day at its longest, we must lay aside our daily cares, don our best and gayest clothes and off to the mountains, the lakes or strange cities. It is a fine idea, too, for if there is one thing more than another that we Canadians need, it is a knowledge of our own country. Know Canada first—then by way of forcing home her glories, seek other climes for contrast.

The true time to travel is during the in-between months, when weariness and boredom make life a heavy load. To circle half this continent seems almost too fragile a dream to bear the light of day, but it can be done in less than a month by land and water, through the older cities of the East, then by ship down the Atlantic Coast into the warm flow of the Gulf Stream. From there it is over the road to Romance, the path by which the Dons of Spain sought the fabled wealth of Old Cathay, and the buccaneers of Morgan a good fight and a chest of Spanish doubloons to solace their wounds.

Three days after Christmas on a foggy afternoon, we (meaning I, but the plural sounds more modest—of course there were others aboard) sailed past Liberty in New York Harbor, on SS. Manchuria, a worthy old tub whose equilibrium, it seemed, the sternest wind that blows could not disturb. The scream of the gull, punctuated by the hoot of the siren, were a pleasant accompaniment to the lazy thoughts of the doings of the past week, when Christmas had been a mad rush, succeeded by the inevitable let-down feeling of the mornings after. The warm fog crept in about us, smoothing out mental kinks as well as our marcel wave. Each hour brought a change, and on the third day out, we had cast worry to the winds and felt as merry as the schools of dolphins and porpoises whose teacher was guiding them at break-neck speed through the Atlantic swell.

The coast of Florida loomed up early. A stupid, uninteresting coast it was, broken here and there by huge dull-red resort hotels and straggly palms which accentuated the general lack of vegetation. However, as night fell, we forgave it, because of the twinkling lights here and there, as lighthouses sent their messages of comfort and warning to the sailor in the crow's nest. A restful feeling that, the flashing light ashore, the deliberate note of the bell and the unhurried reassurance of the watch's "All's well."

Natives of Panama

CAME the morning of the fourth day, and in through the narrow passage nosed the ship, dipping her flag in salute to the cannon-crowned rocks on the left, Morro Castle and Cabanas Fortress. Havana, capital city of the Republic of Cuba, has a fine harbor, giving shelter to the ships of all nations—German, Swedish, British and United States passenger ships riding at anchor, beside little ugly Cuban cruisers ,and cargo tramps from every port on the Seven Seas. Occupying a lengthy peninsula guarded by sea-walls, the city climbs to its background of soft hills, seemingly wrapped in the sleep of centuries. Pinks and blues and dazzling white are the Spanish houses, crowding the narrow streets. One feels that around each curve lurks the gay caballero with his ribboned guitar, watching for the flight of Carmen's rose from behind the shuttered window-frame. From the Plaza de Armas, dating back to 1519, the old and new mingle in making Havana one of the fascinating cities of the world. Here is an ancient cathedral, whose foundations were laid in 1656, called Columbus Cathedral, for it is claimed that in 1795, the bones of the great discoverer were brought from San Domingo and rested there until they were taken to Spain in 1898. There is the President's Palace, a huge pillared building all dressed in flags and bunting for the visit of the coming Pan-American Conference. On guard were the funniest little toy-soldiers, who tried to appear war-like, but their shoulders were not made to carry a rifle and the soft brown eyes were anywhere but front. And why not, I ask you, when the loveliest ladies in the world make the Prado and the beautiful Maleçon a place of promenade? Fascinating, too, are the shops, where Paris, Kashmir and China touch, there being very little duty on such goods, and the lure of lovely laces and embroideries is only second to the fragrance of flowers imprisoned in cut glass of fantastic shapes, bearing such intriguing names as "Nuit de Noel," Toujours moi," and "Le Ciel bleu." And since no visit to Havana is considered complete without a call *en passant* or otherwise at Sloppy Joe's, whose shipshape cafe belies its name, we stood in wonder before the array of eighteen hundred varieties of multi-colored liquids which were not perfume—but they were so pretty! And the gardens of Havana—imagine roses at ten cents a dozen in January!

Outside Havana, we got our first feel of warm weather—the officers appeared in ducks and the girls were tremendously bucked. Speaking of officers, why is it that on good ships, the management insists that men on the bridge are for navigation purposes only—and worse, having reached that decision, why they should choose the best-looking things and parade them on deck once a week at fire-drill or something, just to

The French Memorial Monument at Panama

annoy the fair sex! But the first and the second and the third mates become captains some day, and here again is a hint to travellers. Choose your skipper well—the "Old Man" is important in other places than the bridge. There is the Captain's Table—oh, the poor Captain! He is the "social hostess"—that is, if he does not have a couple of rank amateurs aboard as we did. We don't want to boast, but our captain was a most versatile gentleman. Being a Britisher with seafaring blood and a couple of prints of four-masters at home, we felt a critical interest in the merchant marine of the United States. We took note of the way the decks were or were not swabbed—we took notes on the service—and we watched the crew. The captain—from his roll we decided he had paced

"a dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke-stack,
Butting through the Channel in the mad March days."

But after listening to him make as neat a reply to a toast to his crew and his ship on New Year's Eve as we have ever heard, we were not sure; the skipper's mother must have been Irish, bequeathing him the "gift of the gab." On top of that he sang, "Rollin' down to Rio," and "Mandalay," and the rollicking old sea chanteys that made you fairly ache to pull on the bow-line. A rare old sea-dog, our Captain! And on deck, wasn't he the gay lad—he played all the games, and he won them! The ladies loved him, but we were rather glad to see that he was an earnest dancer—one of that kind of dancers who performs it as a duty, and he kept his weather eye cocked for squalls, wishing all the time she would blow a bit and let him off. Last night out we found that the captain came from Falmouth, and wondered how long he had served on a U.S. ship to get the air of camaraderie which is not one of the visible signs of the British seaman. So, choose your captain, travellers, even if the acquaintance goes no farther than two "good-mornings." It's fun to watch him.

FOR two days we ploughed the blue Caribbean Sea, across which four centuries ago the galleons of Old Spain sailed in search of treasure. Scarcely a coral reef but has its tale of romance, for the New World caused many of the troubles of the Old, and in these waters were fought the aftermath of the Armada, the Dutch wars and Trafalgar. But, thrilling as are the stories of long ago, the present has a tale to tell of an adventure greater in its conception and execution than the wildest dreams of the men who first sought fortune in this lovely land. It is the tale of the Panama Canal, by which the back-bone of a continent was broken and access given from sea to sea by a flowing road on which great ships move up and down, carrying the wealth of the Indies, the mines of the North, and the golden grain of the Prairies.

The idea of a canal was first conceived away back in 1529 by one of Balboa's companions, and later Cortes' lieutenants prepared plans. From that time on, French, British and Americans developed projects, but no actual work was done until 1882, when the French started the excavation of Culebra Cut. Things went wrong and progress was halted until the United States Government bought the rights in 1902. After heartbreaking labor, the

This photograph of the Empress of France passing through the Gaillard Cut, will give a good idea of the height and breadth of the "ditch" which separates the two Americas.

Cathedral at Old Panama

Canal was ready and on August 3, 1914, the first ocean steamer passed through.

In the early morning the entrance to the Canal from the Atlantic is rarely beautiful. A series of breakwaters are the introduction to the thriving towns of Colon, belonging to the Republic of Panama, and Cristobal of the Canal Zone. Royal palms beckon from the boulevard, but our ship did not stop moving up the channel for almost seven miles to the great Gatun Lock. Lovely though the route is, we felt that the ship was anxious to negotiate the locks and leave them behind her, perhaps because here the channel crosses that forlorn hope, the old French canal. We entered the first of the three Gatun locks, and so quickly were we lifted that we could not appreciate the fact that in one and one-fifth miles, at the rate of three feet a minute, we climbed eighty-five feet. The water pours into the chambers of the locks, without pumps, it being possible to fill and empty them in about fifteen minutes. Two electric engines are the "mules' which pull the vessel through the locks, passage through the Gatun Locks occupying about an hour. The flights are duplicate, and as we moved west, alongside came SS. "Canadian Leader," a sturdy shipshape young thing flying the house-flag of the Canadian Merchant Marine. We were proud of her as we passed.

Gatun Lake was formed by the building of a huge dam across the Chagres River, making the largest artificial lake in existence, with an area of 164 miles. On either side are numerous banana plantations, the trees of light green which contrasts beautifully with the dense forest growths around. But we were bitterly disappointed not to see monkeys hanging by their tails or sinuous snakes winding themselves up and down the tree-trunks. It's far too neat and tidy, the lovely country made livable in the Canal Zone by the United States.

At the entrance to the Gaillard Cut, or Culebra as the French called it, are the traffic regulators, a system of cones and balls hoisted on a staff to pilot the ships up and down. There is also a pretty little penitentiary which may accommodate 70 inmates, proving that though every prospect pleases, man still is vile, as the hymn has it. The Cut is the most interesting part of the trip through the Canal. For eight miles we moved through the spine of the continent. Gold Hill on the left is 662 feet high, and we went right through it expecting every minute it would tumble down and bury us. At the end we passed down the two chambers which are Pedro Miguel Locks, five-sixths of a mile long, and crossed Miraflores Lakes, fed by the Rio Grande, with a dash of salt from the Pacific. Miraflores Locks lowers vessels fifty-four feet to the level of the Pacific, the highest gates and lock-walls in the Canal being part of this series and measuring eighty-two feet. An eight-mile channel takes the ship from Miraflores Locks to Panama Bay, just fifty miles from deep water in the Atlantic to deep water in the Pacific, it having taken six and a half hours to cross. No time was wasted getting ashore when we docked at Balboa.

French Plaza—Panama

BALBOA and Panama City on the Pacific are totally different, the former being a modern American city of beautiful buildings with gardens,

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Sheila, pale as a marble Madonna, sang her best and Johann, with Anton clinging to his arm, heard her adoringly

JOHANN LIND

By Laura Goodman Salverson

Illustrated by J. F. Clymer

FOURTH INSTALMENT

FOR the first time in her history young Saskatchewan astonished the world. In the very belt set aside by certain gentlemen in their computations as unsuited for the raising of wheat, thousands of bushels had been grown. In fact, this was a year of bumper crops all over the Dominion, and Saskatchewan had done her part nobly. The new settlers were wild with enthusiasm, working in a kind of frenzy of joy as though by tearing through their labors they might hasten on the spring and the crop to follow.

Ole and his sons had bought a binder in conjunction with Mr. Berg and another Scandinavian. Day after day passed in a fever of work, but what joyous work! The grain stood thick and tall and the beautiful sheaves seemed to leap from the machine with conscious pride and pleasure.

Ole sat the binder like a monarch. Never had he followed the blue waves of his Northern Seas with greater exhilaration than he now plunged through the golden fields of grain. Talk of the zest of sea breezes! Ole was momentarily convinced that the much-abused plains had a stimulus just as potent. "Ja, da"! Ole couldn't explain it, but for the time he was captive to its lure. The rich earth flung up a snare of perfumes that acted like a drug to the senses. Pangs were eased and the harsher aspect dulled in its beneficent influence. Soft clouds of vapor curled up from the hot ground to mingle with the healthy odor of the steaming horses. Whirr, whirr, whirr, sang the magical machine, close upon the dull hollow sound made by the willing feet of the faithful horses.

Behind him his sons toiled at stooking, bending and lifting with mechanical persistence; Johann in the lead but Andre doing his part ably. They had always made a good team in the harvest and if Andre showed a little less energy than formerly it was doubtless due to the preoccupation of his thoughts. Eli was as pretty as a kitten . . . . not much for life perhaps, but——

"Wooho! wooho wooho"! Helga's welcome voice came floating over the field. 'Wooho, wooho"! closer now. Ah, there she was at last, basket and hot coffee in hand. What pleasure, what delight the homely picture afforded! Ole stopped the horses who, thankful for release, set to flicking flies in earnest, and with a sigh of relief flung himself down on the restful earth. Andre followed suit; Johann toiled on till Helga's cheerful voice commanded obedience.

How gratifying to fling oneself upon the couch of earth; to lave in sunshine for a wordless moment while the tired muscles relaxed and the mind gathered peace. Earth, and sky, and air, all seeming to merge in one pool of burning life; a sea of pristine fire, into which, and out of which, all things proceeded. . . . .

"Tish, now, Johann, no dreaming"! Helga chided, pouring out a generous jugful of steaming coffee. But, that moment's respite made the simple refreshment doubly welcome. While her men ate Helga droned on about this and that triviality. A young turkey was missing; the barn cat had got another litter. So on and on, between serving.

Thus day followed day until the crop was cut. Then came harvesting. Helga was all on pins at first. It was so long now since she'd had to feed a crowd of hungry men; she'd never get through it; she was getting old and falling behind in the arts of cooking. But after all everything turned out nicely. Vrouw Van Meiris put an end to worry by offering Haasji's services for that difficult time. Haasji was more than willing. Work had no terrors for her healthy being and curiosity concerning the mysteries of harvesting lent additional lure. When the great iron monster came puffing and grinding up the road, Haasji hopped about like an excited pigeon.

Whenever time permitted out she must go to the edge of the field to watch the iron magician at his tricks. There he stood on the plain, a giant thing belching smoke and gaping hungrily for the

ripened grain. Into his yawning mouth the great sheaves disappeared only to reappear again by way of two large funnels, in showers of golden kernels and lighter straw.

As the monster proceeded with his ruthless grinding, the mounds of grain and straw kept steadily rising, and each inch of growth meant money for Min Heer Johann. Haasji clapped her hands in glee. *Allemachter,* such a nice excitement! She wished she dared tell Heer Johann the feeling it gave her but he was very grim and dirty just then. Ach, yes, grim as the black machine to which he fed his lovely golden sheaves.

So Haasji contented herself with admiring him from afar, strange tenderness swelling her young heart. Min Heer was very big and strong, and—beautiful, but just the same he never seemed happy. Not as Haasji understood happiness. Oh, well, Haasji knew something she could do—she could hide a second piece of pie for Min Heer and put cream on it!

That happy decision acquired, back she skipped to the house to commence the ordeal of peeling potatoes for dinner. Ach! what mountains of potatoes she peeled those next two days. What piles of cakes and pies poor Helga sweated over! *Allemachter!* such a hunger Haasji never had witnessed. Sure it was good to see the threshers come, but — "you should know," Haasji told her mother later, "it was like Christmas to see them go"!

Johann decided to haul his grain while the roads were still reasonably fit and Haasji was on fire to make the first trip with him. She had done her work well and was to receive a dress length in payment. Her mind was fixed on getting something blue—blue as Eli's silk, and to have it made as tight as possible. According to Eli, the girls in Winnipeg were wearing princess dresses; dresses that pinched one's waist and gave one an elegant appearance. Such a dress Haasji was determined to possess.

Johann raised no objection to her going. She always amused him and he enjoyed her chatter as they drove along. Everything pleased her; the birds on the wing, the beasts in the pastures; nothing so small, nothing so commonplace but her warm heart found it beautiful.

Johann was silent, but a singular peace possessed him. The clean air was bracing and the sunlight lay kindly upon the face of the land. Haasji's happy chatter made part of his contentment. She buzzed in his ear like a busy little bee, and this buzzing merged with his happiness, to vitalize and uphold it. It was impossible to doubt the sweetness of life with Haasji's gladness ringing in his ears. When they reached town he suggested she do her shopping while he drove down to the elevator. But no, her curiosity was much too great.

"Oh, Min Heer, neen, neen! I want to see him, that big tall house where you put in the beautiful corn"—Haasji still clung to the Continental name. "Neen, neen, Min Heer, Haasji likes to see that house."

See she did, watching every movement with keenest attention. Sure, yes, it was very wonderful; it made one think machinery had a mind. "And you should know," Haasji informed her mother later, "how honest is that house. Min Heer Johann's waste comes right back to him. Such good pig feed, too"!

But even this day of many joys had its alloy. The general merchant had nothing in the way of sky-blue material. Johann offered comfort by contending that pink was just as pretty. Well, maybe, but Haasji had her doubts. And then, who should they meet as they turned past the doctor's tiny office but Sheila Patrick. Haasji stiffened like a little Indian, winsome animation wiped from her happy face.

Johann checked the horses, the apparition evidently more than welcome to him. And Sheila was certainly very trim in her street clothes, and her smile somehow fitted the tailor-made turnout. A well-behaved little smile knowing just when to arrive and when to leave, like a proper caller! It flashed out now for a tantalizing moment, impressing Johann tremendously; she was so different from the girls he knew. He had thought about her a good deal lately. Even in the thick of harvesting he'd caught himself dreaming of that cool young slenderness of hers. And here she stood smiling up at him, the yellow sunset for a background; a new warmth of friendliness in her eyes.

Haasji sensed what was passing in Johann's mind and all at once the bottom dropped from her little universe. She was tired. She wished she'd never come . . . . ten miles over rough prairie roads wasn't so nice. And pink—she hated pink. *Allemachter,* yes, that so dreadfully wise Miss Patrick wore pink at the dance! Ach, the day was going from bad to worse! Min Heer was actually asking the teacher to drive with him some day. Now she knew he'd be spoiled forever. He'd never understand her any more or the things the birds and bees and pretty flowers whispered in the dawning. Poor Min Heer, how she longed to warn him against closing his heart to sweet foolishness and laughter . . . Haasji didn't know, you see, that Sheila recited poetry divinely by moonlight.

Sheila was smiling less coldly now. "Thanks so much, Mr. Lind, but I happen to be engaged on Sunday. However, there's Saturday—that is, if you're not busy."

Of course he was busy and of course he denied it. What are a few hours in the face of such good fortune? And after all, Andre generally took Dutch-leave with the buggy every Sunday.

So, to Haasji's utter disgust, it was settled Johann should call at the Patrick's on Saturday at four o'clock. What was more, Sheila promised very graciously to take supper at the Boen's.

That completed the ruin of tottering happiness. All the rest of the way Haasji sat in gloomy silence but Min Heer didn't notice it. Or very nearly so. Just once he looked at her, the shadow of surprise in his dream-filled eyes, but Haasji knew he hadn't really come out of his trance.

A little later waking to the fact that his young companion drooped beside him, he twitted her lightly as he thrust a quilt behind her back for greater comfort. "Poor kid, you'll be wiser next time and wait till someone goes to town in a buggy; pretty rough going in a wagon these days."

Haasji sniffed. "He is all right, that wagon," said she. "You should know, Min Heer—you should know . . ." Poor Haasji floundered, at loss to explain her meaning. "Ach, you should know it is the pink"! she finished sharply. "I hate him, that silly color."

Johann's laughter rang out gaily but Haasji failed to respond. She had discovered a new cruelty in life. It was so hard to be a little farm girl. *Allemachter,* yes! Well, she'd become a monster of knowledge, wise as the serpent. Nay, wiser—wise as Miss Patrick!

MR AND MRS. PATRICK received Johann with humorous courtesy. They were becoming accustomed to their niece's admirers. Not a week passed without some shining buggy being tied to the fence.

Miss Patrick was forced to admit a little later that Johann was not so ignorant as she had supposed. Something, the pleasure in his heart, the loveliness of the autumn day, or the charm of his fair companion had freed him momentarily from customary reticence. Or perhaps the memory of his first success had something to do with it.

All his springtime hopes had come to fruition. The labor had been hard but the reward justified it. His faith was in the land and the land had repaid him. A thousand fresh ambitions had hold of him, inducing him to talk as he had never talked before; giving word to hidden thought and captive fancy. Sheila began to respect him; to understand a little of the vision pioneers must have.

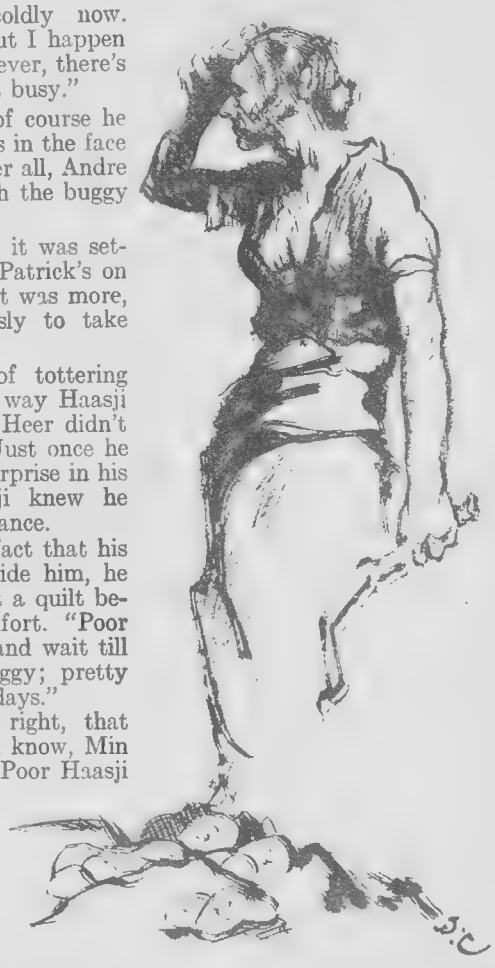
Something warned Sheila that this was no time for arguments, and reasoning, she suspected, no matter how clever, would never subjugate Johann Lind. She must find a better weapon, a more subtle method. Prompted by age-old instinct, she became sweetness incarnate; and alas, discovered his weakness. Whatever else he was, or was not, his heart proved curiously susceptible to poetry—beautiful phrases enslaved him. Sheila decided to make the most of it.

"Listen now," she told him in conclusion, "here's a message just for you:

Ye rigid Ploughmen, bear in mind
Your labor is for future hours;
Advance—spare not—nor look behind—
Plough deep and straight with all your powers."

He took it much more seriously than she had intended, for seriousness was not what she wanted just then. So she launched into humorous doggerel that brought the laughter she preferred.

By this time they had reached the far end of Simon Berg's hay-land. Not so far away rose the thatched roof of the Russian's poor little house. Something about the place struck a sympathetic chord in Johann's heart. He wished he'd gone to see them; they must be very lonely—that was it, the place had a desolate, lonely look. Just now he'd have preferred not passing the Zekof's but he wanted Sheila to see a beautiful piece of country that lay beyond. But since he must pass he conceived the mad idea of stopping to get acquainted.



"Having a hard time, I guess," he said to Sheila, nodding toward the sorry-looking place.

Disgust overspread her face. "Ugh! You can imagine their state of mind. Look at that dreadful house! Not a window open anywhere! And . . . . Heavens! don't tell me it serves for barn as well as house"!

Johann was just a little bit nettled by the way she spoke. "Well," he drawled, it helps to keep them warm."

"Johann Lind! You're not upholding them?

And then they caught sight of Mrs. Zekof herself. A sizable body was Mrs. Zekof, not easily overlooked. Barefooted, but with her head decently covered, and skirts hitched up to her knees, she stood in the midst of her potato patch. She had heard them coming and, hand to forehead, watched to see them pass. Judging by her gloomy expression, watching folks pass was her only contact with the social life of the community.

At her feet lay a great pile of clean-skinned potatoes, the decorative splashes of moist black earth peppering her stout red legs sufficient witness to her right of ownership. Behind her swept a vast plain; the tiny potato patch no more than a mole on its golden cheek. And the peasant woman, shapeless, ugly, dirty from tireless labor, loomed up in its vastness like the spirit of primal struggle. Johann looked at her with quickened sympathies. Despite her stubborn patience she seemed the victim of unequal strife; her gloomy figure portraying eloquently the terrible loneliness of the whole struggling human race.

"Poor devil," thought he, black eyes half shut, brows drawn in a heavy frown. "Poor unhappy devil"!

"I'm thirsty," said he, as he jumped down to

undo the gate. That might be, but as he angled toward the house his eyes never left Mrs. Zekof, in them an expression far from critical. Poor Mrs. Zekof's leathery face darkened with suspicion and distrust as the strangers drove up. But then, meeting with that compassionate look of Johann's she sprang to sudden, passionate life.

"Glory be to Thee, O God," she shouted in her native tongue, rushing forward to welcome her visitors.

Johann nodded, deeply touched by her childish excitement and, smiling, made her understand he was thirsty and would very much like a big drink. Which common request seemed to affect Mrs. Zekof like a great honor. The first laughter of months on her lips, she dashed into the house, reappearing from its cavernous depths, cup and iron pot in hand. Sheila shuddered with horror as eager Mrs. Zekoff blew into the cup and wiped it carefully on her petticoat before pouring out the milk.

But, very much a Lind, Johann accepted the drink. "Thank you, Mrs. Zekof,' 'said he, "you are very kind." And to Sheila's eternal wonder, drank the last drop of it.

The children now came flocking round them, curious and interested. There were five of them and brighter-eyed youngsters Johann had never seen. But they were not all inclined to be friendly; the eldest, a really beautiful lad of twelve ,hung back suspiciously. Johann grinned at him boy-fashion. "Come and see me some time, young fellow," said he.

"Glory be to Thee, O God," shouted the poor mother, catching Johann's hand to her lips. "He will come, Barin—he will come"!

Gracefully as might be, Johann freed himself, leaped into the buggy and, with a cheerful word or two for the now clamoring children, rode away.

Sheila was in a huff. "It's a mystery to me, Mr. Lind, how you could drink milk from such an awful source. Surely you know that microbes. . . . ."

Johann struck the horses a sharp blow and they, poor creatures, unaccustomed to such treatment, sprang forward in shocked surprise. Sheila caught at her hat, flinging Johann an indignant glance. "Really, I should think you'd be more careful of your animals," said she.

"Oh, well . . . we have our failings and our tastes," he returned in a soft voice that, nevertheless, grated on Sheila's sensitive nerves.

"Thanks so much, Mr. Lind, but I happen to be engaged on Sunday. However, there's Saturday — —

FALL faded into winter, and with winter came leisure. Helga, happy as a lark, spent her free moments in making patchwork quilts. Andre made no secret of his admiration for Eli, so she confided to Ole she meant to make six quilts for each of the boys, and as many pillows. Besides, she was already saving the down from her fowls for a purpose she refused to divulge.

There was a good deal of gosisp concerning Andre and Eli in town. Some suspected it was to escape the colorless life at home she had taken up with him. With a father like Simon she'd never have gotten out at all unless a suitor took her. This was the general opinion but, keener wits hinted that, left to herself, Eli might have chosen differently. A counter statement barely whispered for by now everyone understood that Johann was a regular caller at the Patricks, and old Mr. Patrick took considerable pains to explain what an up-and-coming young farmer he was.

As for Johann, he loved Sheila and he hated her. He wanted to believe her fine and true, but something he could not quite understand made him rebel against her cold reasoning.

Conscious of unworthiness, he accepted her viewpoint, or persuaded himself that he did. She was so wonderful, this wise Sheila, so poised and selfless; so zealous for the common good. Of course she was right in all she said and of course he loved her cool sweet ways.

Still more than likely it was to propitiate that other side of his nature (the side that rebelled against Sheila's mechanical code) that he made a friend of the Russian boy. Many an evening young Anton spent with him and Herman in learning to read or listening to Herman's dignified interpretations of the tales he himself loved.

But there was a darker side to their intimacy. As the boy lost his shyness, he too had a contribution to make. Old Herman stood aghast at what this baby knew of wickedness and sin. Even Johann shivered at his descriptions of peasant uprisings in the Baltic—of the dreadful slaughter that had driven his people away.

As time went on he grew pathetically attached to his new friends and eagerly desirous of showing them his gratitude. He even brought Helga a queer cheese with strange seeds in it; for which she kissed him, and later flung it to her hens. But though he learned to laugh and chatter unreservedly with Johann, he never ceased worshipping him as a kind of superman. Nor did Daria, his mother, ever omit a prayer for the kind Barin when she knelt before her rude Ikon.

Now they were often quite gay as they sat before the fire listening to Anton's tales of the nice people on the great farm. For Barin Johann was, in their estimation, not only a good neighbor, but a rich gentleman.

But now Anton's father had to cut wood, day in, day out. He was afraid their small store of fuel wouldn't outlast the winter. All spring, all summer he had toiled like a beast and Daria with him, but even four hands can't accomplish everything. There was enough green feed for his cattle, and potatoes for his children, but not enough wood to keep warm. So he must cut down trees with Anton and his next younger brother to help him. They thought it great sport, adding much to their dignity, this pulling on the crosscut with their father, and little Nikolai, only seven, went with them to cut off the branches when the trees were down.

CAME then a bright December day when they were more than usually merry. Zekoff was in high spirits and joked with the boys as though they were men. So many trees were down; in spring the stumps would come out and then—Horspidy! a nice little patch of new land! So Anton and his brother hung on manfully to the cold handle of the saw, and down thundered tree after tree, while little Nikolai chopped the harder, showing his brothers what a man he was.

Who can say just how it happened? Always at that precarious moment when a tree stood poised after its trunk was severed, the father gave a warning cry that the boys might leap to safety. Always the poor man called sharply: "Nikolai! Nikolai"! and little Nikolai would scamper aside like a timid rabbit. But on this day when so much zeal possessed them, little Nikolai wasn't quick enough. Perhaps his frantic ambition to do his share, or the weariness of his tired little body dulled his mind . . . . that ill-fated tree poised proudly; then, a restless complaining from the branches . . . . "Nikolai! Nikolai"! cried the father sharply. "Nikolai! Nikolai"! Down crashed the heavy trunk.

One terrified scream escaped the child, and he lay silent, the great black poplar spread about him.

Frenzied with horror, the father tore at the heavy trunk, babbling incoherently, the frightened boys clinging to each other, too terrified to move.

"Oh God have mercy! Oh God have mercy"! he cried distractedly, lifting with clumsy tenderness the maimed body and stumbled off toward the house. "Christos, mercy"! sobbing aloud the boys followed.

Daria may have seen them from her small window, or instinct may have warned her. Out she came to meet them already beating her breast. "O Christos! O Christos! . . . Christos Voskresye," she moaned. Against her broad bosom she pillowed the fractured head of little Nikolai—little Nikolai who had danced down the path so gaily a few hours ago; little Nikolai, her manly darling.

On the doorstep they huddled together in agonized silence, these two bereaved parents, the winter's cold having no further chill for them. Daria rocked herself a little with her sad burden; Zekof stared into space. The smaller children crept into the corners of the house; but Anton watched his parents with dilated eyes. Johann—Barin Johann of the kind heart, he might do something. What that something should be he couldn't conceive, for, young though he was, he knew death. Horribly silent bodies stretched along the roadside . . . . he shut his eyes to exclude the vision . . . . ah, he remembered them. He would never forget—nor yet that awful sound when a body fell . . . . Yes, he knew death, as all know death who know Russia ever so little.

But something must be done, and Anton had but one friend. Barin Johann would understand. Barin Johann always did.

JOHANN happened to be watering the horses when Anton came stumbling into the yard. "Barin, Barin"! panted the child, his eyes like

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The Department Store--Is it a Menace?

By G. A. Elliott

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Professor of Political Economy

Importance of Retailing in Western Canada

SO GREAT are Western Canada's advantages in the extractive industries, that a large percentage of our population is engaged in Agriculture, Lumbering and Mining, or industries dependent on them, and only a small, though growing proportion in manufacturing. It is customary, on the one hand, to parade in more or less humble thanksgiving the greatness of our natural resources, and, on the other to lament the specialization in Agriculture which has followed as a direct result of the very richness and extent of our arable land. Specialization has indeed its social disadvantages, but the chief cause of the contradiction just noticed is the failure to realize the fundamental purpose of our economic institutions. Our whole commercial and industrial system should be regarded as a mechanism, the result of our individual and collective efforts, to provide for our economic wants in the most effective way possible.

What is the function of the cities in this want-satisfying machine, and what the effect on them of this specialization in Agriculture? The cities supply those non-agricultural products and services which can be produced locally more readily than they can be imported; but so great is our relative advantage in agriculture that in most cases we can import our finished goods and export the agricultural products to pay for them more economically than we can produce them locally. As a result, our cities, too, are highly specialized. The marketing of agricultural produce and the importation and distribution of manufactured products are more important in the urban occupations of Western Canada than in communities with more varied industries. For example, notwithstanding the fact that Canadian per capita income is somewhat smaller than that of the United States, our per capita retail trade is somewhat greater; and as between the various provinces, Manitoba stands first in the proportion of population engaged in wholesale and retail trade. The retail trade, then is an important part of our economic system and its problems are of vital importance of the community as a whole.

The Department Store

ONE noticeable feature of our retail trade is the presence, in all our larger cities, of one or more establishments conducting a large scale business in a great variety of commodities. Some of these are purely local concerns, the urban prototypes of the rural "general store." Others, however, exhibit the characteristics of department stores, chain stores and mail order houses all combined under one management. What is the history of such institutions? and what their probable course of development? What is to be the fate of the smaller retailer specializing in one line of commodities? Do they perform the retailing function more efficiently? What are their indirect effects, economic and social? In short, are they socially desirable, or are they a menace?

They arose from the need for an economical method of distributing foods in small quantities. Formerly the journeymen and apprentices lived with the master and delayed marriage so long that the number of families was small in proportion to the whole population; but, with modern increases in productive power and wealth, the size of the consuming unit began to diminish. The master began to live by himself and each workman was enabled to have his own family life. The small family cannot buy food in large quantities and store it away for future use; in the cities especially, in most families, the possibility of storing food is limited to a small ice-box. Hence the large volume of retailing.

In the last half of the nineteenth century large-scale retail establishments began to appear in practically all economically developed countries. France was the home of the department store, but its development in Britain and Germany was early and fairly rapid. In Europe, however, the co-operative stores have provided an alternative economical method of large-scale distribution, and it is on this continent that the department store has had its greatest success.

Certain market conditions are necessary to the success of massive retailing. There must exist a large population who produce for the market and who buy their supplies in large quantities; this population must be homogeneous, to some extent at least, in matters of taste. Self-expression through the exaggeration of individual idiosyncrasies is fatal to large-scale retailing. The income level of the large masses of the population, moreover, must be high enough to enable them to buy those conveniences of modern civilization which are produced on a large scale. These conditions: industrial specialization, the presence of a large middle class with standardized tastes and a fairly high level of income, are almost completely fulfilled in the United States, and to a less degree in Canada.

The Economies of Massive Retailing

ONE of the most persistent of popular economic fallacies is the belief that any improvement in methods which makes possible the performance of a service with less labor and capital than before, tends, in the long run, to unemployment, emigration and economic disaster. Few indeed would go so far as to contend that hailstorms, earthquakes, and fires benefit society as a whole by making additional work and providing employment for glaziers and builders, but many do argue that labor saving machines, and methods which result in an economy of labor and capital of a community, are undesirable, and that methods which make necessary the use of more labor and capital should be retained. The immediate effects of very rapid improvements may be undesirable but their ultimate effect is to increase the productive powers and wealth of the community and, economically, they are beneficial. Many such economies are open to the large department store, partly because of their departmental form of organization, and these

One of the finest and most modern department stores of the country—Hudson's Bay, Winnipeg

savings are passed on to the consuming public in the form of lower prices.

The department store, for example, can buy in large lots, goods which are duplicated in the stocks of small retailers specializing in different lines; but by far the greater buying economies arise from the fact that it buys and sells each type of commodity in large quantities. In this way it may, in part, make unnecessary the work of the wholesaler; it may even arrange to purchase the entire output of a factory, and, under these conditions, the manufacturer can afford to sell at a lower price because his selling expenses are eliminated. It can afford to hire experts more highly skilled in buying since the buyer's salary is spread over such a large volume of purchases.

The internal economies are perhaps even more important. There is a great saving of ground rent; for a single good frontage on a busy street serves as an entrance to a great amount of floor space. Since the salaries of the higher officials are spread over a larger volume of sales, more able managers may be employed at higher salaries and yet the expenses of handling the goods may be decreased. Moreover, the exceptionally able executive is provided with a field commensurate with his abilities which might be less fully utilized in a smaller establishment. Usually, too, the turnover of inventory is more rapid, and a smaller percentage of profit on each sale is sufficient to yield the ordinary rate on the whole capital invested. Because its strong financial position diminishes the risks, economies are possible in the matter of securing loans or obtaining credit.

Additional internal economies arise from the departmental form of organization. The consumers' demand for many commodities is seasonal. In slack periods the working force of the specialized retail store is idle a great part of the time, yet they must remain at their posts during the usual working hours to wait on the occasional customer. But since the busy seasons for different kinds of commodities do not coincide, the sales and clerical staffs of the department stores may be kept occupied, when the demand for one type of goods diminishes, by the increased demand for other articles. Again, exceptional and unforeseen losses in one department may be offset by exceptional and unforeseen gains in another. Thus, by spreading its risks over a large variety of commodities, the department store in part insures itself. The customer, moreover, is attracted because of the greater convenience of making varied purchases without leaving the store. In this way one line of goods helps to sell another. The department store, too, delivers a great variety of goods without duplicating routes and equipment. Such economies are not open to the specialized retailer though his business be ever so large.

Thus far the advantages enumerated have resulted from social savings: identical results have been achieved with less labor and capital than is required by a number of small retail stores. But the large retail establishment has one advantage over its smaller competitor which arises, not from greater efficiency, but from inequities in local taxation. It is a generally accepted principle in public finance that onerous taxes should be levied in proportion to the taxpayers' abilities as evidenced by net income. Now in the urban tax systems of the Dominion some form of business tax is almost universal. Typically it is levied either on stock-in-trade or on the estimated rental value of the premises occupied. Such indexes, even when different types of businesses are classified, are no guides whatever to the net profits of individual businesses, and the tax bears most heavily on the small retailer with his relatively slow turn-over and high rent. This advantage of the larger retailers tends toward a greater concentration of the business in their hands than can be justified by social expediency. The business tax on stock-in-trade or rental value of the premises should be replaced by one on net business profits.

A typical western general store

Spencer's, Vancouver, B.C.—Another instance of departmental store achievement

Will the Small Retailer Disappear?

EVEN a partial list of the economies of large-scale retailing—for a complete enumeration has not been attempted—is so formidable that it led able writers of thirty years ago to predict, in no uncertain terms, that the large department or co-operative store would entirely supplant the small retailer in urban centres at least. These predictions have not been fulfilled. Even in large cities of the United States where conditions are most favorable, the small and specialized retail establishments are numerous, especially in the outlying districts, while, in our own cities, the ubiquitous neighborhood grocery, the corner drug store and butcher shop, proclaim the survival power of the small retailer in some lines at least. Why have the prophecies of these seers of old remained unfulfilled? Are the similar gloomy forecasts of contemporary prophets more reliable?

The past, and probably future, persistence of the small retail establishment is attributable to two sets of factors. In the first place, large-scale retailing has weaknesses which, in part, offset its advantages. With every increase in size, and in numbers employed, there is an increase in the number of "checks and counter-checks" required and in "red tape" in general; routine methods develop, efficient at first, but slow to change with changing conditions, and the small economies which the interested eye of the small owner would immediately detect are lost. Moreover, the larger the scale of selling the greater must be the ability of the higher executives. But very high executive ability is difficult to secure, and often a large concern, built up chiefly by the genius of a single individual, ceases to develop when his guiding hand is removed. Then, too, the buyer cannot be as well acquainted with the changing needs and tastes of his customer as though he were also serving them daily.

In the second place, the tastes and buying habits of the public aid the small retailer. The desire for self-expression or distinction cannot be satisfied as well by the department store as by the small retailer who knows and caters to the individual. It is more flattering to the customer, too, to feel that he is doing business with the head of the establishment and not with a mere clerk. This desire for distinction and individual attention leads the well-to-do to patronize the retail specialist, especially in the purchase of clothing, household furnishings and sports goods. The unexpected

Continued on page 55

Tribulations of Genius

Poverty, Sickness, Lack of Recognition While Living, and Fame After Death, too Often Have Been the Portion of the World's Greatest Artists.

By Francis Dickie

Beethoven

"WE LIVE a long time, and we write for a time not so long, but pretty long, to. If in those years of writing we achieve Art once or twice, we are among the rare fortunate ones." (Edith Wharton, as quoted by Grant Overton.)

Herein lies the tragedy of the sincere creative artists: it is always their desire to produce greatly, whether the medium be words or marble, paint or music. But only at times does the magic ichor fill the veins; strive though the artist will in agony of spirit and with body torn by the fierceness of anguished mood, still is denied, often for long periods, that mysterious ability to put on canvas, on paper, or in stone the things that endure and move men greatly.

Mozart

So there is much truth in these quoted words of Edith Wharton. And they explain the banal productions which we, to our astonishment, so often find emanating from genius who at other times have created so greatly.

Rembrandt Van Ryn

Yet when the lives of the majority of outstanding artists are examined carefully, the marvel is not that at times they did work badly, but that they were able to produce at all, and that so much of their work should rank so high. For of all mankind the sincere creative artists of all times seem to have been the most hampered and harassed by poverty, sickness of body and mind, and frustrations due to the ignorance, pettiness, greed, envy, misunderstanding and malice of their fellow-men. It would seem as though a malevolent Destiny also has plagued the world's great artists—these precious ones, of whom Somerset Maugham speaks with such reverent understanding when he says: "Genius is the most wonderful thing in the world. It's a great burden to its possessors. We should be very tolerant with them, and very patient,"—these precious ones with the finely-strung nerves, the moody souls, the ways at variance with the mass of men, how poorly has the great world cherished them!

DUTCH society drove Rembrandt out to spend the latter decade of his life in the misery of the Ghetto. He had to be buried at the public expense, as were Ruysdael and Hobbema. All three, and also their fellow-painter, Hals, died in misery, insufficiently rewarded for their toil.

And, again, there is Paul Gauguin. He, who in the South Seas once said: "Life is short, and there is not long to paint." In these few words, remembering the circumstances of the man, is a depthless pathos. John Gould Fletcher, in his beautifully composed "Life of Gauguin," tells with vivid power and wealth of feeling of the painter's long struggle against the most harassing poverty, of his indomitable labor at painting day after day in spite of his intolerable suffering from a complication of diseases. Alone in soul, isolated from his kind in a jungle dwelling, he lived only to create. And these paintings went begging for awhile in the marts of the world; in Tahiti and the Marquesas men refused to give ten francs for a masterpiece.

In speaking of Gauguin, Baufre, a resident of the Atuona valley in the Marquesas where Gauguin lived, said to Frederick O'Brien: "You know how Gauguin suffered? His feet and legs were very bad. Every day he had to tie them up. But he painted, and painted! He was a brave one! He was a worker! Early in the morning he was at his easel in the studio or under the trees, and every day he painted till the light was gone. He never said he was sick; but when the pain was too bad he would take a dose of medicine, and continue painting.

This man's pictures, while he lived, sold for a trifle. Today they bring sums so vast that only millionaires may own them. Neglected while he lived, men now do him honor by dwelling on his name, and forming legends of his doings! But now for Fate's supreme jest on Gauguin's life, as bitterly summed up by John Gould Fletcher: "Gauguin, one of the greatest painters of the nineteenth century, and one of the bravest men the world has ever seen, mingled his dust with that of the humblest natives in a lonely cemetery in the Marquesas Islands—and by a concluding stroke of irony the grave was left unmarked"!

IF IT were true serving narrow-minded masters dwarfs high natures to their size, then truly Art would long ago have died, for we find Michelangelo, when almost ninety, after a full life of producing masterpieces, charged with being lacking in knowledge of architecture, and that he had wasted money in doing certain undertakings for the State —he, who had so often been scamped in pay and material by penurious patrons! We see Rembrandt bankrupt at fifty, his work scorned by his contemporaries. Nicholas Poussin, the dominating French artist of the 16th century, a man never strong in health, won his way to success in spite of this, in spite of the opposition of dull parents, and in face of absolute lack of means. Even when fame, and, of a consequence, private orders poured in upon him, he was not thereby freed from the interference of courtiers in his work for the State at the Louvre. And Poussin, after his death in 1665, was pursued by ironical circumstances so similar to those related of Paul Gauguin, two hundred and thirty-eight years later, that the sensing of a malevolent Destiny seems more than a figment of the brain. Poussin, France's greatest painter of his epoch, passed away and was buried in Rome, and, by 1799, a period of only one hundred and thirty-four years, the site of his grave was lost. But unlike Gauguin, whose last resting place remains bare of any sort of recognition even near where the body lies, Destiny was not through with Poussin, but gave way to one last whim. In 1829, when Chateaubriand was ambassador at Rome, he was shocked and indignant at this neglect of his famous countryman, and did something at once to commemorate Poussin, incidentally not overlooking that his own name should be

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Paul Gauguin

Nicolas Poussin

Michael-Ange Buonarroti

"It seems to me you need a classical name to fit you properly; something like 'Idlewylde' for instance"

Bill and the Spider

By Charles Dorian

Illustrated by P. Surrey

"WHERE is that boy"? boomed the general superintendent. "I've got to have quicker response to this buzzer."

The chief clerk threw up both hands.

"We'll have to get another boy," he said. "I've lost patience with young Wilde. He's the laziest, sauciest young imp that ever came into this office. He's probably in the basement now reading the best sex seller."

"Keep him on the bench," stormed the boss. "As for his choice of literature, what are you doing to improve it? If you fire that kid I'll fire you. Hereafter you're to blame if that boy is not on the bench to answer calls."

"I can't neglect——" began the chief clerk.

"Yes, you can. Your most important job from now on is to turn that Wilde defect into a company asset. Find him now and send him to me."

Fine job, that — when the chief clerk with all the responsibilities of a large railroad office must nurse along a human snail like that impertinent office boy!

On his way to the basement he mulled over it. His first impulse was to resign and let somebody else plan the reformation of that useless hunk of humanity. He found him, as he had suspected, burning the basement light while he pored over the wayward trail of the belle of a Broadway beanery. He did not even look up when Jordan, the chief clerk, espied him and gave him a contemptuous look. He lay on a chair, his lanky form stretched out, the back of his neck hooked on a chair-back. A cigarette dangled from his lower lip, parted from its mate in an expression of keenest interest in the book he held up in both hands.

"Mr. McDonald wants you," spoke the chief clerk, and repeated it before the boy responded.

"Who—me"? he drawled, laying the book down, and heaving himself up out of the depths of that chair.

"He said Wilde—I presume you answer to that name," the chief clerk snapped.

"Why don't he call me Bill"? lamented Wilde, rubbing his eyes.

"It seems to me you need a classical name to fit you properly, something like Idlewylde, for instance."

"Not so smart," commented the boy, slouching ahead. He took time to twitch his necktie straight and pat his hair down before entering the office of the general superintendent.

"Here, Bill, take these papers out of here and distribute them as marked."

"Yes, sir," said Bill, dutifully enough, making a hasty grab at the papers.

"And, Bill. When I ring that buzzer I want you to jump. I don't want to have to call the chief clerk to find you. He's too busy to spend much time on the things you should be ready to do by instinct."

"Yes, sir," said Bill, relishing this high interest in him. He was half out of the door, when:

"And, Bill——"

"Yes, sir," leaning over the door-knob, looking in.

"Try and get out of this office-boy class. You're getting big now. Learn some of the other work in the office and try to get promoted. Why don't you join the Cadets"?

"They won't have me."

"Why"?

"I'm too lazy."

"Better work it out of your system. Good class of boys in the Cadets. Think it over."

Bill's was a comfortable way of living, just drifting like a cork on water, always riding the crest, indifferent to the cares of others. He knew as well as John McDonald and Beverley Jordan that they were, in a measure, obliged to give him work. His father had worked for the road and was killed in an accident which was proved to be the result of a scale-house placed in the yard in such a position as to be too close to a siding on which he was switching. The boy's mother had deserted her home just a month before the accident, and he was living with his aunt. They might have put the boy in an industrial home but General Superintendent McDonald insisted upon shouldering certain welfare obligations, and this meant doing something for the boy.

The chief clerk had a reputation for thoroughness in his work. If he was compelled to make over the character of young Wilde he would handle it in the same way he would straighten out a kink in the office curriculum.

He would have to find an ambition for him, and he would have to see that the literature he imbibed would strengthen his morals.

His first act, therefore, was to place a magazine on the bench.

"Now, Bill," he instructed, "I don't mind a certain amount of reading while you are on the bench I'd rather you read there than slink away to do it. But, of course, you must read only the class of books you find there."

"You wouldn't let a fella smoke on the bench"? blinked Bill.

"No. Smoking hurts your health. We don't want you to do anything that will hurt you. Just figure it out for yourself. Weaklings never get anywhere, and it's up to you to make something out of yourself. And health is of first importance."

"Aw, gee, I wisht there was another war," Bill was heard to complain several days after this talk. He confided a great deal in the file clerk, and to him he explained:

"Lookit what them guys did in the olden days Nothin' but loafin' and fightin'."

"A loafer never makes a good soldier," he was told. "Look at our Cadets. All good soldiers, and smart."

"But they don't fight," he yawned.

"No; but they are always prepared to fight. Let anyone insult their tartan and they'll fight."

"What's a tartan"?

"That's the symbol of their organization. The Douglas tartan was worn by Scotch soldiers as far back as the twelfth century. It stands for bravery and endurance."

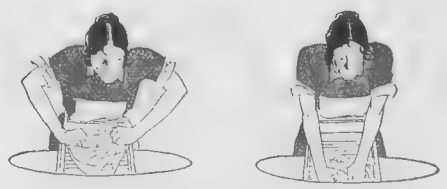
"Uh huh"!

That a full description of the Douglas tartan was given in a magazine article which lay on the

Take 29 seconds reading time to discover this extra helper!

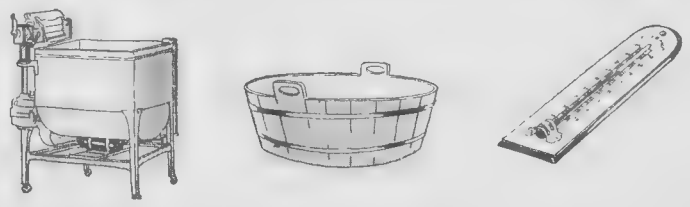
Some dirt is cowardly . . . It runs away at the touch of soap and water.

But other dirt clings tight—for instance, on edges of cuffs and collars. That's the greasy dirt. You must break its grip to get it out.



One way to break its grip is to rub . . . rub . . . rub until it's loosened.

But the easy way is to use this extra help Fels-Naptha, which is good golden soap with plenty of naptha worked into it by the exclusive Fels-Naptha process. Naptha is the safe, gentle cleaner used to cut grease in "dry cleaning". The naptha in Fels-Naptha loosens the stubborn dirt. The soap washes it away. Together they give you extra help that lessens hard rubbing.



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Grocers like to sell Fels-Naptha because they know it does all we say it will. Try it and see. Try it for weekly housecleaning, too. But by all means, try it!

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR
WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

© 1928, Fels & Co.

bench a few days later was not the merest coincidence, but part of the well-laid plans of one Beverley Jordan. The story of Bruce and the spider followed and to make the reading of this delicacy realistic the janitor was instructed to import from the dusty confines of the attic a real spider's web with a real spider in charge. This naturally let the janitor into the uplift work in hand and Bill found an ally worth cultivating, as he afterwards confessed.

The spider was suspicious of his new environment and refused to make an appearance for several days. Then he went at the task of reconstruction with the avidity spiders often display. Bill had paid no attention to the web until the spider began to patch it up so that one or two luscious blue-bottles were caught and carefully embalmed.

"This spider stuff is bunk," said Bill to the file clerk. "I been watchin' that spider on the winder opposite my bench for a whole week and he ain't fell once, let alone six times. Bruce must-a had his spider trained"!

The file-clerk was in no mood for dissertations on the habits of spiders, and bluntly told him so.

"And say, Wilde: I don't want you bothering me when I'm busy. Where's that answer from Mr. Burton of the Burton Mines? They're chasing me for it and I haven't even seen it."

"Oh that? I aint delivered the letter yet."

"Well, get a move on. The old man wants that answer before he leaves the office."

"Well, fer cryin' out loud! What's telephones for? It's quittin' time now and I'm goin' home. I'll leave the letter in on my way down and the boss can telephone for the answer."

"Wait till he hears that," groaned the file-clerk.

"You ain't goin' to tell him"? For a moment it looked as if he dreaded the consequences, but he got up and yawned copiously and dragged himself away.

"Can anybody make anything out of material like that," said the chief clerk, groaning too, when he was asked for the Burton reply.

The general superintendent was unmoved, however.

"The boy's doing better," he observed. "Give him the story of the beaver next."

It was not recorded what Bill thought of the story of the beaver until it was drawn out of him by being told that he was as lazy as the beaver.

"There are no lazy beavers," he responded quickly. "If a beaver won't work the other beavers kill him."

"Well, we can see where your young life is going to be mercifully cut off," observed the junior file clerk.

The Cadets' banner bearing the cross of St. George was brought to his notice, but chivalry had not up to that time seeped into his makeup.

"Like to see the woman I'd kill a dragon for! This St. George bird must-a liked to show off in front o' the ladies."

Thus was carried on the strange education of one delinquent youth without any striking signs of permanent reform.

TO AWAKEN Bill in the mornings required a cold douche applied with some spirit. His early morning movements were made in a half hypnotic state, though the amount of breakfast he consumed would be pronounced by any authority on the subject as quite normal. He continued to drag his feet when walking, manifested his usual indifference to haste, and showed no apparent liking for any form of work, until one day something in him revolted.

His transformation came so suddenly that nobody would believe it without confirmation.

It happened upon the day of the Cadets' annual inspection. Bill was on an errand to the bank when he heard the pipes and snare-drums. His lazy stride lengthened into a lope, right past the bank and down to the field where the manœuvres were being held.

He stood in line with the interested spectators. His shoulders squared instinctively as he heard the commands from the officer in charge. His head kept time with the quick, alert steps of the young soldiers as they marched and deployed into the various formations.

The town bully was there, Spider Brown they called him. He was short and round and earned his appellation from his build. He shuffled along the line to where Bill stood, elbowing aside a girl who stood between them. The girl gave the Spider a scornful look and to Bill one of appeal.

"You here too," grinned the Spider, "with all the other girls, eh? See the sissies march! Look at them plaid skirts"!

"That's the Douglas tartan," said Bill, with a spirit unknown to him up to that time.

"What is? Them pleats? I wouldn't wear one o' them rigs if ye paid me."

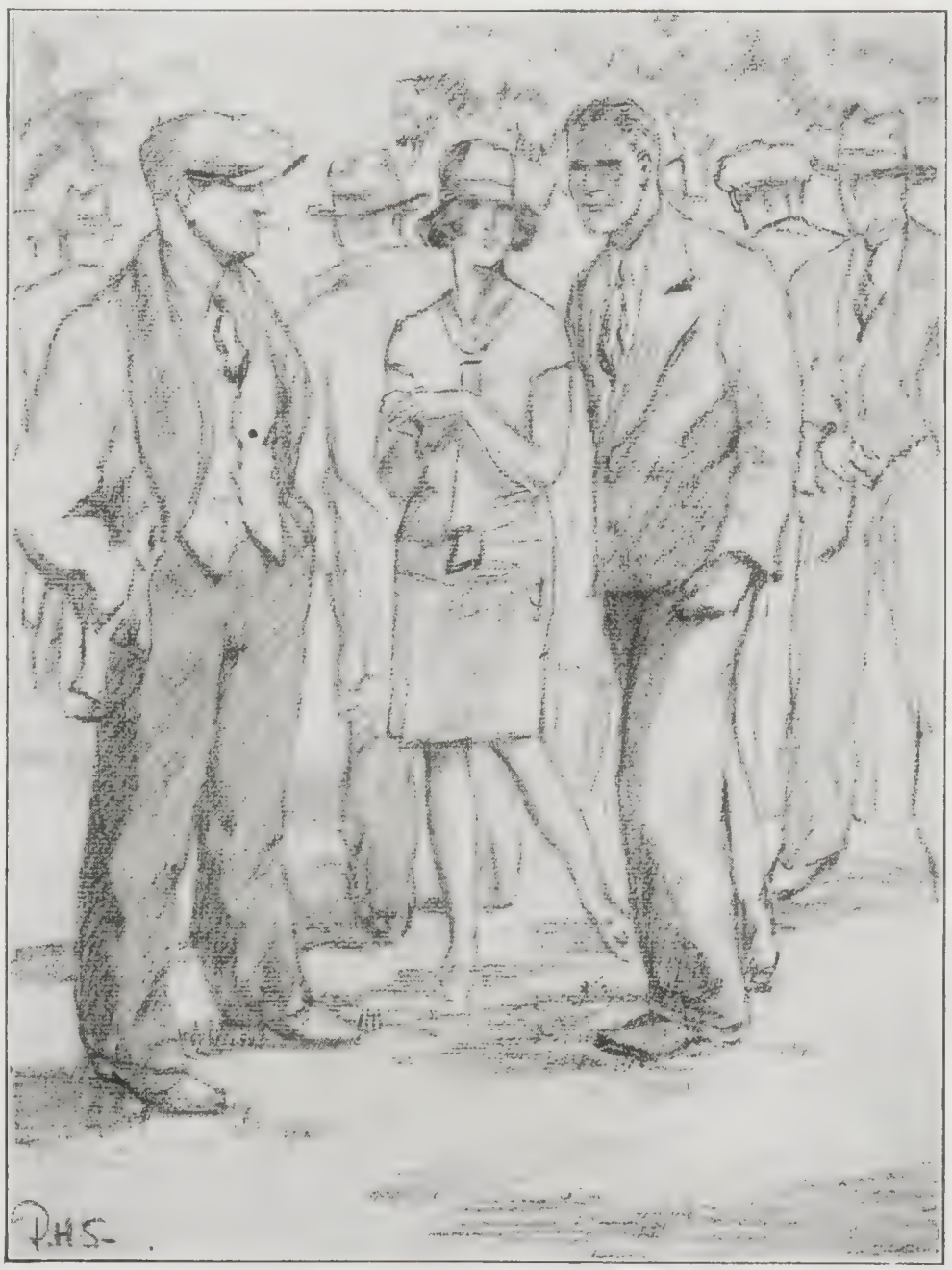
"You're not fit to wear them," said Bill, stiffening.

"Who says I ain't fit"? scowled Spider Brown. "I could lick any two o' them guys in skirts."

"C'mon out-a the line," invited Bill.

The red-faced fellow laughed.

"Better bring the girl with you. You'll need her help," he jeered as the eyes of the pretty youngster followed Bill.



"Better bring the girl with you, you'll need her help" he jeered

Bill had never fought. He was so much a jellyfish that he lay down like a spineless pup and laughed off insults rather than stand up and offer resistance. This habit of falling down and rolling over earned the contempt of his opponents, who usually gave him a kick and let him lay. He had given in so often that none of the boys even tried to pick a fight with him.

But as soon as Spider Bill was clear of the line Bill let fly an uppercut that sent him rolling over. This was the most hitting ever recorded of Bill Wilde. The husky Spider was on his feet in a moment and rushing toward Bill. Bill was looking at the juvenile beauty whose identity he just discovered. He stepped back a pace to give the bully greater impetus and then, according to his old custom, he dropped to the ground. The Spider tripped and sprawled over him. This drew a laugh from the spectators, who stopped watching the manœuvres to see the conflict which was making local history. When Bill and the heavyweight got to their feet a lot of the fight had deserted the bully. But he could not be shamed before that mob and he swung into Bill with a perfect frenzy of blows. Bill tried another uppercut, which landed on the point most fashionable for uppercuts to land, and our bully came down from a remarkable height flat on his back. His next attack lacked steam. He tried his famous rush again and again Bill dropped and let him roll.

"That makes four," breathed Bill to himself. "One's enough for most guys."

He was again on his feet before the Spider had recovered, and the next round was one of careful sparring. Bill looked away momentarily and he distinctly heard the girl shout "look out"! though she merely shaped the words with her lips, and he stepped aside to avoid a vicious kick, lifting his leg to parry it. This ended unfortunately for the bully, who tripped and got the worst tumble yet. Bill stood over him and the moment he was on his feet let fly another of his then famous uppercuts and his opponent, all the pep gone out of him, lay down for a comfortable rest.

"Six times"! breathed Bill. "Gee, he's sure a tough guy."

He was conscious of someone handing him his coat and murmuring:

"I'm glad you beat him. He is always so rough."

"Thanks, Miss McDonald. "I hope he didn't hurt you pushin' that way."

"I'm quite all right—now," she replied, coyly.

"Well, I'm glad. So long. I got to beat it up to the bank before it closes."

Bill was perspiring freely and his face was dirty and bloody when he appeared at the bank.

"Well, look who's here," grinned the teller. "What's happened? Been held up and robbed. That the story"?

"Robbed nothin'," grinned Bill. "Here's the daily deposit. Count it and be quick about it. Got to hustle back to the office now. I'm late."

"I'll say you're late," said the teller. We usually get your deposit at two. It's now three."

"It's my fault," said Bill, apologetically. "It won't happen again."

"Aren't you well," joked the teller, who knew as well as anybody in town, Bill's predilections to laziness and "lip."

Bill ignored the flippancy.

"Say," he said, "seen the Cadets? They're great, eh"?

"Sure are. Fine bunch of boys. Not a lazy one among them," the teller said, pointedly.

"Well, so long," said Bill. "Excuse my looks. I know I need a massage."

"Whatever's happened to Bill"? chorused the whole bank staff when Bill had gone. Somebody's given him a terrible lacing from the look of him."

"Bill stepped into the barber shop and demanded of the idle barber: "Brush me off, Pete. And, say, does my face need washin'"?

The barber exploded with mirth and gave Bill a vigorous brushing, took a hot wet towel and washed his face, made him sit down while he trimmed the edges of his hair, and brushed it sleek.

He remembered that the file-clerk asked him to

Continued on page 94

MILE-STONES

In the Love Affairs that Last a Lifetime

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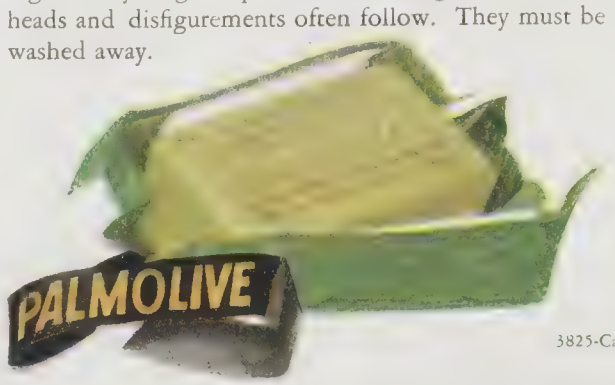

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Color, Color, Everywhere!

Carrying With It, Cheer and Charm

By Katherine M. Caldwell

COLOR has come to matter as much today in our house-furnishings, as it always has in our clothes. We consider the warmth or coldness of the color-scheme we choose for a room, just as we select cool colors for our hot-weather frocks or glowing ones in winter-time. We add an accent in a room with a single spot of color, just as we do to a costume when we pin the inevitable flower on shoulder or lapel. And what a wonderful difference a bit of clever color-use can make!

With this new appreciation of color in our homes, there comes of course, new opportunity to express it. I use the word "new"—but even in this matter of colors that break out in places where we have not been accustomed to see them, there is nothing really new. Centuries ago, the Chinese, the French, and to some extent the English, were making colored furniture, the very things that we are copying so frequently today. Lacquer had a wonderful vogue—and those old lacquered pieces are well worth a trip to the museum, if there be such in your vicinity. The antique lover rejoices aloud, when he makes a find in old lacquer—he glories in its lovely color, its fine craftsmanship and its historical significance and gives it a place of honor in his furnishing scheme.

We cannot all have collectors' pieces—but we *can* have charming individual pieces and incidental furnishings that will bring new interest to our rooms. Just what those pieces will be, is almost entirely a matter of choice; almost all of the "regular" furniture can now be had in color.

If you have not tried it, you will be surprised perhaps to find how a happily-colored chair, for instance, will fit in with your mahogany and walnut pieces. If the general line and feeling are combined agreeably, there need be no fear as to the way in which the different finishes will accord.

With such scope before us, any room can be considered in the light of the possible improvement that might be effected by the introduction of a piece or two of colored furniture. Take the living-room, for instance: a pair of tall narrow book-cases in Chinese red or green, to stand at each side of a window or at the ends of a writing-table, might make the whole side of the room exceedingly interesting. Or maybe you would like just a small set of hanging shelves above the desk or completing a group with a small side-table.

A colored desk and accompanying light chair, offers another opportunity to play up the incidental piece. I saw such a desk recently, in a room which I began to really notice for the first time. The desk stood in a bay window—a simple affair indeed, so far as line and construction went, but important in its fine glow of color; and in the far corner, the same Chinese red made its appearance in what I discovered to be nothing more or less than a rather forlorn old what-not that had graced my friend's attic for many a day. Of course the what-not, as a piece of furniture, is enjoying something of a revival with many people; there are some rooms in which it fits very pleasantly, in its original finish—usually walnut.

A tea-table can be quite delightful in color—either a low table in any suitable style, or a tea-cart; the new paint and lacquer finishes are being given to all these pieces by the manufacturers—to say nothing of the metamorphosis that is being wrought here and there by a re-finishing, whether at the hands of professional or amateur. When a defaced old table or chair, a drab shelf or battered footstool, can be made to laugh and sing, at the application of the paint-brush, small wonder that so many people are reaching for the color-pot!

Reed, wicker, fibre and their comfortable and attractive relatives, lend themselves especially well to colored treatment and far from being ultra-casual in effect, as wicker so often is, some of this furniture takes on a decided formality of appearance. Our illustration brings that point out very well; here a great many pieces which we are accustomed to see only in wood, are made of reed; the designs are fine and the effect in the room everything that might be asked of it.

Continued on page 54

Come Let Us Read A While

By Sheila Rand

Monarchs of the Quill

WILLIAM THACKERAY in England turned to the Four Georges of the Eighteenth Century, and immortalized their decidedly finite mortality. William Deacon in Canada has turned to the "Four Jameses" of the Nineteenth Century and attempted a similar task, with what success must be judged at a later period.

At the outset let me be frank. Until I had read Mr. Deacon's "The Four Jameses," I had never (consciously) read a line written by any of them. I say consciously, because I must have read some poems by these poets when journeying, as I have done, through many Canadian anthologies And now let me be franker still, and say that when I had finished the first two monographs, I said: "Oh, he's pulling our legs." He, of course, refers to William Arthur Deacon, and my justification for this remark is that nought that the author has said so cleverly about James Gay and James Gibbs is upheld by any single quotation he gives from their works! I mean this—I thoroughly enjoyed all that the brilliant critic had to say, but why on earth did he say it? He has made heroes out of nobodies in order to write a book with the clever title: "The Four Jameses"? Or is he sitting back in his office chair with a wicked grin, smoking his huge pipe, and chuckling to himself whilst he thinks: "Now let the silly critics carp or praise. No one will understand what I am driving at." I am now going to turn from my typewriter and continue to read "The Four Jameses" in the hope that I will arrive at a decision on the question now troubling me: "Is William Arthur Deacon writing with his tongue in his cheek, or am I quite incapable of appreciating his subtleties of such lines as:

James Gay will be your guide from the cradle to the grave,
Then why go against his will and act the cunning knave?
Guard against the wicked man, he soon will take to flight;
Be on guard each day we live, we shall find ourselves all right.

For fear anyone mistake the mainspring of my remarks, let me put it thus concisely: I am such an admirer of Mr. Deacon's talents I would that he would find subjects worthy of them. Mr. Gay and Mr. Gibbs are not!

Apologies

I MUST express my regret to two authors who kindly sent me their books, reviews of which should have appeared some time ago. The blame is placed upon the shoulders of Neptune. A hefty wad (you see I have not forgotten my Canadian expressions although I now live in England) of copy went forth to the Editor of The Western Home Monthly, but as far as I can tell, it has been read by nobody but Neptune and his mermaids. This accounts for the fact that there has not been more prompt mention in this column of "Savour of Salt" by Florence Randal Livesay and "In a Summer Season," by A. E. Johnson.

Mention has already been made in the previous issue of Mrs. Livesay's novel, and now I have to draw your attention to a very different type of book, a slender volume of poems by A. E. Johnson, called "In a Summer Season," and dedicated to Canada, "who called forth my first songs."

The summer season is a time for dallying, for casual wanderings through country lanes, for sleep beneath the stars or against a haystack when the noonday sun is overpowering, but not a time for hard work. Perhaps this may account for a slight disappointment one feels in reading Mr. Johnson's second volume. He will, I am sure, be the first to admit that one should expect a display of greater strength and depth and of artistic sureness in each successive work. I am not quite sure that his earlier volume is the better of the two. A. E. Johnson without a doubt has the poet's vision and depth of feeling, but the finished product sometimes falls short of the inspiration. Take, for instance, "The Vagabond," (page 8), really a delightful poem, an original idea. But every once in a while one wishes he had been more careful with minor technical points. For instance, the four lines:

But, sure, I'd rather be a coach,
To roll along life's courses,
Taking the road just when we chose,
Myself and the friendly horses . . . .

These lines are spoiled by his choice of four words, two of which rhyme and the other two do not rhyme, are not, in fact, meant to rhyme, but which have sounds in them which mislead the ear. To put it more plainly, coach, courses and chose all begin with C, and there is a slight similarity in the vowel sounds, and the result is, to my ears, at least, unpleasant. The last stanza of this poem is quite splendid in its imaginative quality:

Give me the four-in-hand I need,
For my long magnificent ride;
Tricksy Humour, the keen young leader,
With sure-footed Faith beside.
Harness me Patience, the tugging lass,
The puller of more than her share,
And her of the prancing, delicate feet,
Fine Fancy, my saddle mare.

But even here again, the terminal words "need" and "leader" grate on me. They are not meant to rhyme, and yet the similarity in the vowel sounds leads one to think that the poet meant them to.

In this volume Mr. Johnson is certainly more original, or, shall we say, more individualistic, than heretofore. He seems to be saying: "I don't care a bit if this phrase startles you, I am going to use it all the same." Then again, he has some quatrains, one or two of which might well have been in "Punch," others that might have been excluded from this volume to advantage.

"In Clover," although no one could call it a poem, is, nevertheless, a clever bit of versification, embodying a philosophy of life that gives a good index to the poet's own soul. I may be quite wrong, but I have the feeling that so deep was the emotion stirred in Mr. Johnson by Charles A. Lindbergh's flight across the Atlantic, that he did not give himself time to let this emotion crystallize into a poetic gem of first-water. "The Ambassador," which was inspired by Lindbergh's flight, has much greatness in it, but the poet has not quite flown to the top of his subject, or rather, he has not given adequate verbal expression to the depth of feeling evoked by Lindbergh's flight, and to the picture it presented to our author's poetic eye. But it is one of the poems that I like best, and certainly one of the very best that I have read touching that great event.

In the sonnet, "Farewell to Disgust," Mr. Johnson has taken a liberty! In the first quatrain he apostrophises Disgust in the second person plural "you," but in the second quatrain he changes to the second person singular, "thou." Perhaps this is only a very minor point; perhaps in these modern days it is not accounted of any importance, but I rather wish he had not done it, because the sextet is really very fine. There is a sound of nobility in it. I think I once quoted the sonnet, "On the Kent Hill," because I had received a copy in manuscript form. I am glad to see it is included in this volume, and still consider it one of the very best of Mr. Johnson's poetic achievements. Taking it all in all, I think a spring evening might be spent pleasurably and profitably "In a Summer Season." Although I *do* repeat with sincerity, A. E. Johnson has still his best work to do. What greater compliment can I pay him?

A Jungle Wallah at Large

THIS book, "Fifty Years of Romance and Research," by Doctor Charles Hose (Hutchinson & Co.), is not an ordinary one. To those to whom the word "research" conjures up laboratories and formulæ, and who are not greatly interested therein, let me say that what there is of research is either so overshadowed by romance, or it is made to look so romantic, that it hardly obtrudes itself at all in this fascinating book. It is the description of one man's life, spent mostly in an almost unknown part of the world; a life in which much has been accomplished and by which the prestige of our race has been so much enhanced.

The reader draws his own conclusions from the facts presented to him. There is no blowing of trumpets, just a quiet, humorous account of the pacification of a huge tract of savage country in Sarawak, part of that immense island of Borneo in the Pacific Ocean. If ever pagan tribes were drawn into the net of civilization by such methods of sweet reasonableness as Dr. Hose drew those Ibyans and Kayans, the tale has not hitherto been told.

BLACK AND TAN

By William Thompson

Tell your Mammy, Black and Tan,
When you've grown to be a man,
And you've gone and left the nest—
You, who Mammy loves the best—
Will you love me just the same,
In the sunshine and the rain,
When my hair is white as snow,
From the years of long ago?

Tell me, what you gwine to do—
Secret 'tween jest me and you—
Think your Mammy she can guess
Do the same as all the res',
When some gal come smiling by
With the love light in her eye,
You'll go leave your Mammy too,
Jest the same as I did do.

You can identify Brookfield quality products—Brookfield Eggs and Brookfield Cheese by looking for the name on the carton.

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A Sample of Constructive Citizenship

By Alice Ravenhill

Visitors to the Solarium invariably comment upon the merry good-humor among the children and the evidences of their genuine happiness

"THE world has grown sick of charity," was the startling statement made by a notable preacher to a crowded congregation some months ago; and his words fell with even greater emphasis, because but a moment before he had proclaimed the age-old truth that "charity never faileth."

But the true meaning of his words became abundantly clear to his hearers as Doctor Norwood proceeded to explain that the old idea of charity, as pity for the unfortunate, or as temporary gifts of food or money to the poor or sick, is now giving place to a much wider point of view, namely, that every living soul is entitled to certain just and rightful conditions, which it is the duty, yea, the privilege, of those more fortunately situated to ensure to their less-favored brethren.

A hundred years ago it was still customary to console the needy with counsels of patient endurance; though Elizabeth Fry, Lord Shaftesbury and Florence Nightingale were already showing the world that misery is not removed by palliatives, but calls for radical reforms; though, actually, this is no novel point of view. The conception that each member of the community, at every age, is entitled to just treatment was put forward by Plato many, many centuries ago. He defined justice as "social harmony combined with beneficent activities"; an ideal which should surely characterize a world nominally Christian.

This new conception of charity aims at the release of imprisoned powers; the provision of opportunities for human beings to achieve the highest proficiency of which they are capable; the conversion into valuable assets to the community sections of society hitherto accepted as inevitable liabilities. And so our preacher wound up his discourse by demonstrating that "charity is not a dole, it is wisdom, courage, industry, faith, and every other faculty in friendly co-operation, directed to increase all the amenities of life and to foster fellowship between man and man." Such charity may fitly be described as "constructive citizenship."

It is a far cry from the City Temple of London, England, to the coast of British Columbia; but could the preacher's vision have reached across the intervening seven thousand miles of land and sea, he might have illustrated his point with a most apt example of his definition of up-to-date charity as set forth in the story of the Queen Alexandra Solarium for Crippled Children, on Vancouver Island. This story is already familiar, as to its early stages, to readers of these pages, who will surely agree that it demanded from its originators, wisdom in the perception of an urgent need and of the best means for meeting it; faith that adequate support would be accorded to an unfamiliar idea; courage to frame and to carry out a novel project; industry and friendly co-operation in bringing it to a successful culmination. And it is with the idea of maintaining their interest in this practical illustration of "constructive citizenship" that the following brief report is offered of the work carried on at the Solarium during the first year of its existence.

Seventy-six boys and girls were admitted during this period; thirty-six of whom have been discharged, all much benefited, with one exception. These cases included children suffering from tuberculous disease of bones, joints, spine, glands and skin; from infections of joints and bones of varying origin and severity; from congenital deformities; from asthma, bronchitis and chronic heart disease; and, to the number of eighteen, from infantile paralysis. Complete cure is rarely to be expected; but improvement of health with arrest of the disease, or improvement in physical form and power, which justify the hope that, given suitable training, these afflicted children can become self-respecting, self-supporting citizens, are the outcome of this first year's work at the Solarium. Great benefit has resulted, too, to a very important class of child, known as "preventive cases"; where debility and poor nutrition were paving the way to invalidism in one or another form. Their response to the open air treatment and skilful care was most encouraging, and causes much regret that these advantages cannot be extended to far larger numbers. That there will occasionally be what the outside public will call "failures" is to be expected, but did the man in the street realize all the factors which complicate the cases recommended for treatment at the Solarium he would be amazed at the splendid results gained for the majority of the small patients, and appreciate very highly the devotion and skill by which these are attained.

Lots of fun is furnished by boat given by the Elks club

In the recently published report of this first year's work stress is laid on many details of general interest. For instance: the delight of the children in their lovely surroundings; the view of Mount Baker, in summer or winter dress; the wild bird and animal life which surrounds them; the passing of vessels of many varied kinds, not least their own enjoyment of a trusty boat given by the Elks Club, and named, consequently, "the Elk"; or their keen delight in handicrafts of several forms, in which their little nimble fingers soon attain proficiency, so that many fine little Indian baskets were sent as Christmas gifts to their parents. Indeed, their teacher writes that "it is hard to keep up with their demand for something to make." She also reports that she finds the children "eager to learn." All the subjects set out in the public school course of studies are given in this "School in the Sun," in spite of the many handicaps from which the learners suffer.

Play hours are by no means neglected. There are games in the grounds or on the sea-shore for the "up children," big and little; and on wet days there is a large playroom, with a beautiful gramophone, boxing gloves, sewing machine, a big doll's house, and many other attractions for all ages. The "bed children," too, are catered for with toys and books, and for the getting out and orderly putting away of these the elder "up children" are responsible. Indeed, these "up children" are assigned all sorts of little, helpful duties, such as they would carry out in their own homes, and one of the happy, home-like features of Solarium life are the birthday treats which afford welcome (and frequent) variety in the week's routine.

Then kind friends have provided lantern lectures; the Shriners and the Salvation Army bands have given concerts; a conjurer made the Christmas holidays a happy memory, were this necessary after the wonderful celebrations on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day; while some little dancers added another attraction to a concert last summer. Parents are welcomed on Saturday and Sunday afternoons; and every Sunday evening there is a short Children's Service, to which the gift of a piano has given an added joy. The system of appealing to the good feeling of the children has proved most successful in respect of discipline, and has resulted in a high standard of honor, obedience and *esprit de corps*. Naturally high spirits or thoughtlessness call occasionally for attention from those in authority, but quarrels are soon over, the prevailing spirit is one of friendliness, and newcomers are soon made to feel members of a large and happy family. No visitor goes to the Solarium without commenting upon the merry good-humor of the children and the evidences of their genuine happiness.

Several gifts of great value have been received from sincere friends during this twelve months, ranging from comfortable furniture for the Nurses' sitting-room to valuable violet-ray lamps, at a cost of $800, to replace the sunshine in short winter days. A concrete salt-water swimming pool was completed in September, with a floor space of 2,800 feet; for the stimulus of sea-bathing is an important part of the treatment. It is just below the Solarium and is automatically filled with fresh water at every tide, and can be drained at low tide. Thus excellent bathing and swimming facilities are provided without danger for children of all ages. Carefully graded concrete paths connect this pool with the main building, so that helpless children can be easily transported by their nurses and share in the benefits and delights it affords.

The "up children" help to amuse the "bed children"

The Women's Auxiliary has had an active year, making up nearly 300 articles needed for daily use:

Continued on page 67

Do you cook your food in *Clean* pots and pans?

WHEN you buy kitchen utensils, choose enameled ware. Be sure the utensils you select bear either the "SMP," "McClary" or "Davidson" trade marks as shown on the sauce pans above.

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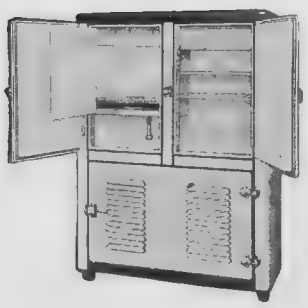
Look for the "SMP," "McClary" and "Davidson" trade marks on all goods you buy for your home in hardware, departmental, furniture and electric stores. Be sure to see the beautiful SMP Refrigerator and the new McClary Electric and Gas Ranges. They are now on display at all leading stores.



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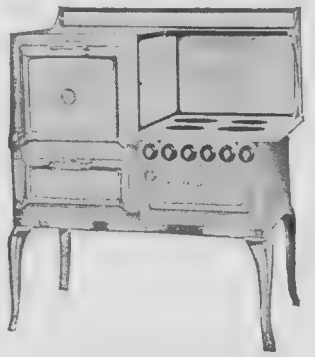


McClary Electric Range—smart and up-to-date in appearance—a rapid cooker; roasts and bakes to perfection.

FAMOUS OLD CANADIAN NAMES WITH A GUARANTEE BEHIND THEM

The Young Man and His Problem

George Stephenson

BRIEF Biography No. 10.—George Stephenson, English engineer and inventor, was born near Wylam, Northumberland, England, on June 9, 1771. His early life was a contest between determined purpose, industry, and sagacity on the one hand, and poverty on the other.

He worked on the farm and at the colliery and, at 17, became engineman at Thrickley Bridge. He heard that the engines of Watt and Boulton were to be found described in books and, though a grown man, he went to night school in order to learn the elements of English and mathematics.

From an early period, Stephenson was quite sanguine as to the "travelling engine." He had the happy thought of utilizing the escaping steam by making it blow his fire. This imparted velocity to the smoke and increased the ascending current of air to such an extent that the speed of the engine was more than doubled.

In 1821, Stephenson became constructing engineer for the Stockton and Darlington Railway. In 1826 he accepted a similar position with the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, and upon completion of the line in 1829, he astonished everyone, even himself, by the success of his "Rocket" in a celebrated competitive trial of locomotives over the Liverpool and Manchester Railway. The "Rocket" attained a speed of thirty-five miles an hour.

The subsequent career of Stephenson was rapid and smooth. He was principal engineer on the York and North Midland, Manchester and Leeds, Birmingham and Derby, and Sheffield and Rotherham railways. In 1845 he visited Belgium and Spain for professional purposes. He was created a knight of Leopold of Belgium and was made a Fellow of the Royal Society in England. He was founder and first president of the society of civil engineers. Stephenson was offered knighthood by the sovereign of England, but declined the honor. He died at Tapton, England, August 12, 1848.

The Problem Department

SERIES 10.—Education.

1. By what methods has the problem of religious education been approached?

2. Cite some examples of experimental schools.

3. Summarize the growth of the Correspondence school.

4. Define vocational education.

5. What is the fundamental motive prompting the organization of the junior high school?

Answers to Economics and Useful Arts Questions, Series Nine:

1. Point out several reasons for the widespread interest in economics.

Answer: Everybody is concerned with economic questions because economics deals with the means whereby men live and with the system within which they provide and share the goods and services that supply their wants.

2. Define the term economics.

Answer: Economics may be defined as the study of man in regard to his activities in earning a living.

3. In what does commerce consist?

Answer: Commerce consists of all those processes of trade involved in the general distribution of commodities from the producer to the consumer. However, the term generally implies an exchange of large volumes of merchandise between different places or communities rather than the trade carried on between individuals. Traffic passing from one nation to another is foreign, or international, commerce; that moving between localities included within national boundaries is internal, or domestic, commerce.

4. Enumerate the chief branches of engineering.

Answer: Civil and mechanical engineering represent the fundamental divisions of engineering practice. Mining, electrical, chemical, and sanitary

By H. J. Russell

engineering are specialized branches, each applying general engineering principles in connection with a particular division of science. The electrical engineer is probably the most highly specialized, but that each branch is closely related to every other is shown by the training given to students of engineering in the great technical schools. For the first two or three years of their work, students of electrical, mechanical, or chemical engineering study almost the same subjects; later, they are permitted to specialize.

More than a hundred well recognized subdivisions might also be named, such as heat, hydraulic or water power, railway, locomotive, automotive, ventilation, highway, telephone, and aeronautical engineering.

Occupations in Canada

ARTICLE No. 11.—Medical Superintendent, Indian Reserve, Department of Indian Affairs.

Duties: To be responsible, under the general direction of an Indian Agent, for the general health of the inhabitants of one or more Indian reserves; to supervise the work of other employees treating or nursing the sick; to diagnose cases and prescribe proper treatment; and to perform other related work as required.

Qualifications: Graduation in medicine from a college of recognized standing; a license to practise medicine; at least two years of experience in the practise of medicine; preferably knowledge of Indian customs, languages and psychology; supervisory ability; tact and good judgment.

What to Study

NO. 2. Why study Latin?

Latin has great value as a help in the development of an English vocabulary. A large part of our English vocabulary comes from Latin either directly or indirectly through the medium of Norman-French. The Latin words of our language are longer and more unusual than the Anglo-Saxon. Such words are valuable for the expression of more subtle and difficult thought, because, being less used, they are of narrower and more exact meaning. The study of Latin is thus a roundabout method of learning to read difficult English.

A knowledge of Latin is of advantage in several other directions. It helps in acquiring modern languages, more particularly French, Spanish and Italian, which are derived from it. It is a decided help in the spelling of many English words of Latin origin. Such blunders as come from confusing ible and able or from writing discribe or describe are not likely to be made by Latin scholars.

Finally, Latin gives a clearer understanding and appreciation of the history and civilization of the Roman people. Its value will readily be perceived when we come to know that only by contrast and comparison with the ancient civilizations can we really see and understand the significant things in modern life.

The Philosopher's Chair

WHAT stubbing, ploughing, digging and harrowing are to the land, that thinking, reflecting, examining are to the mind.

All things are easy that are done willingly.

Accusing the times is but excusing ourselves.

Philosophy finds talkativeness a disease very hard to cure.

Business may be troublesome, but idleness is pernicious.

He that is master of himself will be master of others.

That pilgrim is base who speaks ill of his staff.

Poverty craves many things, but avarice more.

Self-confidence is the first requisite to great undertakings.

Furs and the Fur Trade

SIR ISAAC PITMAN & SONS are publishing, under the general heading of Common Commodities and Industries, a very comprehensive series of handbooks, illustrated in considerable detail.

One of these is "Furs and the Fur Trade," by J. E. Sachs. While most of the handbooks will prove of value in Canada, this one will be of great interest to Western readers. While the author gives much technical information, he adds to the interest of his book by the inclusion of anecdotes bearing directly on trade customs.

In answer to the charge that the fur trade is a cruel trade, the author points out, without wishing to enter into an argument, that practically every one of the animals whose skins are sold by man would die a violent death, if left to their own devices, in many cases with a long-drawn-out anticipatory knowledge that the furred or feathered pursuer could not be shaken off.

Traps which kill instantly and without warning, are merciful; but nothing, paradoxical as it may seem, is so merciless as Nature: "Kill or be killed" applies almost without exception not only to the fur-bearers but to every wild animal that lives—be it bird, beast or fish.

In illustrating the extreme difficulty of distinguishing furs, the author states that he was approached by a representative of a great daily newspaper and was shown three coats. He was invited, first, to look at them at a few yards' range, and then to examine them closely.

At a distance of ten feet he could distinguish no difference whatever; on a closer inspection he thought two were exactly alike, and possibly the third was a better quality; and when he learned that one was rabbit, the second musquash, and third seal, his astonishment was great—to such perfection has the art of camouflage been brought in the fur trade.

In reference to fur swindles, the author tells of an instance that happened in Paris recently, when a well-dressed couple called on a furrier's and asked for some valuable sables to be sent up for inspection. The assistant who took the furs was shown into a suite and waited in the sitting-room. The male "crook" appeared and, stating that his wife was in bed, took the sables into the bedroom, leaving the door partly open. The assistant heard a murmured conversation, and then the man came back and asked the assistant to wait, as his wife would get up and explain how she wished the furs worked. He then returned again to the bedroom, this time closing the door.

The assistant waited—and that is the story; for when tired of waiting, he knocked at the bedroom door, he found it locked; found the entrance door locked as well, and when his furious kicks brought along a chambermaid, he found the "crooks" had departed through another door in the bedroom which opened into the corridor. That little episode cost the furrier a thousand pounds!

The Good Citizen

THE good citizen must be able to read, write and speak the English language with reasonable correctness and he must know and use intelligently the elementary processes of arithmetic.

He must know and observe the laws of physical health and well-being.

He must know and appreciate the history and geography of his own comunity, state and nation, and of the world at large, and he must know and meet his share in the social, civic, and industrial order of our democracy.

He must be able to share intelligently and appreciatively in the fine and social arts, through the pursuit of music, drawing and literature, and of the manual and household arts as they are related to the three great universal needs of food, clothing and shelter.—Dr. Herbert S. West.

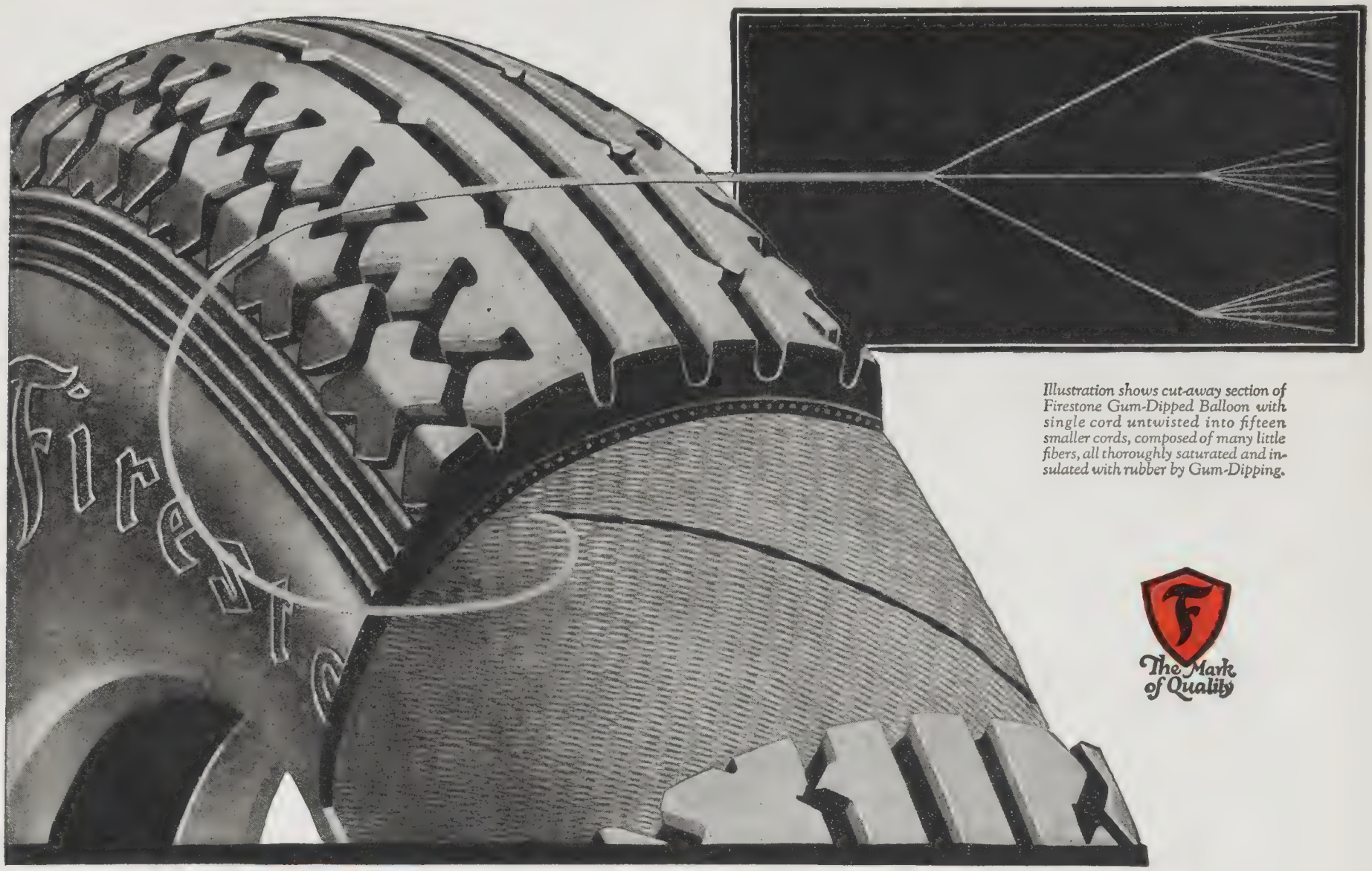


Illustration shows cut-away section of Firestone Gum-Dipped Balloon with single cord untwisted into fifteen smaller cords, composed of many little fibers, all thoroughly saturated and insulated with rubber by Gum-Dipping.

The Mark of Quality

Why Firestone

Dips the Cords of the Carcass in a Rubber Solution

The greatest enemy of tire life is *not* the harsh grind of city streets or rough roads but *heat* which is created inside the tire by internal friction. Heat not only weakens the fabric, but also softens the rubber, causing blowouts and tire failures.

The exclusive Firestone Gum-Dipping process prevents internal heat. Every fiber of every cord is insulated and impregnated with rubber, which prevents internal friction and at the same time binds the cords together by a stronger union of rubber, thus giving greater strength and flexibility to the tire.

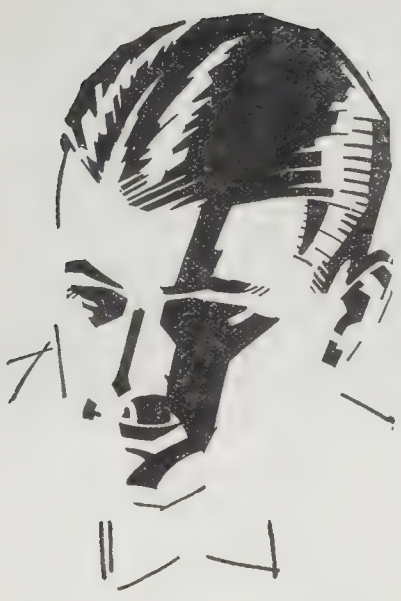
Take advantage of the Gum-Dipping process to lower your tire costs this year. Firestone's control of raw materials in the primary markets, together with economical manufacture and distribution, gives you the safety, comfort and long mileage of Gum-Dipped tires at prices no higher than you would pay for tires of ordinary construction.

Call on your local Firestone Dealer today. He will save you money and serve you better.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

Firestone Tire and Rubber Company of Canada, Limited
HAMILTON, ONTARIO

FIRESTONE BUILDS THE ONLY GUM-DIPPED TIRES



Healthy hair is strong, clean, abundant

Thin, lifeless hair will soon go

DULL, lifeless hair—gradually getting thinner and thinner—is starving at the roots. Or the scalp, lacking vitality to fight infection, has fallen prey to dandruff.

In either case baldness threatens. Yet the hair can be restored to health with a few moments daily care:

EVERY MORNING moisten hair and scalp with Ed. Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then with firm fingers move the scalp vigorously in every direction, to work the tonic down to the very hair roots. Brush the hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

After the very first treatment your scalp feels toned and invigorated! You will be amazed at the improved appearance of your hair after only a few days of this care.

For this Pinaud treatment destroys dandruff and stimulates scalp circulation to feed the hair to new growth and vigor.

Start now to give your hair this nourishing care. Get Pinaud's Eau de Quinine at any drug or department store *today*. (Signature of Ed. Pinaud on each bottle.)

Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, 204-206 King Street, East, Toronto, Canada —sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris.

PINAUD'S

Eau de Quinine

That "Foreign Kid"

By Madeline G. MacTavish

WINNIPEG, The Gateway of the West, has for some years now been the receiving and distributing depot for the hundreds upon hundreds of people, alien to our country, to our customs, and to our conversation.

These particular and peculiar people, according to our way of thinking, call them what you will, Foreigners, Galicians, Ruthenians, Ukranians, or perchance the more generous appellation of New Canadians, have come to stay, and whether we like it or not, will be part and parcel of our population, and will likewise, because of strength in numbers and aggressiveness in kind, exert a mighty force in our country. Whether that force will be for good or for evil, rests in great measure with the Canadians of today.

What sort of ideals do we hold up to the youth of our land? The young people, especially of foreign parentage, are taking us at face value. They are partaking of whatever fare we put before them. Good, bad and indifferent, they are drinking it in, and thinking by so doing, that they are becoming Canadians.

What are we doing to help them grasp the idea of what constitutes a true Canadian?

Granted that our public schools are doing much. They are the best leveller that we have, and to the teachers in New Canadian Schools, scattered over our far-flung prairies, belongs a great measure of indebtedness for the self-sacrificing devotion to duty which they have maintained. The lives of hundreds and of thousands of children of foreign parentage, have been brightened and made better by the influences of kindly teachers, who patiently implanted the knowledge so necessary to right living. It, however, is a fact to be deplored at the present time, that so many schools throughout the West, in the new Canadian districts, where schools are most necessary, have been for some time closed, because the ratepayers have been unable to pay their taxes. This state of affairs, however, may be remedied when the findings of the commission on schools are investigated.

One of the outstanding factors in the assimilating of a young non-English population, is the cultivation of a proper play spirit.

Our young, new Canadians, before they became such, have been in the habit of taking life too seriously. Work and not play has been the order of the day, with no thought of the old adage that, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

THE play-grounds of the city are filling a great need in the lives of the children, particularly in the lives of these children who would otherwise have only the alley and the streets in which to play. The parks also delight the hearts of hundreds of children during the summer months, but there is need for both more playgrounds and more parks. It would seem that the summer vacation is too long. Children grow weary of being unemployed, and "Satan finds some evil still for idle hands to do." Vacation summer schools conducted during the holiday season, in conjunction with the play-grounds, would be a great source of gratification and uplift to many hundreds of children during the long summer days. When summer days sizzle, those of our city folks, who have means, and likewise comfortable homes, close them up and repair to their cottages at beach or summer resorts, while these who have neither means, comfortable homes, nor summer cottage, must remain in the city, unless taken for an outing by some charitable institution. The summer is the season of the year when all nature seeks to radiate happiness. From sky, trees, grass and flowers, the silent message seems to speak to humanity, bidding mortals enjoy to the fullest the short Canadian summer while it is swiftly winging by, and although winter is relentless in the hardships which it inflicts upon the poor, yet summer is kinder, and gives a chance to relax from the troubles caused by the rigors of the winter. Our new Canadian people, whether in city or in country, have no easy road to travel. It is true that in their own country they have been used to farming, done on a primitive scale, but when they come to our cities, they must do the very hardest kind of work—street and sewer work, and all such work as other laborers do not care to do. We find though, that in a great number of cases they are thrifty, and try to have comfortable little homes, after their own ideas, with a little garden attached.

These people in their own lands have been oppressed. They are finding in Canada their haven of freedom, and sometimes this same freedom is too much for a people used to being ruled with an iron hand; and thus getting a taste for freedom in certain cases, they long for more, and wish indeed to be a law unto themselves as found in the groups of Bolshevists and Communists.

Cherokee Rose

By Roberta Edwinna Clare

Oh Cherokee Maid with thy gentle eye,
And tresses the hue of the midnight sky,
Oh dusky maid of a honored tribe,
I would woo thee and win thee for my bride.
Maid with nut-brown skin and voice like a bird's,
List unto me and my wooing words.
I have loved thee long from a distance, sweet,
Adored thy laughter and thy deer-like feet,
Have hoped with a hope, that was half afraid
I could not win thee, oh, Cherokee Maid.

Oh my Warrior, she made bold to reply,
I have watched thee too, with many a sigh,
I have loved thee long, oh my Seminole,
With all my heart and with all my soul.
I've watched thee by day, I've watched thee by night,
I saw naught but thee, when thou wert in sight.
I'll love thee for aye as thou lovest me,
Till the end of the world, I will follow thee.

As she followed him, she plucked by the way,
A flower she had loved from her childhood day,
To her new home she took it, and planted with care
This flower of her race, till it grew to be fair.
Both loved this new clime, so the legend goes
For in Florida still, blooms the Cherokee rose,
But the Cherokee maid who planted it there,
Has passed with her lover to hunting grounds fair.

THESE vast numbers of people of alien tongue and custom, coming to our new land have brought their problems with them, and they likewise have added to our problems.

The older people will pretty much, as it were, have to be accepted at face value, as they will not change much, but our public schools, both in city and country, are the best leveller that we have.

Indeed, they are far more than this, besides educating the youth of our land, our schools are perhaps the best molders of public opinion among the rising youth of our land that we have. They practically have it in their hands to see that these thousands of young people of foreign parentage have during, their years at school, instilled into their minds a fair idea of what it should mean to be a Canadian citizen.

LET us again refer to our teachers, particularly in rural Manitoba, where we have many districts which a casual observer might take for somewhere in Galicia, so conspicuous is the English language by its absence, and the manner and dress of the people is that of their native land. The work of the teacher in such districts calls for courage, tact, patience and forbearance, coupled with perseverance to the uttermost. These teachers who go out to the hard places of the out-lying districts, deserve more encouragement and co-operation from those who live in the pleasant places than they now receive. They are in great measure the only link up with Canadian civilization that the people and more especially the children of such places know. What teacher does, says and wears counts for much in the eyes of the new Canadian children. The lives of a great number of the children of rural none-English parentage, would be sordid indeed, if it were not for the brightening ray of the public school and all that that may mean.

The teachers who daily pursue their tasks in the face of adverse circumstances, have to have a tinge of the heroic, or they would soon give up what in many cases seems a hopeless task. Tact is a very necessary requisite of the teacher who is to ply her vacation in new Canadian districts. There is much in the national, political, racial and religious beliefs and customs of these people which does not coincide with our Canadian ideals, and if a teacher is to hold public favor, and at the same time feel that she is sowing the seed of Canadianism in the rising generation, she must seek to do so, but at the same time must not needlessly arouse antagonisms, which are sure to defeat the object sought, namely the making of better men and women for the future. The teachers in our city schools, by reason of educational and other circumstances, are enabled to exert more independence in regard to the matter of dealing with the new Canadian.

More explicit rules may be drawn up, and he is given to understand that he must obey them. Our city schools certainly must exert a mighty molding influence over the thousands of children of foreign parentage who each year attend its sessions, but each year as we notice an increase in juvenile delinquency prevalent among the boys and girls of foreign parentage, we wonder if there is not something amiss in our whole social fabric which is proving a stumbling block to so many young people.

TWO things which we might cite as incentives to crime among the youth of the non-English, is the prevailing love of sport, love of dress, and altogether extravagant manner of living which is becoming too general among people of all nationalities, and consequently the young boy and girl of foreign parentage feels that he or she must do what they see other young people doing. Take an undeveloped moral standard, and a young person none too well acquainted with Canadian customs, and you have an open walk into the curious and varied paths of juvenile delinquency. In a great measure our environment is responsible for much of the crime committed by youthful offenders, likewise the parents are to blame for not doing their duty by their children, but in the eyes of the law, the children are the direct offenders, and must consequently suffer the penalties which the law inflicts. The foreign boy and girl in our midst, are calling to our Canadian civilization to give them a fair chance in the race of life which they must enter under the handicap of racial antagonisms, an alien language and customs strange to these of the land of their adoption. Many of these young people are eager to learn, are ambitious, aggressive and anxious to make their way in a world which too often is unsympathetic, does not try to look at life from the standpoint of a stranger in a strange land, and withal turns the cold shoulder, where a little encouragement and interest shown might help to make the difference between a man and an outlaw, the latter of which we have far too many at present. May the causes be removed, and may more attention be given to the training of that asset or liability to our country.

The Marooned Myth-maker

The Ex-Kaiser is said to have been entertaining a bunch of German mythologists at Doorn. Maybe he contemplates getting out some more memoirs on the causes of the World War.—Minneapolis Journal.

WAX YOUR FLOORS THIS EASY WAY

WHAT charm wax-polished floors add to your home—what a comfort and convenience and economy they are. Floor-care is reduced to a minimum—yet you delight in the enhanced floor-beauty—in the lights and shadows mirrored in the deep-toned luster of Johnson's Polishing Wax.

And it's a comfortable feeling to know that costly refinishing and the upset household that goes with it are things of the past, so securely does this wax protect your floors.

Perhaps you have never realized how simple and easy it is to wax your floors, even for the first time, with the Johnson Electric Polisher. Use it on wood, linoleum, tile or composition—over varnish, shellac, wax or paint. In just a few hours you can transform every room in your home.

Don't think you must wash the floors first—that is unnecessary because the wax cleans as it polishes. There is no stooping or kneeling—no messy rags or pails. Simply apply a thin coat of Johnson's Polishing Wax as directed. All soil and grime vanishes, leaving the surface spotless.

Now guide the Johnson Electric Polisher over the floors. It takes much less effort than running your vacuum cleaner. Almost instantly a gleaming trail of beauty appears on the dull floor. Soon the whole surface is burnished to a bright luster that defies wear and makes cleaning much easier.

Johnson's Wax, like a thin, flexible coating of glass, stands between the delicate finish of your floors and the constant pounding of feet. Foot-prints don't show—unsightly "traffic spots" are banished.

You can rent a Johnson Electric Floor Polisher by the day or half-day from your grocery, hardware, drug, furniture, paint or dept. store at a very low rate. Or add one to your own home equipment. At the new price of only $35.50 (formerly $48.50) it soon pays for itself in time and labor saved.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON LTD. BRANTFORD
"The Floor Finishing Authorities"
Vancouver, Winnipeg, Toronto, Montreal

Johnson's Polishing Wax comes in two convenient forms—Paste and Liquid. It is sold by grocers and dealers everywhere.

JOHNSON'S POLISHING WAX

PASTE OR LIQUID · · · · CLEANS · POLISHES · PRESERVES · PROTECTS

Are you?

Are you gambling your *Health and Happiness against* Intestinal Poisoning

I am a Dominion Rifle Shooter. Last year I began to be troubled with boils. One of my friends suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. I started taking two cakes a day and gradually the boils disappeared.
PEARL FORTNER

I suffered for years from chronic indigestion and constipation. I became so bad that I was afraid to eat; my skin was covered with pimples. I lost all courage—my work was getting ahead of me. One day my husband said: "Why don't you try Fleischmann's Yeast? It cannot hurt you anyway." I commenced to take three cakes a day. I became less irritable. I started to eat and now I am in the very best of health.
MRS. ARMSTRONG

A few months ago I began to be troubled with boils. The continuous strain was undermining my health. I decided to try Fleischmann's Yeast three times a day. My general condition improved, and after a short time the boils began to disappear.
JOHN W. MILLER

THE danger signals . . . some are so plain. *Your neighbors notice them*—skin eruptions, bad breath, the irritability that goes with headaches and heartburn.

Some of the signs of intestinal poisoning are so drab and commonplace that you have begun to accept them as your natural lot. You are getting used to tiredness, lassitude, depression, lack of appetite. You have almost forgotten what it is to have your natural birthright—splendid, buoyant vitality.

The trouble is faulty elimination—slow, incomplete. Your intestines have turned into a culture-tube for germs. They are throwing bacterial poisons into the blood stream.

Temporary measures are no use. Harmful, habit-forming cathartics only make matters worse.

One food—added to your ordinary diet, will aid in correcting this condition.

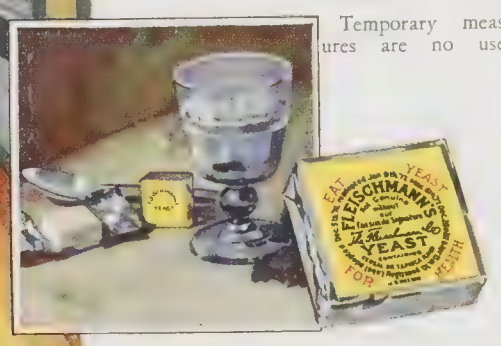
A tiny fresh vegetable—Yeast—taken 3 times a day, before or between meals, helps to end intestinal poisoning. It is a food, not a medicine. Its cleansing action is natural and tonic. Gently, firmly, inevitably, it trains the muscles of elimination.

That is why in four short years eating Fleischmann's Yeast has become the Third Great Health Habit of Canada.

Give Fleischmann's Yeast as fair a trial as you would physical exercise. In a few weeks you will note a surprising improvement. Ninety days will bring you the full benefit.

Tell your grocer to add your name to his list for regular delivery of as many cakes as your family requires, three for each member.

Write for booklet "Regaining Health," which describes many interesting ways of eating Yeast. The Fleischmann Co., Dept. 06-C, 1449 St. Alexander Street, Montreal, Que.



Eat three cakes regularly every day, one before each meal: on crackers, in fruit juice, water or milk—or just plain, in small pieces. *For constipation dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime.*

The THRICE-A-DAY Health Custom

FLEISCHMANN'S *Yeast The Food for Health*

When Callahan Called for Help

A Short Story of a Cat's Meow

By E. G. Bayne

Illustrated by Gordon Stephens

P. C. CALLAHAN, although a comparatively recent acquisition, had already become the pride of the force. His name stood for an almost reckless daring, for iron nerve, and for the most superb fearlessness and, allied with these qualities, there were his friendliness and his irrepressible good humor, which nothing apparently was ever able to dampen—not even the most wretched night on the beat. Everybody was his friend, everybody that is except the most abandoned of the evil-doers and these came to realize in due course that Callahan's smile concealed a very firm mouth. It is hardly to be wondered at that a tradition grew up about the man and that he was considered as dependable as a government bond.

"As cool as Callahan" became a by-word in town. But he also dearly loved a fight, for he had all the Celt's craving for conquest.

From six o'clock at night until two in the morning Officer Callahan, with but a short interval for supper, walked or stood his beat and yearned for crime waves to dash themselves against his bulwark-like form. There was never enough excitement for him—never anything like enough. His hourly reports marked the passage of time for the 'phone operators at Headquarters, so regular they were. Everyone at the switchboard knew Callahan of the First District well—by ear at least. And also by reason of the fact that his report always came in on the stroke of the hour. His rich brogue and the brevity of the reports along with his punctual habits were as fixed as the law of gravity. Exactly on the hour as indicated by the big clock in Blitzberg's Pawnshop window Callahan would call Headquarters from the patrol-box at Wood and Glen streets in the heart of the Polish quarter.

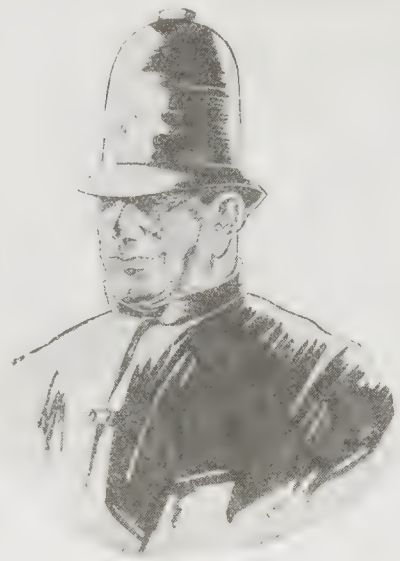
"Callahan o' th' First speakin.' Mark it down. Fine an' dead up here. Nothin' doin' whativer." This succinct report he would announce in a deep bellow that made the switchboard crackle.

Then precisely sixty minutes later, when he had reached the other terminal of his beat he would call again.

"Tim Callahan o' th' First talkin'. All quiet down here excipt for a spalpeen that pinched a milk-bottle an' faith I give him th' heft o' me night-stick an' he'll not do it agin."

Although as a patrolman P. C. Callahan couldn't quite hope to civilize the neighborhood, at least he was able to quell all open opposition there and settle many minor disturbances. He was the Mussolini of the precinct, though human withal. He put down revolts and insurrections with one hand, and now and then extended the other surreptitiously into a speakeasy window for a bottle of cool home-brew. Cheerful and fearless and gallant he was, an information-bureau, a bringer-home of lost little children, a combination of police officer, house of correction, family advisor, and patrol agent, administering and dispensing justice in his own individual way. For instance, he never arrested wife-beaters—he merely took them "by th' scruff o' th' neck" to a lamp-post and there in the full glare of publicity so to speak jerked them across his knee and walloped them with his stick. There was very little wife-beating in the precinct.

Callahan was never seriously perturbed by accident, crime, or calamity. Sure, wasn't it all in the day's work? There was the time he caught an escaping bank-bandit and won a medal and had to go to the City Hall and hear a lot of speech-making and listen to compliments that made him blush and have the medal pinned on him and meet the mayor and whatnot. Callahan regarded it all as a great bore. And there was the time the gasolene-tank of the Superior Cleaning and Dyeing Works sprang a leak and flooded the sewer menacing the entire east end of the city, for someone immediately threw a lighted match down a sewer-grating



P. C. Callahan

and as Callahan afterward put it "there was th' divil an' all t' pay!" All the man-hole covers blew off and there was a roar like the crack of doom. Excited denizens of the First Police District rushed to telephones and in eight assorted and incoherent languages called Headquarters beseeching succor. They reported (1) a bombing, (2) an earthquake, (3) a whisky-still explosion, (4) enemy shell-fire, (5) an airplane crash, (6) and the end of the world.

The police operators sent four ambulances, the riot squad, the bomb squad, two representatives of the detective bureau, the commissioner of buildings, a pulmotor, and the fire department. In the midst of the confusion Callahan in a cool and unruffled voice 'phoned Headquarters.

"Tim Callahan o' th' First speakin.' Mark it down. Fine an' quiet here."

"Callahan!" shouted the operator." Where in Heligoland are you?"

"On me beat of course. Where should I be?" returned the unhurried cop.

"Yes, but what about the big bombing or whatever it is down there? We've had scores of complaints and we've sent . . . ."

"Oh, *that* little bit of a thing." said Callahan, easily, "Sure an' that's all over tin minutes ago. I had a bit o' bother with thim man-hole covers gittin' thim back on an' all but everything's all right now an' no harrm done." And Officer Callahan, whatever he *had* done—for his modesty would never permit him to go into details about that night's work—could never be convinced or at any rate wouldn't admit, that he and he alone had probably saved a large portion of the city from destruction.

Such, you perceive, was the imperturbable Tim. His word moreover was as good as his bond. His promise to look into a matter "on me way back" was as comforting to a complainant as a guarantee signed and sealed by the Governor-General.

His likes and dislikes were rather pronounced, but there were more of the former than the latter, by far. Around the station he was the life of the party, always ready with whatever the occasion called for, whether a song or a story or a bit of playful fisticuffs "just t' keep in thrim." His best friend was probably Sergeant McDowd, although any of the force would have literally died for him. There was only one little thing about the station that Officer Callahan could have wished changed and that was the men's fondness for the cat. But he made no fuss about this, merely ignored the feline. He hated the tribe—preferred dogs he said. Sergeant McDowd would allow the creature to climb on his shoulder and would pet it and feed it and carry it round in the crook of his arm, rubbing his cheek against its fur.

"Everyone to his taste—as th' old woman said when she kissed th' cow." With this observation Callahan would shrug, and shake his head philosophically at the strange foible of the six-foot McDowd.

But when a wretched little mongrel, homeless and forlorn and limping painfully with a broken leg dragged itself to the door of the station one night it was Callahan who gathered it up, muddy and blood-stained and shivering pitifully . . . gathered it close against his spotless tunic and literally took it to his heart. He doctored it and fed it and looked after it and finally found himself so fond of the little animal he couldn't bear to part with it. But a dog and a cat both—no, no, 'twould never do, maintained the men, so Callahan yielded the right of priority to the latter, a bit grudgingly it is true, and took his pet home to his boarding-place, bribing his landlady Mrs. Ryan to keep it. Ever afterwards Callahan was unmercifully strict with reckless motorists.

"Dignity o' the force be——!" he would say. "Let me get me hands on one o' thim speedsters an' I'll wipe th' road with him!" I'll beat him inta pulp! I'll give him such a whaling he'll not forget till th' hour he draws his last breath!"

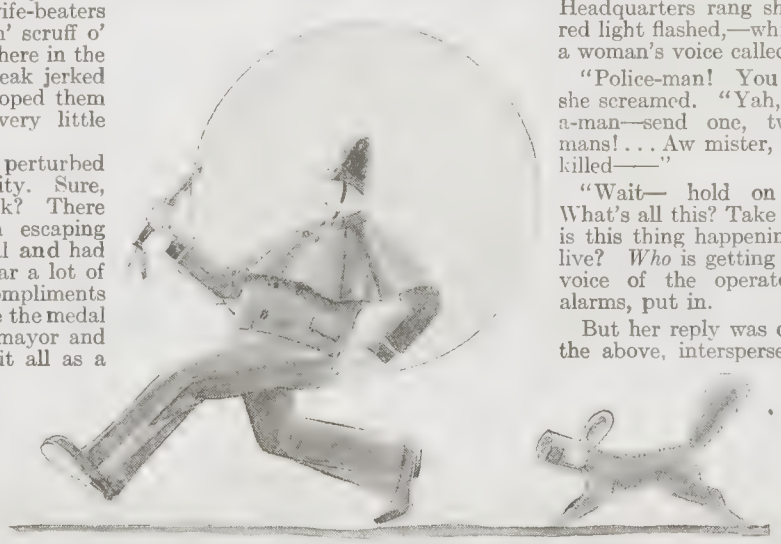
And in this Callahan kept his word, as he did in everything else, for more than one unlucky speed-demon thereafter felt the full force of the cop's fist before even the summons had been handed him.

As has been said, Callahan was equal to any emergency and he invariably came off best, but one night his iron nerve was thoroughly shaken and he met his Waterloo. Incredible as it may seem there actually existed an agency capable of subjugating the mighty Tim. He had still an hour or so to put in on his beat one wet night and hadn't yet telephoned in his last report when the 'phone at Headquarters rang sharply, or the little red light flashed,—whichever it was—and a woman's voice called excitedly for help.

"Police-man! You send help queeck! she screamed. "Yah, sure I vant police-a-man—send one, two, t'ree police-a-mans! . . . Aw mister, hurry up or he get killed——"

"Wait— hold on a minute, lady. What's all this? Take your time. Where is this thing happening? Where do you live? *Who* is getting killed?" the steady voice of the operator, accustomed to alarms, put in.

But her reply was only a repetition of the above, interspersed with Polish and she hung up. Another operator called the city central and had them trace the call and before many minutes the trouble



P. C. Callahan was perfectly sober but had always been afraid of cats

Continued on page 53

Colour Harmony

ANY woman can be attractive if she uses Sunset, and studies "Colour Harmony." Her costumes will be harmonious with her personality, and her home will be beautiful in decorative effect.

Love of colour tempered by good judgment and a knowledge of what is correct for personal attire and for furnishing her home will earn the unanimous approval of all with whom she comes in contact—She will be voted "an attractive woman."

With Sunset, the dependable home dye with unlimited artistic possibilities, any woman, whether experienced in home dyeing or not, can produce most beautiful effects in garments or home furnishings.

It dyes silk, wool, cotton, linen or goods of mixed fibres, all in one dye bath. It is clean, quick, easy dyeing and the colours are fast, gently boiled in to stay.

SUNSET Soap DYES

Made in Canada
"Standard Everywhere"

15c. A CAKE ALL COLOURS

Fast to light and moisture

Manufacturers:
NORTH AMERICAN DYE CORPORATION, LTD.
Dept. 102, Toronto, Ont.

Sales Representatives:
HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., LTD.
Toronto, Ont.

Dytint

Beautiful Pastel Shades

NEW!

for tinting cotton, linen, silk and most artificial silks.

A Large Package 10c *The easy-to-use tint*

Made and guaranteed by makers of Sunset.

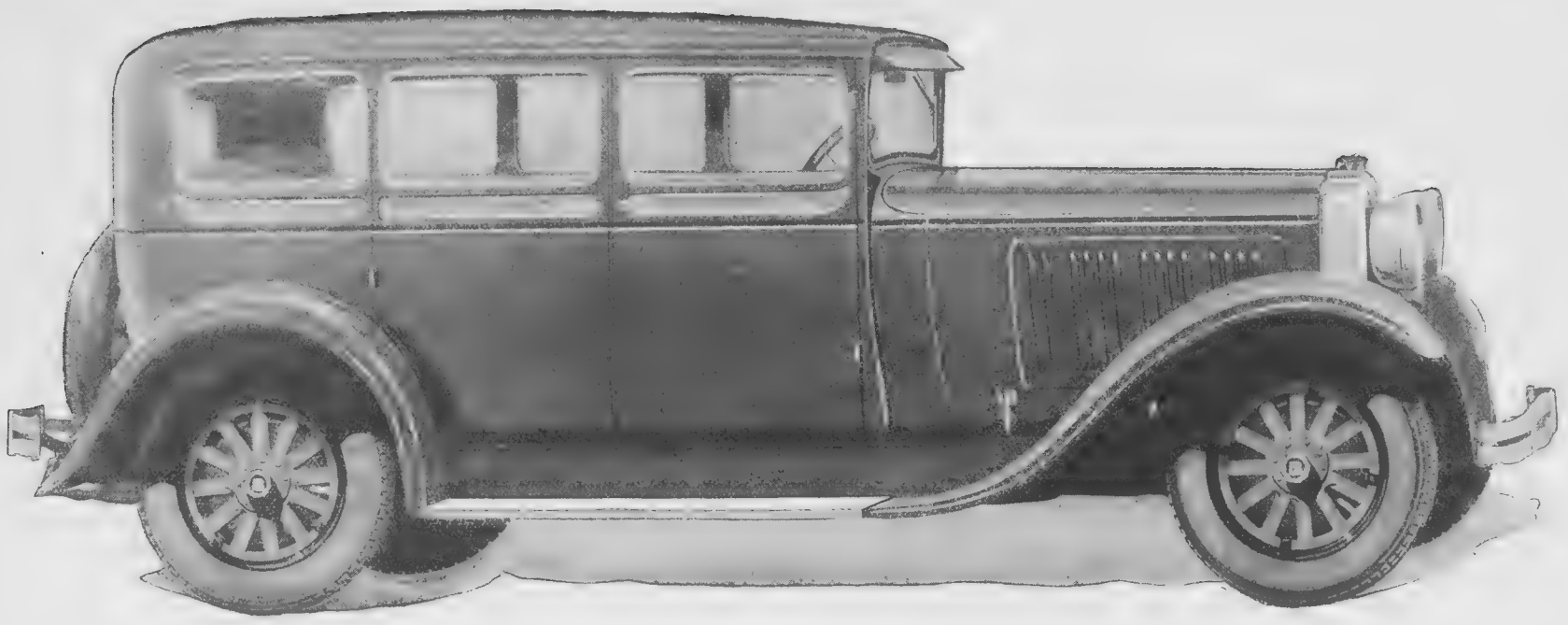
REMEMBER—AT DRUG, DEPARTMENT. GROCERY AND GENERAL STORES

Always have the magic WRIGLEY package in your pocket.

Soothes nerves, allays thirst, aids digestion.

After Every Meal

A CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENT BRINGS RESULTS
Over 400,000 readers turn to this page each issue.



A FLASHING, FLEXIBLE BEAUTY.....

Everyone concedes to the Victory Six a vivid and refreshing personality quite its own.

A captivating rakishness that is partially an effect of line and apparel . . . partially a matter of spirit and superb speed . . . you sense it as the Victory flashes by and you sense it at the wheel . . .

Perhaps, in the last analysis, it gets down to the fact that no car in the Victory price class is so fast, so flexible, so quick to get under way, and so instantly obedient to the brakes . . . in a word, so brilliantly responsive to every whim of the driver.

Spacious, too, with side-sway impressively absent, thanks to a new and exclusive development in better bodycraft.

A car that we invite you most cordially, and without obligation, to *drive*.

DODGE 6

$1455

4-DOOR SEDAN
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Spare Tire Included
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THE COUPE-BROUGHAM, $1455—DE LUXE SEDAN, $1550
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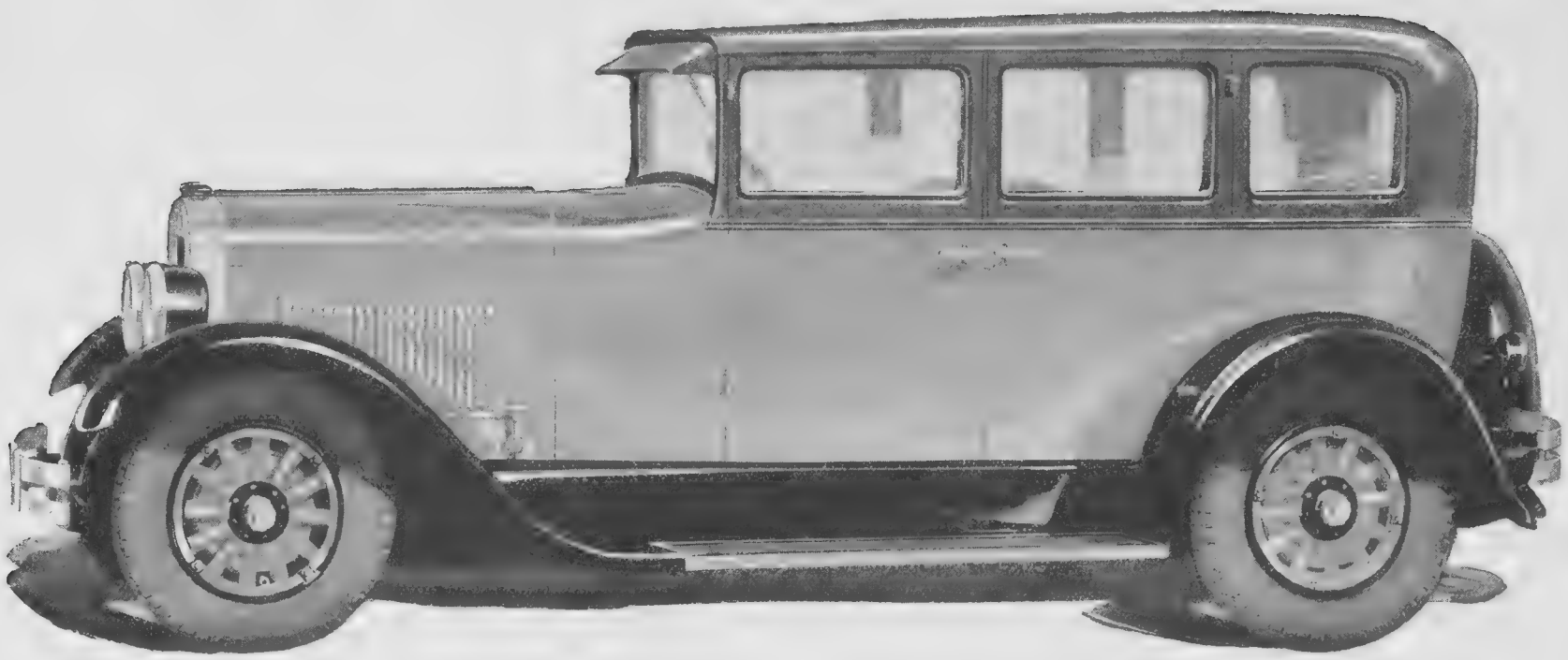
The VICTORY SIX

By DODGE



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This smart new Six by Dodge Brothers is the fastest traveller ever sold for within hundreds of dollars of its price . . . With the snappiest pick-up, too—whether you time it from 10, 30 or 50 miles up, or from full stop to full speed!

And power! Practically every famous hill in America has already been taken in high gear by Standard Six owners . . . One horsepower to every 47 pounds of car weight, tells the story! An engine of spectacular brilliance in the most rugged chassis ever built by Dodge Brothers!

To call the car a sensation is putting it mildly. Every Standard Six owner will tell you it's the greatest performer he has ever driven in his life.

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COUPE, $1160—DE LUXE SEDAN, $1285
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THE STANDARD SIX

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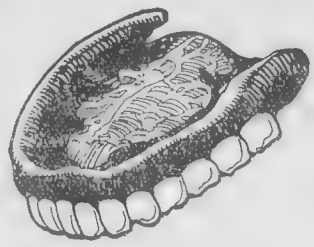

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY
WINNIPEG

Whoso Diggeth A Pit

By R. B. Graham

SUNRISE over the prairie of a clear cool day in September. The rolling prairie, stretching in low billows from east to west and south as far as one could see, broken to the north by the line of a scrub oak, elm and box elder that marked the shore line of Pelican Lake. Here and there, in groups of two each, the setting of wheat stacks. Not the round stacks of the Canadian born farmer, but the house shaped stacks, impervious to rain or snow, built, as only they could build, the exiles from the Hebrides.

The door of the log house opened and Kenneth McLeod came out, shading his eyes against the sunrise. Small and wiry, red haired and blue eyed, cheeks and upper lip shaven clean, the red beard trimmed round upon the chin; the high cheek bones and slightly rolling gait bespoke the Crofter.

Fishermen and sailors and soldiers they had been brought out from the Isle of Lewes some ten years before, by the Colonization Board, and settled here in Manitoba.

It had been a long and bitter struggle. Hail and drought had combined to make their original poverty even worse, but now for three years crops had been good and Kenneth, looking out at the trim stacks of number one hard, felt that the tide had turned and port was in sight.

From the house came the moaning of a child in pain and the soft voice of the mother hushing it and the light in Kenneth's eyes faded. With a sigh he turned toward the sod stable and went about his morning chores.

These done he returned to the house for breakfast and stood for a few minutes looking down at the small figure lying in a box by the kitchen stove. A boy of about ten years, his face drawn with pain and the little form twisted under the bedding. Wee Donald, the one child born to them, such a bonnie babe, but now the doctor said he must be taken to a hospital and undergo a serious and costly operation, or he would never walk again.

Sighing again Kenneth turned to his wife and spoke in Gaelic, the only tongue she understood.

"Do not weep, Mistress. The threshers will be here tomorrow. The next day the wheat will be in Killarney and the day after you and Donald shall go to Winnipeg. The child shall not suffer, though debts go unpaid."

"Oh, Kenneth, man! If only wee Donald walks again, they can take every cow and horse and we shall start over again with but our bare hands."

"Mistress, Mistress, What odds for you and me. We have borne much and can bear more, but the wee lad must have his chance." And so the two, whose hearts were knit together by years of labor shared and a great love for Wee Donald, went to the morning meal. Then Kenneth went about his spring ploughing and Janet to her housework and her chickens.

Small the house was, only the two rooms, and bare of furnishings, but speckless. From, time to time Donald stirred uneasily, but made no complaint for he was of the same stuff as his parents who suffered in silence and bore all things patiently.

When the mother, her other tasks done, sat down to her knitting of the winter underwear for her good man, Donald spoke.

"Mother," he said, "is it true? Am I to go to the hospital?"

"Yes dear one, in two days' time."

"And I shall walk again, mother, and help father on the farm. And mother, dearest, I shall work so hard, so hard and when I am a man you and father shall work no more. We shall have a house of boards with three rooms, and you shall do nothing but sew and knit."

Tears were in the mother's eyes as she stooped and kissed him, but her heart was light. There was a chance, a good chance, the doctor had said, and Donald was to have that chance.

In the early afternoon as Kenneth plodded through the stubble turning the rich black earth for the next crop, a buggy appeared on the trail, just south of William McDonald's and as Kenneth straightened his aching back and stood to watch it, it turned off the main trail and came toward him.

Kenneth walked down to meet the visitor, wondering whom it might be. There was no welcome in his face when he recognized the man.

Bill Carter, collector for the implement firm was a man too well known to receive a welcome. His visits generally spelled trouble. To be sure Kenneth had little cause to fear his visit, for all he owed the firm was about forty dollars, balance on his binder, but with these collectors one never knew.

Big, burly, clean shaven the man looked down upon Kenneth with a smile that Kenneth did not trust at all. He had had too many unpleasant experiences with collectors.

"Good afternoon, Kenneth, a good crop you have this year."

"Oh, yess" said Kenneth, "A ferry good crop."

"Then you'll be able to pay us off this year?"

"Oh yess, the trashers will be here tomorrow and I'll be hauling the wheats in the next day and pay you off."

"That's good. That'll be fine. But see you do it." And the collector drove off on his unpleasant round.

ANOTHER perfect autumn day. The threshers were there. The stacks sank as by magic and the number one hard poured from the spout into the sacks and was stored in the granary. What a crop. Thirty bushels to the acre and not a small berry in the lot.

Kenneth's heart sang within him as he drove from machine to granary and from granary to machine.

Toward noon five wagons appeared and came slowly into the yard and Kenneth's heart sank, for in the leading wagon were Bill Carter and the County Court bailiff.

"What would you be wanting here Mr. Carter" asked Kenneth, although he knew too well that trouble was here again.

"We are seizing the wheat for your debt."

"But I told you I'd be hauling the wheats in tomorrow."

"Oh yes but tomorrow never comes, especially with you Crofters." Wagon after wagon, despite Kenneth's protests was loaded and the teams drove away.

"Come in tomorrow, Kenneth and we'll give you an accounting for the wheat" was Carter's farewell and poor Kenneth turned back to the house heavy footed and heavy hearted.

"Kenneth, my man," said Janet that night as they sat silent and downhearted, "Tomorrow you will go to Killarney, and you'll not let them take more than you owe them. You'll be remembering Donald and go to a lawyer about it."

"Lawyers! Lawyers! The lawyers will be taking what little the machine men leave."

Next morning, however Kenneth loaded a wagon with part of the wheat that was left and drove them all fourteen miles to Killarney.

With anger still burning in him he went to the office of the machine company for his accounting.

"Oh here you are Kenneth," said Carter, "Well we've given you credit for the wheat seized and all you owe us now is ten dollars."

"Ten dollars, Mr. Carter! You took enough wheats to pay my note ten times over."

"Costs, Kenneth, costs. Bailiff's fess, poundage and team hire. It runs into money Kenneth."

"I'll not be given you another cent. You're a pack of roppers and I'll be going to a lawyer about it."

"Go on then. There's only one lawyer here and he is our lawyer," So Kenneth left.

As he walked wearily away from the warehouse, too ignorant to know his rights, too disheartened to enforce them if he knew them, he met a young man sweeping off the sidewalk in front of a store.

"Good morning, Mr. McLeod," said the young man, "What's your trouble?"

"Trouble, trouble, Mr. Calder, it's nothing but trouble, trouble from January to December."

"But what's the great trouble now?"

"They're roppers, Mr. Calder, chust a pack of roppers."

"Who are robbers, Mr. McLeod?"

"The implement men, all of them but that Mr. Carter, he's the worst."

"And what have they been doing to you."

And so the story came out, Calder listening without comment until Kenneth had finished, then he asked, "Did they have an execution Mr. McLeod?"

"An execution, what's that,"

"Well did they show you any papers."

"Oh, you will be meaning the sues. Oh no, they neffer gave me the sues, neffer."

"Come with me till we make sure."

And together they walked to the County Court Office, where they soon ascertained that the company had no judgment against Kenneth and no right whatever to seize.

From there to the elevator where Calder ascertained how much wheat Carter had brought in. Two hundred and sixty bushels of number one hard at seventy five cents per bushel. One hundred and ninety five dollars to pay a forty dollar debt and Kenneth still owed them ten dollars.

"You're right, Kenneth," said Calder as the left the elevator, "They are robbers, damned robbers." "Oh Mr. Calder, you shouldn't be swearing like that."

"Oh never mind, come along back to the company's office." As they crossed the road, Calder picked up a barrel hoop that was lying on it. His fox terrier began jumping back and forth through the hoop.

"See that Kenneth? Well you're going to see a damned sight bigger dog jump through a damned sight smaller hoop."

"You're a fearful swearer Mr. Calder," was all Kenneth's answer.

At the office Calder spoke to Carter, "Bill you have a note of Kenneth's I believe. How much is due on it?"

"Ten dollars I think. Are you going to help him out?"

"I was thinking of it. Let me see the note. What is this credit of thirty dollars endorsed on it?"

"Proceeds of wheat seized."

"But you took one hundred and ninety five dollars worth of wheat to pay that thirty dollars."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" said Carter truculently.

"I could tell you that, but first I'm going to tell you what you are going to do. You're going to pay back to Kenneth one hundred and ninety five dollars and you're going to give him up his note. You can pay the company its forty dollars out of your own pocket."

Carter stared at him for a moment then broke out, "Like hell I will."

"Oh, all right," said Calder quietly. "Now I'll tell you what I am going to do. I am going down to old man Fisher and lay an information against you and the bailiff for stealing the wheat. You had no more right to take it than I had. You have one minute in which to decide whether you'll pay Kenneth or go to gaol. Personally I would rather you went to gaol, but Kenneth needs the money."

There were silence for a few seconds, then Carter went to the safe, counted out

Continued on page 95

The Glory of Achievement

By Thomas Saunders

When one adventure's finished we've another to begin;
For ev'ry time we triumph there's another game towin;
For ev'ry time our toil doth end
There's something else just round the bend,
And something always seems to send us probing further in.
The glory of achievement lies not in what we've done,
But in the certain knowledge of another work begun.
For Time keeps op'ning up new doors,
And we must aim at farther shores.
What joy in resting on our oars when something's to be won?

"Establishing a New Standard in Automobiles"

THE DURANT "65" SPORT BROUGHAM
SIX CYLINDER

Built in four models: Four Door Sport Brougham (illustrated above); Special Four Door Sedan; Special Coupe with Rumble Seat, and Special Cabriolet with Rumble Seat.

THE DURANT 65

Passenger Cars
Fours and Sixes
from $725 to $2195
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Taxes Extra

Built by
DURANT MOTORS OF CANADA, LIMITED
TORONTO . CANADA

When You DRIVE THE DURANT "65"

. . . you will say, "Here is a car that gives me quicker acceleration, more power, more speed and easier sustained driving than I ever thought could be had in any car at its price."

You will notice the quick, soft action of the Bendix 4-wheel brakes, the safety features of the full vision windshield and the little effort required to handle the Durant "65" in traffic.

Your passengers will be equally enthusiastic regarding the comfort of rear-seat riding and the quality of the two-tone upholstery and interior appointments.

Go to your nearest Durant dealer . . . drive the Durant "65" . . . take your friends along . . . and see if *your* impressions do not agree with this forecast of them!

You wouldn't pick friends on "looks" alone -

why be less careful about canned fruits when the quality inside means so much?

THERE ARE too many varying qualities—too many hundreds of brands—to make "friends" on outside appearance alone. It's the quality and dependability *inside* that counts. And only the reputation of the maker can guarantee this quality—time after time!

That's why millions of careful buyers—the country over—have made DEL MONTE a steadfast "friend."

You know the uniform high quality it always offers. You know exactly what to expect—the same fine flavor in each variety—the same assurance of satisfaction—every time you buy.

Over a hundred varieties—fruits, vegetables, prepared foods! Why not ask for DEL MONTE, and enjoy the quality assurance this label always offers?

THESE HELPFUL RECIPE BOOKS—FREE!

The good-to-eat dish at the right—simply DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches on lady fingers, with whipped cream—is typical of the many delightful, easily prepared peach treats contained in our new recipe book, "Peaches—11 Food Experts Tell Us How To Serve Them." We will gladly send you a copy—free! Also "The DEL MONTE Fruit Book," together with several folders covering the service of other fruits and vegetables. Just address Department 37-M. California Packing Corporation, San Francisco.

And when it comes to variety, where will you find a handier fruit than peaches?

Teas, birthdays, picnics! On top of that, three meals a day. No wonder we all look for some new touch of variety in the way of fruit.

And no wonder DEL MONTE Peaches are such a favorite. No fruit brings new flavor more simply, new appetite appeal more quickly, than peaches. Even every-day dishes are royal treats made or served with this luscious fruit.

Just for instance, who wouldn't like tapioca better with peaches? Or gelatin? Or brown betty? For new enjoyment, simply add peaches—to any or all of these simple treats you used to like so well—and overlook so often now.

And remember, there are scores of special desserts—DEL MONTE Peaches and marshmallows, peach tarts, peaches on left-over sponge cake. One of the finest of all is deep dish peach pie—simply DEL MONTE Peaches baked under cake batter and served hot with hard sauce or whipped cream.

Once you *know* peaches, it's no trick to think of new dishes—or to serve them either! DEL MONTE Peaches are packed two ways, Halved or Sliced. For greatest convenience, keep a supply of *both* on your pantry shelf.

Just be sure you say

DEL MONTE

IT PAYS TO INSIST IF YOU WANT THE BEST

A Unique Western Family

By Elizabeth Bailey Price

FOUR GENERATIONS

Reading from left to right—Mrs. David McDougall, Mrs. George Ingraham (granddaughter), Mrs. Fred Graham (daughter), Baby Betty Jean (great grand-daughter)

IT IS unique in the history of the West, if not the exception, for it to claim a family of four living generations. This is so of the David McDougall branch of that first famous McDougall family, whose heads came to the prairies before Confederation; and the distinction is on the maternal side of the house.

Representatives of this four-generation family are residents of Calgary, Alberta. They are Mrs. David McDougall; her daughter Mrs. Fred Graham, one of the first white children born in Southern Alberta; her grand-daughter, Mrs. George Ingraham; her great grand-daughter Betty Jean, who is now a little over a year old. The last three generations have lived in Alberta all their lives.

Mrs. McDougall, who has recently been honored by being made president of the Southern Alberta Women's Pioneer and Old Timer Association, came to the prairies as a bride in 1871, to take up life as the wife of a "free trader," at Victoria Pekon, a little Methodist mission post, on the North Saskatchewan River, some fifty miles below Edmonton.

Her honeymoon trip was an overland drive of six hundred miles along the old Fort Carlton or "Hunter's Road," and it took eighteen days. "Our outfit," said Mrs. McDougall, "consisted of a buck-board, without springs, pulled by one horse, a well-loaded Red River cart, drawn by an ox, and a saddle horse, this being ridden constantly by my husband, who was scouting ahead for water, game for food, or roving bands of Indians that might or might not be hostile"

Her first home was a small log house, with two rooms, one upstairs, and one down stairs. The furniture was home-made, fashioned of whip-sawed lumber. The beds were bunks attached to the walls, with mattresses of dried grass later replaced by those made of the feathers of wild ducks and geese. The bedding was buffalo robes and Hudson's Bay blankets.

The down-stairs was a combined living-room, dining-room, and kitchen. In addition to the home-made table, chairs, stove, it was equipped with large iron pots, that were literally always boiling, for meat was the main dish.

The dishes were large, and heavy and white. The cups held a pint each, and had handles on both sides. A frying pan or so, a good carving knife, some tin plates and cups, a few knives and forks, completed the equipment. And such a kitchen was the pride of a housekeeper of the early seventies in the West.

In 1873 Mr. and Mrs. McDougall moved to Morley, Alberta, today on the well-known Banff motor road, and during that long, lonely winter, she and her sister-in-law, Mrs John McDougall, were the only white women in the whole country. Here Mrs. Fred Graham was born. Mrs. McDougall is still a very fine looking, and active woman. She is held in the highest esteem and beloved by all who know her.

The Flame of Life

By Mary Matheson

O, I have known the ways of Life—
The bitter and the sweet,
The Peace that calms all wanton strife,
And Joy that is so fleet,
And Love that goes with eager tread,
And Pain whose step is slow,
And Care that is so quick to come,
And Youth—so quick to go.

And Sin—that fairest souls can blight,
Remorse—so hard to bear,
Forgiveness that makes all things right,
Kindness—beyond compare;
Yet Life is but a vapor lit
And then as quickly gone,
And birth to death is measured by
The casting of a stone!

These stockings of the Albertina Rasch Spanish dancers must always look lustrous and new in the Ziegfeld success, "Rio Rita"

EVERY Musical Show in New York uses Lux to *double* the life of stockings

What other stockings are subjected to such critical scrutiny and such strenuous wear as those of Broadway's musical comedies?

SILK STOCKINGS today are incredibly fine. And they represent such a large part of her clothes budget, that it is of vital interest to every woman to get the *most wear* from every single pair.

Certainly no stockings meet such close inspection and such hard wear as those of New York's musical shows. The wardrobe mistress must keep thousands of dollars worth of cobwebby stockings in *perfect* condition.

And she must make them *last!*

All the various soaps—different methods of washing—have been experimented with to find the safest way to wash sheer stockings.

And the fact is disclosed that *stockings washed in Lux wear twice as long!* Twice as many performances from Lux-washed stockings as from those laundered by any other method!

This means so much in dollars and cents that each producer has standardized the method by which the stockings of the cast are washed. As the famous star and producer, Eddie Dowling, puts it—"We would provide Lux for laundering stockings if it cost $1.00 a box!"

Now the wardrobe mistress of every musical show in New York specifies Lux for her washing silk stockings.

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto

Women Everywhere Have Learned the Secret

All over the country women are using the same method of caring for silk stockings as the wardrobe mistresses of Broadway. They have found that stockings wear twice as long when washed in Lux, and keep their "new" look!

They have learned that rubbing with cake soap, or exposure to the harmful alkali found in so many soaps—flakes, chips and cakes—shortens the life of sheer silk stockings. Today most women use gentle Lux for washing their lovely hose, whether service weight or sheerest chiffon.

MRS. BEATRICE CONIFF, the wardrobe mistress of "A Night in Spain," from her long experience in caring for costumes says, "Garter runs are more to be feared than any other stocking trouble. Anything which weakens the fabric of stockings must be avoided at all costs. That is why I specifically warn our laundress against rubbing with cake soap, and strong soaps of every kind. I see to it that she uses only Lux for all of our stockings. They are just swished about in lukewarm suds. And the last rinsing water squeezed out without twisting or wringing. They are properly shaped before drying, so that they require no ironing. And we get twice as many performances from Lux-washed stockings as we ever got from those laundered by any other method."

IF IT'S SAFE IN WATER—IT'S JUST AS SAFE IN LUX

Better equipment for better preserves

FOR better preserves than you've ever "put down" before—invest in a genuine "Wear-Ever" Aluminum Preserving and Utility Kettle this preserving season. No stirring is necessary, because uniform cooking heat is radiated from the sides as well as the bottom.

Or use the "Wear-Ever" Roaster for canning by the modern "cold pack" process.

Both of these utensils are made from thick, hard, sheet aluminum to give many years of safe, satisfactory service. Both are useful in other ways, of course.

The trade mark illustrated below identifies genuine "Wear-Ever" Aluminum Utensils and assures a product as nearly perfect as high quality material and painstaking workmanship can make it.

"Wear-Ever"
Aluminum Kitchen Utensils

WEAR-EVER ALUMINUM TRADE MARK

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF CANADA
Limited
TORONTO

Over One Hundred Million "Wear-Ever" Utensils Now in Use

Queer Triumph of Time Makes France's Oldest Tower Topple

First Architectural Instance of This Nature Probably in the Entire World

By Francis Dickie

IT WOULD seem unbelievable that a great tower of solid stone could actually wear out with old age and crumple suddenly. Yet this remarkable architectural happening recently occurred in the famous Middle Age town of Tours in France, where the wonderful Tower of Charlemagne unexpectedly collapsed in a few minutes after standing for 1,128 years.

It was one of the finest relics of the Dark Ages, and only for neglected repairs, due to the Government's lack of funds for such work, might have been saved for future generations to look upon.

This is the first instance of its kind in Europe, if not in the entire world, where the effect of time and weather alone brought about such an abrupt disintegration of an apparently solid stone structure.

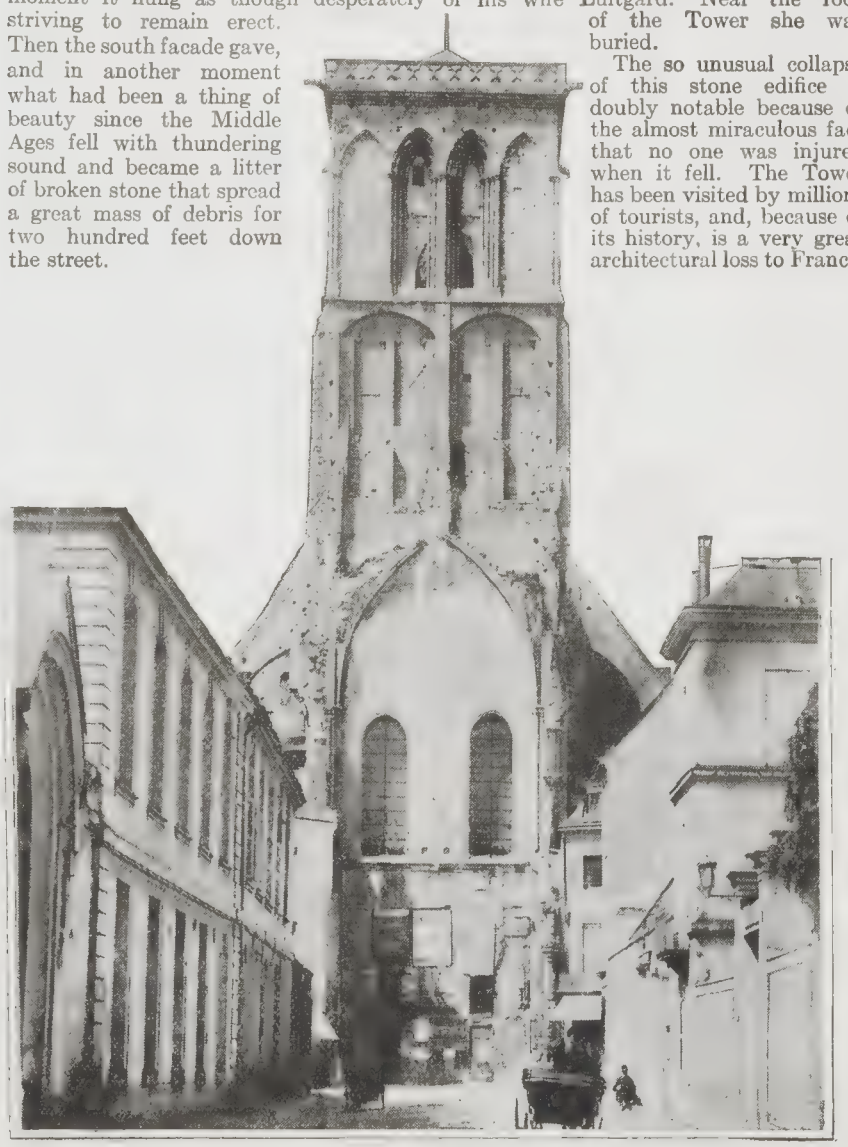
Twenty-four hours before the fall of the Tower several cracks showed upon the face of it. When these were noticed the Mayor ordered all the people dwelling near the Tower to vacate their premises pending an investigation. However, no great fear was at first actually held. But as cracks began slowly appearing all over the face of the Tower, on the following day realization came that nothing could be done to save the historic relic. Word passed through the town, and by evening practically the entire population of 70,000 gathered breathlessly watching for this strange example of triumph of the years. The fire department played searchlights upon the building. At 8 o'clock in the evening, some eighteen hours after this massive pile of masonry had given undeniable evidence of weakness, the Tower trembled and swayed. A long moment it hung as though desperately striving to remain erect. Then the south facade gave, and in another moment what had been a thing of beauty since the Middle Ages fell with thundering sound and became a litter of broken stone that spread a great mass of debris for two hundred feet down the street.

WITH the fall of the Tower under such unusual circumstances there passed the last standing part of the Abbey of Saint Martin, which was completed in the year eight hundred. The abbey buildings were very extensive at the end of the eighth century. Two hundred monks lived in its dormitories. Twenty at a time they chanted in the chapel and, with changes every hour, the chanting was kept up from one year's end to the other for several centuries. The prosperity of these monks increased so rapidly and prodigiously that their wealth became a countryside fable. In a time when gold was scarce and jewels rare their coffers were full to bursting. During the early period of the Abbey there were twenty-eight churches under its jurisdiction. The monks were not required to give any account to the Archibishop of the revenue they derived. In time this prosperity led to corruption. King Charles, the Bald, had a house-cleaning and reduced the number to fifty. But these guarded the ancient and fabulous treasure which was constantly augmented by gifts and donations from pious people.

But, finally, during the religious wars the coffers of the Abbey were emptied by the army of Conde in 1561, and about a million dollars were dispersed. After that the prosperity of the Abbey waned. But the building survived until the time of the Revolution.

To this Abbey in the year 770 came the mighty king Charlemagne, he of the flowing beard, great warrior and statesman, one of France's best rulers. He came sadly, for his retainers carried the remains of his wife Luitgard. Near the foot of the Tower she was buried.

The so unusual collapse of this stone edifice is doubly notable because of the almost miraculous fact that no one was injured when it fell. The Tower has been visited by millions of tourists, and, because of its history, is a very great architectural loss to France.



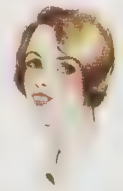
The Tower of Charlemagne

A new powder NUDE created expressly for AMERICA'S "IN-BETWEENS"

"Not blonde . . . not brunette . . . not anything," she'll tell you blithely. Yet hers is "the perfect symphony of all the types" . . . Beauty like none other in all the world!

COLUMBINE BLONDE

Fair hair . . . vibrant, fluffy, faintly touched with moonbeams. Her eyes seem black . . . Her skin . . . light, subtly rich. For her . . . Nude powder, with the Light tone of Bloom.



NEUTRAL BLONDE

Eyes that turn blue or green, to match a near-by color. Hair . . cheeks . . . subtle of hue . . . needing accent to give them fullest beauty. For her . . . Nude powder, Medium Bloom.

WILD-ROSE GIRL

Brown hair . . . a lovely, fluffy mist of it. Sparkling eyes. Rose in her cheeks. And in her skin, that bewitching, creamy tone that calls for Nude powder . . . Medium tone of Bloom.

By

MADAME JEANNETTE DE CORDET

IN this land of varied ancestry . . . a pageantry of types! Here fairest blonde contrasts with richest brunette coloring . . . And here, as in no other land, a merging of the two—blonde and brunette—into . . . the "in-between" . . . *the subtlest of all types of loveliness!*

Sometimes her hair is light, with golden glints for its fire, and the dusk of twilight for its shadow . . . Sometimes her hair is dark, with the hint of molten gold in its depths . . . But always, her skin is that soft, enchanting fusion . . . the delicacy of the blonde with the fuller, richer beauty of the true brunette.

Are you this charming "in-between"?

Then it was for you that *Nude*, the new Pompeian shade, came into being. In the soft shimmer of its blended tints . . . a tone as delicate, as elusive, as the subtle color of your skin. In its emphasis of your own skin tone . . . true accent for your type.

Be open-minded about this shade . . . till you have tried it

Nude has a surprising way of matching perfectly so many, many skins! Even if you had not thought of yourself as an "in-between," you may find it *just the shade for you!*

And if it does prove to be your skin-tint . . . how natural it looks! It doesn't "show powder"... for it blends into the tone of the skin just as one mood blends into another! Without revealing its presence, it lends a lovely powder-smoothness to the skin. Even in strong sunlight, it is discreetly quiet about its part in serving beauty.

There . . . You find it matches? Then smooth this flattering new shade of powder on, after a dash of Pompeian Bloom . . . a rouge that has your own true natural flush in one of its five vibrant shades.

Now see for yourself . . . a lovely someone . . . who, aware of the type that is her own, has become more vibrant . . . more distinctive . . . more individually *you!*

• • •

WHATEVER YOUR COLORING

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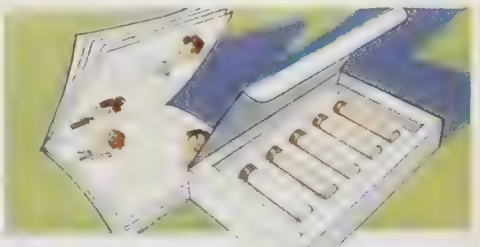
Jeannette de Cordet



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SIMMONS CRIBS

Little Dicky Trout

By Vincent G. Perry

YOU would wonder how they could have a child like Dicky Trout, those parents of his. The mother a bearer of children she didn't want and a drudge to support them—the father a dirty fellow who worked only because he had to, a poor workman and a disgruntler.

Dicky Trout had no love for his parents. What child could love parents like his. The mother always complaining, always snivelling, always cursing Canada, its cold, its heat, its poverty. Always, always complaining. The father always swearing, always grumbling, always beating something. Dicky Trout never thought of his mother but what he thought of how she hated Canada—he never thought of his father but what he thought of the razor strap that hung by the sink in the kitchen. Once a week, Sunday morning, that strap was used to strop a razor to shave off a week's growth of shaggy beard; many more times than once a week it was taken down for one of the beatings Trout administered too often to his innumerable children; sometimes even Mrs. Trout felt the sting of that strap. Trout had only one law he obeyed to the letter—the strap end for children under ten, the buckle end for those over ten. Dicky Trout was seven. Ten seemed a long way off.

Yet, Dicky Trout was a happy youngster. He was born happy. Though goodness knows he wasn't wanted any more than those who had come before him or came after. The other Trout children were an uninteresting lot—dirty, complaining, disagreeable—but Dicky Trout was none of that. He had an instinct to keep clean, and somehow he managed to do that. He had more than an instinct to keep smiling, and he managed that fairly well, too. Not that he was a little angel dropped by mistake among a pack of devils—there was a lot of the devil in Dicky Trout as well. He could swear more than any other boy on the street—he could go into greater rages than any of the other Trouts and he could fight. And he could take his beatings like a man, a fighting man at that. Sometimes he fought so hard that Trout was tempted to break his law and lay on a few extra clouts with the buckle end, but lucky for the boy, Trout never did.

But, Dicky Trout loved being alive, loved being alive right where he was—in Canada! Everytime he heard his mother cursing Canada he wanted to cry, "no, no," at the top of his voice; everytime she complained of the cold he wanted to yell how he loved it, how it made him tingle with happiness; everytime she said Canada was too hot in summer, he wanted to yell he loved the heat. And because he loved all these things he hated the land his people had come from, England where his mother said it was all so different. He hated more the "States," that elusive some-place his father was always using as a threat over them—"I'll go off to the States and leave yez all—" or "If we move to the States we'll be away from this blasted country, and its rotten people."

Dicky was such a little fellow to have likes and dislikes so strong—just seven, small for his age. But a child who is raised on the streets develops quickly and Dicky's intellect was much in advance of his years. He should have been at school, but his father had denied him kindergarten, and he was so small they had lost track of his age—so another term had opened and Dicky had stayed behind when the others went off to school. Dicky liked freedom, that is why he didn't mind when the others went off to school without him.

And Dicky Trout had many friends—some of them real, some of them imagined—but all of them very dear to him. He liked people, clean people, bright faced people. He liked dogs, all kinds of dogs. Strangest of all, he liked vegetables—he had made friends of them. They were the only toys he ever had.

That's why you could find Dicky Trout down at the corner of the market stalls every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday morning about ten o'clock and after. He was there welcoming his friends, the people and the vegetables. Some of the farmers knew Dicky, others didn't. Some of the passers by saw him, others, didn't. That is the way with the world—those who see and those who don't.

There he was with his strange little collection of vegetables, ones that had fallen off farmers baskets and had been picked up by his ready fingers. He liked them all—potatoes because they had eyes and he could make them into little men and call them funny names; beats because they were so spirited and remained whole when cooked and had such bright red underwear under their dull skins; parsnips were the bold vegetables, saucy fellows that peaked their noses out of the baskets and out of the bags no matter how much they were covered over; cabbages because they were such happy looking vegetables, all fat and puffed up like the big men who laughed so hard; carrots claimed his love through their gay green headdress and shiny golden bodies. Oh vegetables did make a merry crew!

It was surprising how many vegetables Dicky would carry home each market day—sometimes his arms would be almost breaking with their load, othertimes he would carry them in a basket he had salvaged from somewhere—but always there was enough for stew.

It was hard at first to give them up to his mother for a stew, but there was always the thought that next market day would bring more, and he had had his fun that day with them—and then, too, Dicky Trout was a live boy with a growing appetite, and he did like stews.

Those who saw, began to look for Dicky Trout on market day. There was the girl who was going to be a missionary. She had to pass Dicky's corner each day on the way to the university, and she always had a word for the boy and he always had a word and a smile for her. It was she who had made Dicky feel mean for the first time in his life, because she looked so sad when she heard him swear one day. That had not cured him of swearing, but it had made him more careful when women and girls were about.

It was good for this girl to see Dicky. She needed his smile to carry her on for the day, to help her work out her problem that seemed so far from a solution. She was in love, you see, a good man had asked her to be his wife and she could not answer him yet. Somehow she felt she shouldn't marry, for her duty seemed to lie in the mission field. The heathen in a foreign country were calling her—and so she had made up her mind to say no, while her heart was crying yes. A heavy burden that.

There was another—the minister of the mission church around the corner, Dicky

was his inspiration. He did not mind the little fellow's swear words, he didn't warn Dicky against outbursts of temper. He was vividly interested in the lad's collection of vegetables and had listened to Dicky's description of them all just as you have read it here. The boy's smile was like a halo to this man's soul—it gave him something to work on for the day, it made him feel that all was well with the world. If ever a man needed encouragement this one did. And he, too, had a decision to make: would he stay or would he go? An offer was open for him to go to an American city. It meant a good salary and little work, for this man was a brilliant preacher.

Another of Dicky's friends was the boy who had turned bootlegger. At twenty-one with two more years to put in at University his father had died and left him with his mother penniless. It was a cruel blow that—a blow that shattered all his plans for the future. Plans are so easily shattered at twenty-one—so often shattered. The boy had tried hard work, but had given that up for easy money—for who would suspect him of bootlegging, he with his social connections and good name. Yet there was one who suspected and another who knew. The suspecting one was his mother, the one who knew was his sweetheart. The mother would never give up hoping, the sweetheart had implored him to stop a work she considered dishonorable. He had listened to neither prayers nor pleading, so he was unhappy and troubled.

In Dicky's smile and Dicky's optimism, this man, who was still a boy, found something to ease the pain in his heart and the dread of a careerless future. He was playing a game he didn't like, and Dicky was helping him stand up before the condemnation of his own better self.

The promising young surgeon was another who looked for Dicky each market morning, and gave the lad a pat on the head as he passed by. There was a real lad, a real Canadian boy, he thought—a little fellow who would grow into a great man, a credit to his country. And that would take him back to his own boyhood, the days when great things were planned for him. Now those things were in sight, already there was an offer for him to join the staff of a great surgical hospital in the States, a hospital known the world over for its cures and miraculous operations. Yet this young surgeon had hesitated. His dreams always centred in Canada, the land of his birth. He was doing big things where he was, had been making the best of every opportunity, still he was hardly known outside of the small provincial city he called home. Would he stay—would he go? Would he become famous in a foreign country, or stay a useful unknown in his own. That was what troubled him.

Few who have friends but can count a writer among them, and Dicky had a writer on his list, too—a writer who had written one or two successes. Some day he was going to write a story of Dicky and the little fellow's vegetables, but oh those somedays of writers. This writer was like every other Canadian writer—he wanted to write the great Canadian novel, but realized he would have to go to the United States to sell it. Somehow he rebelled against that. He liked Canada and wanted to stay here—his home, his family, his friends were in Canada and he wanted his living to be here too. Yet, writer friends and all warned him of the futility of that. They all told him the advantages of an American address to sell manuscripts for real money. He was having a fight of it to keep his view-point. He was almost at the breaking, now was the time to make his decision, and he hated to decide.

IT WAS a strange coincidence—or was it coincidence—that these five people should all be near when the accident happened—the girl who wanted to be a missionary, the minister, the boy who was a bootlegger, the surgeon, and the writer. Yet, it wasn't so very strange, for it was at the lunch hour and they all passed that way.

It all happened and was over so quickly. A cabbage had fallen from a farmer's wagon right into the path of an automobile, and Dicky had seen it as it fell. Cabbages were his favorite vegetables—the laughing

Continued on page 64

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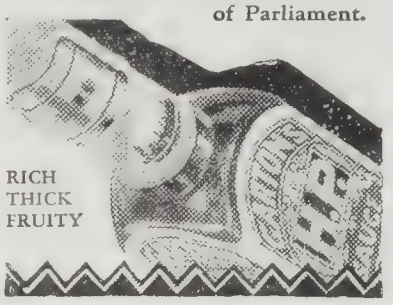

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He brought *nine friends in to buy* the new Hupmobile Six

Owner's enthusiasm for car not yet delivered literally turns him into a salesman

ASTONISHING things have been happening in Hupmobile's salesrooms since the moment the Six of the Century first appeared.

And they go right on happening because the public has never before had the chance to buy such a car for so low a price.

One of the latest incidents reported is that of the man in Portland, Ore., who bought a new Hupmobile Six for himself, and then began to bring his friends in to the salesroom.

Nine separate times he came back, each time with a friend, and saw that their orders were entered. All this before his own car was delivered to him.

There was also the Harrisburg man and wife who bought two new Hupmobiles instead of one; the man in New York, who offered $2500 cash to drive away the car on the salesroom floor; the groups in Omaha, Salt Lake City, El Paso and elsewhere, whose average guesses at the price were hundreds of dollars high; the Oklahoma banker's family of seven who in secret vote unanimously named Hupmobile their first choice and so on.

The New Hupmobile—the Six of the Century—has developed more astonishing incidents than have been recorded since the automobile industry and this century began. The one here reported is "taken from life." Names and full particulars on request.

Such things have not been recorded for years; and it remained for the Six of the Century to bring back the motoring enthusiasm and excitement of the early days of the century.

The car itself, with its newly-created beauty, and its dashing performance—the name it bears—its low price—when you study these, in relation to other offerings, you reach the immediate conclusion that there is nothing in the market to approach the Six of the Century.

Twenty-four body and equipment combinations, standard and custom, $1835 to $2235 f. o. b. Windsor.

HUPMOBILE

The Six of the Century

This Happiness Thing

By Dr. Edward Ormerod

"LIFE, liberty and the pursuit of happiness"—so read the Great Document. It is an interesting, an intriguing phrase, especially "the pursuit of happiness."

What is this happiness thing that requires pursuit and is so important in the affairs of men that it lies cheek by jowl with such fundamental matters as life and liberty?

A poor man thinks happiness lies in more money; a hungry one, in more food; a fat man would be happy if he were not fat—a thin man if he were less lean; a rich man, sick, would gladly give his money for and find happiness in restored health; happiness it seems is the thing we have not got, and perhaps cannot get. It is something we must pursue! Yet, the Kingdom of Heaven is within us!

Is happiness not rather an attainment of that paradoxical state of mind, contentment-with-ambition. It is paradoxical, for contentment and ambition are rather in the nature of opposites—contentment is anæsthetic, static, placid; ambition is tonic, dynamic, turbulent. Yet contentment, short of absolute or downright Pollyannaism, and ambition something less than that bounding sort that o'erleaps itself, are not entirely incompatible after all.

Sometimes we permit small matters to stand between us and happiness. Here is a woman who went to see that marvellous picture, Ben Hur. The intensely, fiercely realistic chariot race, the endless thrills of the big sea-fight, and all the other wonderful features of the wonderful story were unrolled for her.

"It was a wonderful picture, you know," she said afterwards—"but there was one thing that spoiled all the reality of the thing for me . . . . you remember in the slave galley when Novarro has the shackles removed from his limbs? He is at that time very unkempt, has a heavy growth of beard on his face . . . well, after the fight he appears immediately clean-shaven!"

I tried to talk about the other parts of the picture . . . . it was of no use—whenever that woman hears any reference to Ben Hur, she will always think of that slip which she declares she discovered; personally I did not observe it. "I'm a stickler for small matters!" she declares, forgetting that so small a thing as a mere nickle may be held so close to an eye as to shut out of vision all the whole wonderful world beyond!

This is no suggestion to scoff at small matters—life is made up of such things—but to deliberately seize upon such a trivial matter as Novarro's stage whiskers, absent or present, to the exclusion of the other noteworthy things screened in Ben Hur, seems of the nature of downright perversity. How many women permit the arrangement of furniture in a room—how many men the set of a neck-tie—to stand between them and happiness!

Even so, happiness often lies in small things—in appreciation of them. "Only two teeth left; thank God they strike!"—displays broadly the character of the old woman who said it—if the yarn had its origin in fact. Helen Keller apparently had little in which to find happiness—but she had something; she recognized and developed it, and found unusual happiness.

How funny is the chap who goes down to a show, pays his perfectly good admission money, then sits down stolidly with a "Now, make me laugh, if you can" expression on his face. He's funnier than lots of things announced in the programme. His neighbors soon discover him—and enjoy him.

Genuine happiness, of the deeper sort—happiness grounded in the sentiment or emotion that we call appreciation—comes to men only when they have been at grips with some of the deeper, grimmer issues of life. He best appreciates the golden glory of sunshine who has long been a dweller in dungeons. The convict, reprieved at the scaffold's steps, is of a mind to make friends with an alley cat! Happiness is relative . . . . it exists only because its opposite is very real!

In the memoirs of the great singer, Caruso, there is drawn a picture of the great strain under which such artists exist, in the matter of the constant effort they must maintain aiming at temperamental and technical perfection in every public performance of their art.

How true it is then, that to find happiness in music or any of the other arts, we must approach the performance and the performer in a spirit of appreciative sympathy, to the end that we may realize all the merit and beauty that is inherent in the thing, and that imperfections, if there are any, may not be allowed to obtrude unduly in our consciousness.

In a general sense it may be said that life does one of two things to a man; either it hardens him markedly, increasing his already-great human self-centeredness, or it softens him wonderfully, permitting him to observe the ambitions and difficulties, the viewpoints and objective of his fellows about him.

In the former case he becomes increasingly selfish or bitter, a hoarder of things perhaps, grasping, greedy, Midas-like, clutching ever for something he can wrest from someone weaker than himself. Happiness is beyond his ken, even.

When life softens a man, a wonderful thing has happened. Who, standing aside impersonally and looking upon the lives of men in the mass—their struggles and desperate attempts to grasp or realize the thing we are talking about—can fail to feel that touch of pity which does in very deed make the whole world akin! Such a man need never seek for happiness—for it is never caught when pursued—instead, absorbed in the viewpoints of his fellows, living understandingly his share of the general life, he may find any day if he cares to look, happiness perched on his own door-step.

The happiness thing is evanescent, fleeting, intangible, gossamer-like Gift. To men, life is a great Call—happiness the reward to him who hears, and heeds.

Bellowing gale in mighty pines,
Wind in the waving grass,
Flaming of sunset pageantry,
Swallows that dip and pass . . .

Leaping bass in shaded pool,
Moonlight on summer lake,
Snow on the peaks above the clouds,
Foam-crested waves abreak. . .

A lover's faith through empty years,
A mother and her brood—
Pain-racked eyes of a crippled child,
Magdalene on the road . . .

These are The Call, to something fine
Deep in the soul of man . . .
Sorry the man who never hears;
Happy the one who can!

Only a Day

By Mary Matheson

Only a day at a time, my dear,
Only one day at a time,
Just think of this and the hill of Life
Will be easy enough to climb.
We need not look at the boulders grey
O'erhanging the way we take—
The pitfalls that seem so dark and steep
Or the turbulent stream or lake.

For the boulders that so forbidding look
May only shelter our way,—
The pitfalls may have a bridge across
Obscured from our sight today,
And the waters that seem in their mad career
To thwart all our plans serene
May quiet grow—and our Guide will know
The way, with His vision keen.

Be troubled not for the way ahead,
Each day brings to us its joy
And sorrow too, be sure it will give
Enough to please or annoy,—
So only a day at a time, my dear,
Only one day at a time,
That is what makes the long hill of Life
Easy enough, to climb.

Dull Film On Teeth

How It Fosters Serious Tooth and Gum Disorders

How film turns white teeth dingy and "off color"

Now remove it as prescribed by modern dentists everywhere—a health, as well as beauty, measure.

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THERE IS A SPARKLE in your smile—a dazzling whiteness—you may not dream of. This way of cleansing teeth uncovers it, enhancing natural beauty and safeguards glorious health.

WHY dental science wants you to keep teeth dazzling white is a new and interesting chapter in modern health and beauty.

Teeth, we are told, cannot be white or sparkling unless they are kept free from dingy film that forms each day. And film, it's proved by exhaustive scientific study, fosters serious tooth and gum disorders.

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Sparkling teeth hold charm that others note and marvel at—for still many do not know how great a change Pepsodent can work.

FILM—What it leads to

Film is that slippery, viscous coating on your teeth. You can feel it with the tongue. It gets into crevices and clings so stubbornly that ordinary brushing fails to remove it successfully. Food discolors film and smoking stains it, thus teeth look dull and tarnished.

Film is the basis of tartar. It invites the acids of decay. Germs by the million breed in it. And germs, with tartar, are an accepted cause of pyorrhea.

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How new way removes film

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Embodies other properties

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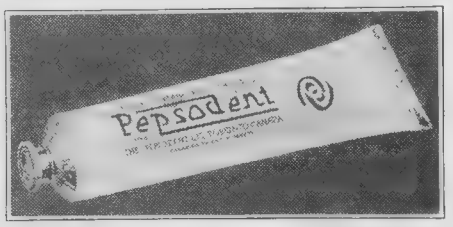

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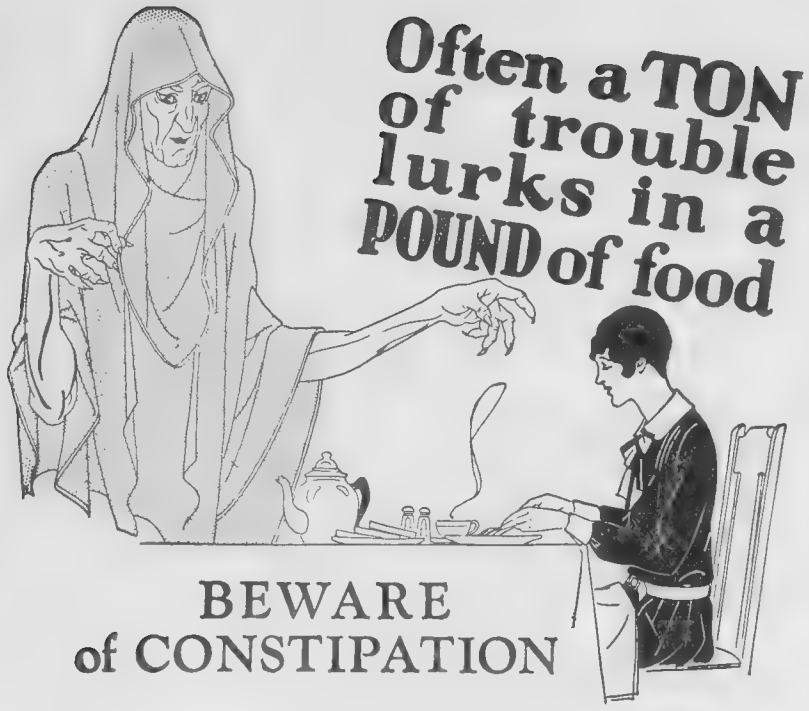

BEWARE of CONSTIPATION

CONSTIPATION is undermining the health of millions because faulty elimination clogs the digestive system. Slowly—ceaselessly, body poisons are absorbed into the system.

Doctors say that sufficient roughage of the right kind in the food you eat will prevent the cruel consequences of constipation. Post's Bran Flakes provides just that necessary roughage. You will delight in eating Post's Bran Flakes *regularly* because of the delightful flavor in each golden, crisp-toasted flake.

Now Youdll Like Bran

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Make this two weeks' test and note the difference

Constipation must not be neglected. Start a two weeks' test now. Order a package of Post's Bran Flakes from your grocer.

Start by eating a dish of Post's Bran Flakes for breakfast. Eat it as a cereal with milk or cream. You will like it as well as any cereal you ever tasted.

Do this every day for two weeks. We predict you will find a real difference in the way you feel, and that you have been "regular" all the time.

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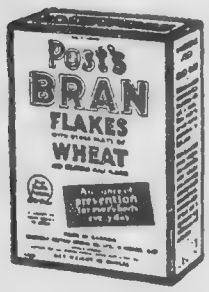

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POST'S BRAN FLAKES

The Art of Conversation

By Gladys C. McDonald

Many of us think that if we could only obtain University degrees in Science, Arts, or Engineering, or diplomas in music or art from recognized colleges, how well equipped for life we would be. Yet, no matter how highly qualified we may be, nor on the other hand how lacking in opportunity we may consider ourselves, there is another course which leads us on to a degree of commanding influence. In this faculty it is unnecessary to award a certificate of proficiency, for our credentials are unconsciously displayed with every word we utter. This is the art of conversation. Perhaps few have considered it as an element in personality which leads on towards greater success and usefulness in life.

Unless we choose to withdraw ourselves from cordial relations with our fellows we must talk, however ineffectively. Able conversation is not only a drawing-room accomplishment, but a powerful business asset. In this day of competitive salesmanship it is the man who can speak in a straightforward, persuasive manner, with the introduction, perhaps, of the timely jest, who is most likely to succeed in his particular line of business. Consider how many teachers, preachers, doctors and lawyers earn their living directly as a result of their ability to express their thoughts with clarity, fluency and conviction. So, until mental telepathy comes to be generally practised, we must cultivate better verbal expression.

One who strives to satisfy a musical ambition often finds himself handicapped by circumstances. Either he has no violin to play upon, or no teacher to direct his studies, or perhaps, no money with which to pay for instruction.

But in the fine art of conversation Nature has provided us all with instruments to play upon; a brain capable of reacting to the varied impressions made upon it day by day, a heart which sympathetically vibrates to the pulse of humanity, then the full expression of these processes by the tongue, a bow which never needs restringing, but which however, unless softened, may take on a tone of unpleasantness or of rasping bitterness.

Conversation resembles the small visible portion of an iceberg, beautiful in its fantastic loveliness with the glints of light and shade playing upon it. This is the only part apparent to us, but underneath there is a great body of thought in the unseen depths of our consciousness. It is the product of our experience gained from travel and contact with people of various interests and relationships.

If we mingle in society we should recognize that some form of self-expression is a duty, and one from which we reap the largest harvest ourselves. Interesting conversation, where several people are gathered together, is not a monopoly of the subjects by one or two; nor is it a disputation, or argument for the sake of argument alone. The contribution of some may be in the form of sparkling wit; some must listen when the talk turns to unfamiliar things, while others must endeavour to draw out the retiring individual who does not voluntarily contribute to the pleasure of the company, although he is not intentionally a selfish person.

There are many factors which enter into the cultivation of this talent. The first requisite is a kindly spirit, imbued with the innate courtesy of wholesome manners. This quality is the kindling which starts the flames and causes the harder fuel to burn and glow with warmth. With this atmosphere of kindliness established, many subjects become suitable for discussion. We all see plays, attend church meetings and clubs, hear lectures, listen to recitals, and read books. Even the lives of mothers shut in with their little ones, or helpless invalids who cannot leave their homes are greatly influenced by the daily radio programmes. This new invention has no favorites, but sends its messages far and wide, penetrating to the fringes of civilization. When our minds are purified by these incoming streams of education and entertainment, a corresponding improvement will be observed in our resultant conversation.

Since knowledge is the only foundation on which to build intelligible conversation, let us turn to books for information as well as pleasure. New thoughts, assimilated into our consciousness and colored by our own personality, will make conversation easier for ourselves and more interesting to those with whom we speak.

We are human radios. Too many of us are the cat-whisker variety, and too few the sonorous, deep-toned instruments we love to hear. Since our loud-speaker is a true index of the sounding-board within, let us then develop our selectivity so that we shall graciously express truth, beauty and happiness.

Wanted

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DO YOU get the shakes when forced to walk under a ladder?

Would you walk a mile—not for a smoke—but to avoid a black cat that crossed your path?

Would you stay in a room marked "13" and keep your composure?

Would you allow an umbrella to be opened inside your house?

If you are one to get just a trifle pale around the cheek bones when confronting these signs, then you are just the person Bebe Daniels is looking for. She wants your help.

Bebe Daniels is on the lookout for a good luck charm which will undermine the morals of Old Man Misfortune, Mr. Jinx, Charley Hoodoo or whosoever has charge of doling out accidents. Miss Daniels is tired of being the "hard luck girl of Hollywood."

What Miss Daniels wants is a unique charm, talisman, fetish or what not which will break the accident jinx. She cares not whether it is a marked penny or a totem pole just so long as horseshoes and rabbit's feet are not suggested.

To make her case plain Miss Daniels points—without pride—to her regular visits to the hospitals as the result of accidents during her screen career. She has made friends with the surgeons and nurses regularly for the past six years after taking almost every fall, fracture, bump, bruise and general wrecking known to the medical profession.

The climax came just a few weeks ago while she was making scenes for "The Fifty-Fifty Girl," her next comedy release for Paramount. A compartment, mounted upon a truck, was swept to the ground while the cameras were grinding and Miss Daniels went with it. It meant ten days in the hospital.

Then it was that the Paramount star began her search for a good luck charm.

"Everyone, it seems," she says, "has something they consider a fair protection against bad luck. I wonder if they wouldn't share it with me. What I want is a unique charm that I could carry with me and for this I am perfectly willing to give something in return.

"It a woman gives me the most unique charm I shall give her an evening dress. If a man submits something that strikes my fancy I shall give him a gold finger ring. However, horseshoes and rabbit's feet are not to be considered.

Just the other day, I was offered the famous horseshoe of Kenneth Grumbles, noted University of Southern California athlete, who always buried the horseshoe on the track before competing. It was nice of him, but horses, and things connected with horses, don't agree with me, so I was forced to refuse.

"The things, though, seemed to bring the luck and that is what I desire.

"Please send letters describing the charm to me at the Paramount studio in Hollywood.

"From the letters submitted I shall pick ten which contain the descriptions of what I consider the most unique charms. I shall write the owners of these charms direct and ask them to send the talisman to the studio for inspection and will then choose the one I desire. Rejected ones will be returned to the owners, if they so request."

No more mosquitoes or flies

More Flit! No more flies and mosquitoes! That means a comfortable summer. Flit spray clears the house in a few minutes of disease-bearing flies and mosquitoes. It searches out the cracks where roaches, bed bugs and ants hide and breed, destroying their eggs. Fatal to insects, harmless to you. Will not stain.

Do not confuse Flit with ordinary insecticides. Greater killing power insures satisfaction with Flit. One of the largest corporations in the world guarantees Flit to kill insects, or money back. Buy Flit and a Flit sprayer today.

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RED SEAL CEDAR CHEST
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But service and utility must play their parts in the building of the home-to-be. In the Dining Room this is particularly important. A Red Seal Cedar Chest in this room adds to its beauty and decorative features, yet it renders a valuable service in providing a safe storing place for extra linen and many other appurtenances so necessary to the Modern Dining Room.

Indeed there is a place for a Red Seal Cedar Chest in every room in the house, including the Hall.

Red Seal Chests are justly famous for their quality construction and finish. The designs, whether period or modern, are authentic. When buying a chest make sure it carries the Red Seal brand inside the lid.

Stores in almost every city and town in Canada sell Red Seal Cedar Chests. Ask your dealer to show the line to you.

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RED SEAL CEDAR CHESTS

Madame Schumann-Heink

The Power of Schumann-Heink

THE time was eight-thirty o'clock in a flourishing city of the Middle West, and the place was the bare, whitely-lighted interior of an Evangelical church—chaste and unadorned from its pale green walls to its cavernous white roof.

Two thousand people were seated there, crammed into the shining varnished pews as compactly as a zealous music manager could persuade them—and over it all was the hush of expectancy that always precedes a wonderful event.

They were awaiting the coming of the world's last great prima donna on her fiftieth jubilee.

There were some among them who had been present at her debut with the Metropolitan Opera Company—some who knew her only as a splendid, white-haired old woman—and some to whom she was but a name, a name suggestive of all that was sublime and illustrious.

She was late, and there were those who turned to look at the church clock below the over-populated gallery—and those who stirred tentatively in their narrow seating space, less from impatience than from the vague fear that perhaps after all she would not come.

At a quarter to nine the vestry door opened, and Madame Schumann-Heink followed the green carpet up the altar stairs—a stately, regal figure who might have taken her place on the throne of an empress.

A moment of silence. And a bellow of applause shook the green, religious walls, and did accustomed honor to Madame Schumann-Heink. The great contralto, standing on the green carpet, between the green palms, gave her fifty-year-old smile of acknowledgment and bowed just her head, because her figure had grown too stout.

She belonged to the days when women carried themselves with queenly dignity—her head held high with its proud crown of silver hair—and her massive figure gowned in white to the very toe-tips of her satin slippers. The garish light caught a sparkle in her silver hair—caught the silver glitter of her sequined dress—and shone on her red, frau-like face with its disarming smile of kindliness and good humor.

Then she sang—deep massive melodies with Wagnerian power and magnificence—dancing airs like waves of crystal light—wonderful to those who did not know music, and more wonderful still to those who did.

It was a glimpse of heaven to her Middle Western audience, as though all the beauty and all the grandeur of life were being poured out to them in a rich contralto voice. She brought them every emotion—laughter as they did not know it—love more intense than they were taught to feel—anguish more tearing than they were capable of.

The white, hard light made her hot, red face magnificent. It made them drab and earthy. Their eyes shone with the ecstacy she lent them, but their faces were the tired, every-day-street-faces, robbed of their fire by needful trivialities. Even those who were young and "smart" seemed to matter not at all. The marcelled hair of the women was stiff and artificial—the red of their lips was so much surface pigment—and their powdered noses had no beauty. Their place was in the prevaricating shade of rose-tinted lights—hers was in the blinding glare of this revealing whiteness.

And she sang on, till all their emotions seemed as water—and their lives as colorless as a concrete sidewalk, every square to mark a year, and every square as monotonous as the one before it.

Rows of worshipful faces were raised to her—rows more gazed down towards her from the gallery—and about the pointed windows people sat on the hard backs of church pews, enduring a dull ache so that they might see as well as hear.

Now and then a floor board creaked or someone scuffled, and indignant faces turned to frown disapproval on the disturber. For everywhere there are those who make up their minds to stand in the middle of the second stanza—or to sit just as the opening bars are sounded—or to fold programmes and struggle into coats as the second-last number is concluding.

Madame Schumann-Heink was presented with roses—roses that stood crisp-stemmed and proud in their tall basket—each flower honoring a year of her singing triumph. And someone made a pretty speech quoting about roses, and love and

Continued on page 93

Gown by Jay-Thorpe, Inc.

MOVIES OF THEIR WEDDING !

How the bride and the groom will appreciate your gift of a Ciné-Kodak

THERE will be many gifts, yours among them. But yours will be the only one about which this can be said:

It will be used on the wedding day.

It will be used during the honeymoon.

As each anniversary rolls around, it will still be in use just as good as ever.

They will treasure it more and more as years pass and it will constantly remind them of your thoughtfulness.

Can't you imagine their gratitude? Do you think that any gift will be as precious to them as movies of their wedding? How delighted they will be to show them to those friends who could not be there. How delighted they will be to show them later on to their children. How they will love to look at those wedding and honeymoon films when youth has gone!

Meanwhile they will be using your gift over and over. With the Ciné-Kodak they will take many a movie of each other, their friends, and their children. They will take pictures of their parents .... pictures that will be a permanent record of those they love and cherish most.

The Ciné-Kodak is a modern gift. It is new, original, and at the same time inseparably bound up with the sentiment of the occasion. You won't have to worry about its suiting somebody else's taste. It is everybody's taste. Moreover, you can be sure that *both* bride and groom will appreciate it. You can depend upon their being enthusiastic from the very moment they receive it.

Suggest that they begin taking pictures at once. The bride and groom by a window .... before leaving the house (the Ciné-Kodak, *f*. 1.9, for example, takes wonderful interior pictures). The bride as she alights from the car in front of the church. The guests as they enter or leave. The bridesmaids and ushers. The flower-girls. The reception afterward.

The Ciné-Kodak is the simplest of all home movie cameras. It embodies the Kodak Company's forty years' experience in devising easy picture-taking methods for the amateur. Unbiased by the precedents and prejudices of professional cinema camera design, the men who made still photography so easy have now made home movie making equally simple. See your Kodak dealer for a demonstration. Clip coupon.

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Please send me, FREE and without obligation, the booklet telling me how I can easily make my own movies.

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When need a woman begin to lose her ATTRACTIVENESS?

WHEN ill-health begins. Not before! The charm of vigorous, vital middle-age is just as fascinating as that of youth itself....

Yet so many men and women lose health and attractiveness too early, through neglect of their teeth and gums. Dentists and physicians tell us that thousands age prematurely, or become virtual invalids, through tooth decay and gum infection.

This is the danger. No tooth-brush can reach into the fissures on and between your teeth, nor in the tiny crevices that are formed where your gums meet your teeth —The Danger Line. And it is there that tooth decay, pyorrhea and other gum infections often begin.

To keep teeth sound and gums healthy you need a dentifrice which will not merely clean but actually guard The Danger Line from the attack of acids.

Squibb's Dental Cream contains more than 50 per cent of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. The Milk of Magnesia not only neutralizes the acids which are in your mouth at the time, but it remains there for a considerable time thereafter, neutralizing dangerous acids as they form.

Start using Squibb's Dental Cream today and see your dentist twice a year. 45c a tube at any drug store. E. R. Squibb & Sons of Canada Ltd., 468 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

Use Squibb's Milk of Magnesia

Its antacid quality helps counteract improper digestion. Its mild laxative action helps to relieve the system from the burden of fermenting food.

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SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

The "Priceless Ingredient" of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker.

Causes of Maternal Mortality

By Dorothy M. Hopkins, Reg. N.

STATISTICS show that the maternal mortality rate for Canada, covering the period from July, 1925, to July 1926, is 6.4 per thousand living births. It may seem unduly pessimistic but this same report states: "There is no reason to believe that the figures for 1928 will be any more encouraging. These mothers died young. The youngest was fifteen years old, the average age was thirty-one."

What are the causes of this evil? People have been accustomed to believe that labor is a natural process and hence requires no special care. Result: The men with the greatest skill look to other fields of medicine in which to attain reward. As many doctors claim, our standard of maternity practice is low, many not taking these cases seriously enough. Through the appalling lack of education and inattention to maternity care — preventible ignorance — maternal life is held in too light esteem. Obstetrics should be practised seriously as a profession, and not by a neighbor's wife. This "handy-woman" is a disgrace to the public and a menace to its welfare.

In many cases the scarcity of finances presents a major difficulty. Lack of provision for protection by law of the expectant mother in industry often results in overworked, underfed, unhealthy, morbid individuals. It has been said, "As to the production of beneficial prenatal effects, while parents can do nothing toward modifying favorably such qualities as are predetermined in their germ-plasm, nevertheless they must come to realize that bad environment can wreck good germ-plasm. They can see to it that they keep themselves in good physical condition by wholesome, temperate living and thereby insure as far as possible healthy germ cells for the conception and good nutrition for the sustenance of their progeny. Their one sacred obligation to the immortal germ-plasm of which they are the trustees is to see that they hand it on with its maximal possibilities, undimmed by innutrition, poisons or vice."

More skilled nursing care, the lack of which has been keenly felt by many is a vital need. Far be it from me to dissertate upon the manner of conducting a training school. This tentative suggestion is advanced with the desire to see this great lack obviated. Would not one of the first requisites to the solution of this problem be to acquaint all student nurses, that is nurses-in-training, with the facts of maternal mortality, emphasizing the great importance of every nurse, a public health nurse, preaching for her gospel the need of hygienic care in obstetrics, antenatal and post-natal?

The dearth of medical facilities for pioneer outposts is keenly felt. As one writer has ably put it: "Why should not the woman about to perform the highest function of the race, at the most interesting, most endearing, and most crucial moment of her life, enjoy the greatest benefits, the finest art that the science of medicine affords." Should the pioneer be penalized and be called upon to do all the sacrificing for posterity?

INSUFFICIENT hospital accommodation for mothers in rural areas is a subject that could be enlarged upon and much room for improvement noted. The main difficulty experienced is lack of co-operation and interest in maternal welfare work by municipal councils. The public's opinion must be moulded to a realization of maternal welfare requirements. In this country with no crowded cities and many advantages this enormous and regrettable loss might be perceptibly decreased.

The lackadaisical attitude of the laity must be overcome by the awakening of the public's interest through having the subject brought up for study before women's organizations in all communities, included in every health and home-nursing class, and emphasized as a most serious public health problem, which would result in decreased annual wastage of mothers' lives.

The subject lacks publicity. The importance of periodic well-written popular articles, couched in simple untechnical terms, in a household magazine read by many mothers is far greater than a literary treatise of facts in the daily press.

Free discussion in public of maternity services and their usefulness should be stressed. Looking to New Zealand, from whom we have much to learn, we find "They have nursing and maternal organizations, the registration of midwives is compulsory; maternity houses have been provided which not only furnish care during the confinement period, but also give a small amount of prenatal care to the prospective mother and post natal care to infants. Special legislation looking toward a reduction in the mortality rate has been enacted. Probably the largest single factor is the Royal New Zealand Society for the Health of Women and Children, organized in 1907. Its activities are very extensive, and, it is stated, have a far-reaching influence in reducing the maternal mortality." Canadians might well emulate this worthy project.

EDUCATION of the mothers is another vital point of contact which perhaps we are not making the most of, and this indirectly and directly may be a partial reason for the cause of maternal mortality. This programme of education may be organized in prenatal and infant clinics, public health services, city and rural district visiting nursing—to all of which the mother should have ready access and in which she may feel free to seek advice gratis.

Unity of effort, consolidated purpose and intelligent direction would result in wider development and more substantial achievement in maternal welfare in many areas without any additional expenditure. The more intelligent development of present machinery and co-ordination would prevent the leakage found in incomplete medical service, incomplete maternal welfare work, lack of adequate hospital organization and the almost complete absence of efficient "follow-up" work.

Failure to link up hospital service with outside social services, and lack of co-ordination of the work of voluntary, local, provincial, and dominion organizations if corrected, in all probability would arouse the interest of the state and individual in the conservation of maternal life and health.

The lack of a definite attempt to educate the husbands to the need of better maternity care. Why include the husbands to the need for better maternity care? Why include the husbands, may be asked? It is essential that the expectant mother have plenty of good nourishing food, a properly balanced diet, and that no unduly heavy work is indulged in. In some urban centres non-attendance of clinics has been accounted for by the prejudices and opposition of the husband. In many centres in England clubs have been formed in "Fathercraft", from which an active propaganda emanates influencing a large body of opinion to understand the value of better provision for maternity care.

Within the last few years progress has been made in the study of maternal mortality, but more intensive work remains to be done in order to decrease the toll of mothers' lives.

The people must be educated to the need for a generalized nursing service. In some localities arrangements have been made with the Victorian Order of Nurses to demonstrate the efficiency of this type of nursing in a rural community. The practical work in this field is the cynosure of many organizations, who see in it a response to their cry—"Come over and help us."

Two Leading Canadian Bachelors

The new Conservative party leader in Canada, Mr. R. B. Bennett, is a bachelor, and Premier W. L. McKenzie King of the Liberal party is also a bachelor. So, whichever party wins, the government will not be run from the rear seat.—Atlanta Constitution.

Never Again, We Hope!

Old-fashioned galluses, the derby hat and peg top trousers are coming back for men, according to a newspaper article. All that can be endured if the stylists will promise not to bring back the bustle for femininity.—Prince Albert Herald.

TRIPLE STURDINESS IN EVERY THREAD

because they're

THREE-THREAD KNIT

THERE are miles and miles of wear in Buster Brown Stockings —the boys' stocking bought by thousands of mothers every year.

Here's the reason: We knit Buster Brown Stockings with three threads instead of the one heavy thread used in most cases. Think of the strength this gives! Think of the wear this adds! And the time saved in mending! Three-Thread Knit makes Buster Brown Stockings smoother, softer, more finely finished. The cost is a little more, but the economy is far greater in the end.

Knit From Long Staple Cotton

A selected grade of soft, long staple cotton, exhaustively tested, and spun into yarn in our own mills, supplies the material from which Buster Brown Stockings are knit. Buy Buster Brown Stockings with confidence—the quality is in *every* pair. Ask for them at any good dry goods store. Look for the Buster Brown trade-mark on the sole of each stocking.

Chipman, Holton Knitting Co., Limited—Hamilton, Ontario

Three-Thread Knit and Button Sewing*

Every woman knows that if she sews on a button with three threads it will hold much longer than if one thread only of three times the weight is used.

It is this same principle, applied to Buster Brown Stockings in the *Three-Thread Knit* process, that gives these stockings a wear-resisting quality and finer appearance obtainable in no other way.

Buster Brown's Sister's Stockings for girls are fitting companions for Buster Brown Stockings for boys. Knitted with a 2-ply, mercerized silk lisle—made in popular colors—neat, comfortable, durable.

The BUSTER BROWN
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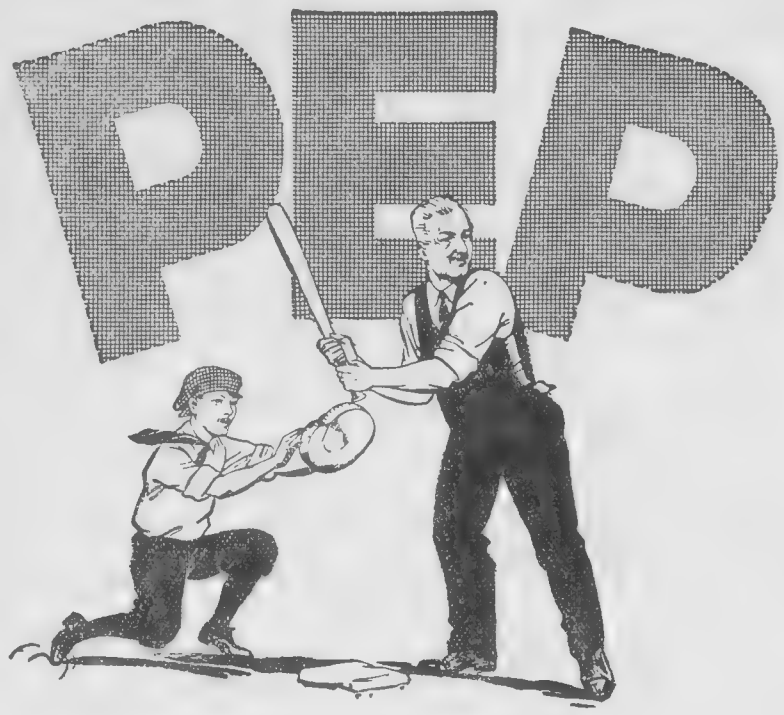
STOCKINGS FOR BOYS



Always a Boy in Spirit

ALL day long he enjoys that peppy, boyish spirit. The neighbors all say, "Where does he get his pep?" He has Pep for breakfast.

Thousands of people enjoy Pep these days. This crisp, deliciously-flavored, whole wheat cereal food is just the thing to pep you up. Contains all the nourishing mineral salts and vitamins of wheat. And bran, too—just enough to be mildly laxative.

Pep up with Pep. It's the tasty way to health and vigor. It's energy-building for the whole family, and such a treat to eat.

Kellogg's Pep with milk or cream is Nature's perfect health food. Serve for breakfast or lunch or dinner. Especially tasty with fruits or honey added. Eat Pep and have pep. Comes ready to serve. Your grocer has Pep.

Made in the famous Kellogg Kitchens at London, by the Kellogg Company of Canada, Limited. Makers also of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, Corn Flakes and Krumbles. Other plants at Battle Creek, Michigan; Cleveland, Ohio; and Sydney, Australia. Distributed in the United Kingdom by the Kellogg Company of Great Britain. Sold by Kellogg agencies throughout the world.

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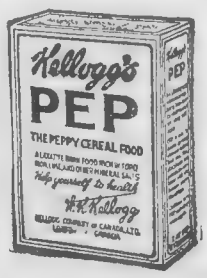

whole wheat including the bran

An Amazing Chapter of Wheat Growing

THE most significant event in the story of American farming since Cyrus McCormick's first reaper cut its first swath of wheat is now happening in the Wheat Belts. The McCormick reaper could do the work of many men. It hurried the bewilderingly swift passing of the Old Frontier and the Wild West. William H. Seward said that because of the reaper "the line of Civilization moves westward thirty miles a year."

The self-binder took the place of the old reaper and now the "combine harvester" is taking the place of the binder. This combination of harvesting and threshing machinery cuts and threshes the grain at one operation as it is drawn through the wheat.

It comes roaring across a sun-drenched field. The throaty chant of the tractor blends with the silver song of the "combine."

A cloud of dust from the earth and of chaff from the separator cylinders moves with it under the blistering sun. It rumbles on and halts. Wagons pull up alongside the ponderous machine. A shining stream of new wheat pours into the wagon boxes.

There are no lumbering wagons hauling bundles to the machine. There are no bending pitchforks, no blackened, sweat-drenched slaves laboring to keep the threshed-out straw from smothering the threshing machine. The new machine cuts and threshes the wheat where it stands and leaves the straw trailing behind it.

It took a long time for the first reaper to conquer the Wheat Country. It was patented in 1834, but not until after the Civil War did it come into general use. The "combine" was tried out first back in the eighties, out on the Pacific Slope. They took a long time to get over the Rockies into the great Wheat States. Eight years ago there were only 14 of them in Kansas. Last year Kansas boasted no fewer than 8,274, and hundreds more of them will be used there this summer.

They are moving eastward into all the wheat-growing States. Illinois had about 80 of them in 1926. Their harvest song was heard in Indiana, Wisconsin, Ohio and east of the Blue Ridge in Pennsylvania. The engineers of every agricultural college in the Middle West, Southwest and Northwest are experimenting with them. The general verdict is that they have come to stay and that they will profoundly influence the agricultural outlook of the Nation.

This seems very probable. Here is a machine pulled by a tractor and driven either by power transferred from the tractor or on the bigger machines by a motor carried on the "combine" itself. Some of the giant "combines" slash down and thresh a twenty-four foot "cut" as they move. When the wheat pours out of them it is ready for the bin or the elevator.

Their average savings over the older methods amount to from 17 to 20 cents a bushel. Each and every machine eliminates three high-wage harvest hands. They save more grain, they save much labor and they hurry the wheat from the head on the standing stalk, straight to the elevator. Beginning away down in the Southwest, these machines are now singing their summer grain song, and before the last field is harvested along the Canadian border not less than 30,000 of them will be in action.

These "combines" are opening up new lands in Canada and in the American West. Railroads are building out into the 10,000,000 acres of unbroken sod country that lies along the Colorado-Kansas border, in North Texas, Western Oklahoma and parts of New Mexico. Old-time wheat growers are discovering that a farmer and two boys can grow and harvest 500 to 600 acres of wheat.

Overproduction, now great in good wheat years, may be greater. This will be bad for the Wheat States. On the other hand, labor costs will drop. The crop will cost far less to produce. This will help the Wheat States.

Fifty years ago the new wheat lands west of the Mississippi and the McCormick reaper upset the agricultural balance of the world. Today the "combine" is roaring across the small grain areas from the Pacific to the Alleghenies and is threatening a second turnover that may have a thousand industrial, social and political echoes.

Populism, Grangerism and Free Silver all rode out of the Western wheat fields on the reapers and binders of Yesterday. Will some new phase of "The Green Rising," of the farm revolution, ride snorting out of the Wheat States on this lumbering iron monster?—Philadelphia Ledger.

United States Owns Biggest and Least Harmful Volcano Chain

RECENT signs of renewed volcanic activity in the region of Mount Katmai, Alaska, is a reminder that, in the Alaskan Peninsula and the Aleution Islands, the United States owns one of the most active volcanic regions in the world.

Not so long ago it was Mount Redoubt, Alaska, that was rumbling. That volcano's activities are watched with keen interest because it is not remote from the settled portions of Alaska. It rises close to the western shore of Cook Inlet, at the head of which is Anchorage, an important port on the Alaska Railroad recently constructed by the Federal Government.

This mountain and a companion peak, Iliamna, are conspicuous landmarks for ships which steam up Cook Inlet. They are almost perfect cones, and with their snow-covered caps serve very well as American versions of the famous Fujiyama of Japan. Redoubt forms, so far as is now known, the landward end of the long chain of volcanoes which stretch to the southwestward along the Aleutian Islands for more than 1,200 miles, and which have been spouting fire at intervals for hundreds of thousands of years.

Mountains that "Blow Their Heads Off"

These volcanoes have a disconcerting way of "blowing their heads off" with little warning. Katmai, 200 miles to the south, which is one of the chain that had long been dormant, exploded suddenly in 1912, constituting one of the dozen greatest eruptions of historic times. A scientific expedition sent to the crater by the National Geographic Society found that two cubic miles of material had been blown from this previously passive mountain. It was while making a study of Katmai that The Society's expedition found that unique natural phenomenon, "The Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes."

Augustine Mountain, in Cook Inlet, less than 100 miles from Redoubt, and long noted for its perfect cone, blew its top off suddenly in 1883, leaving only a jagged stump.

Why Alaskan Eruptions are Welcome —and Harmless

To scientists one of the significant features in connection with the existence of the extensive volcanic region in Alaska is the fact that it is situated where, in the future at least, it will be easily accessible for study. Moreover, the area is so thinly populated that eruptions entail little danger. And there is much room for the study of volcanoes. Although volcanism was probably one of the first of Nature's spectacular phenomena to thrill man, it presents one of the few obvious problems about which science has no satisfactory hypothesis. Just where the heat comes from which melts stone, why it is concentrated within definite areas, from what depths the molten material rises and why it rises—these are some of the problems about which there has been much speculation but in regard to which few satisfactory theories exist.

Telltale fossils and types of rock show that the mountains of the Alaskan peninsula and the Aleutian Islands are older than either the Himalayas or the Alps, systems which are practically without volcanoes. It does not follow, however, that volcanic activity accompanies age, for the Appalachians, among the oldest mountains of the earth, have no volcanoes.

When Callahan Called for Help

Continued from page 55

was located at the rear of a tenement on V—— street and when a moment or two later Callahan's familiar voice boomed over the wire, giving his report of an uneventful night everyone sighed in relief. Callahan would handle the case. Leave it to Tim.

"Hey, Callahan! Commandeer a taxi," ordered Sergeant McDowd, who was on desk duty, "and get to the rear of 2228 V—— street as fast as you can whirl. On the jump, now! Someone's being murdered!"

"I'm on." returned Callahan.

The staff at the station relaxed. Ha. Tim would tackle this job and have a story to tell into the bargain. Two reporters on morning papers hanging round in hopes of snatching something before their sheets went to press, pricked up their ears and made off for 2228 V—— street. Real news was breaking at last! What luck!

Presently Callahan called Headquarters again and it was remarked that his voice was considerably subdued.

"Listen, Headquarters, you gotta send me some help, see?" he spoke almost apologetically. He had never asked for assistance before.

"What!" shouted McDowd, when the word was relayed to him. "Tim asking for help!" He rushed to the 'phone and called anxiously into it: "Are you hurt, Tim? Speak, man!"

Callahan hesitated noticeably.

"Only a scratch." he then admitted, his tone troubled, doubtful, but still firm enough." Send help, quick for God's sake. I don't know how long I can—what's that? Use me gun, is it? Sure a gun's no good in a case like this. What I need is help——"

The operator pressed the button to start the patrol-wagon and flashed a warning light in the room where the riot squad was stationed more or less engrossed in a game of checkers. He got in touch with the detective bureau too.

"I'm sending you help, Callahan." he called reassuringly." Just hang on as long as you're able but don't run any risks for God's sake. Hang on till help gets there. It's on the way right now."

If Tim Callahan needed assistance he should have all the assistance obtainable. He *must* need it or he'd never in the world have asked for it.

"Keep a stiff lip, Tim old man." called McDowd. "Stand them off as long as you can. Help's coming."

"I'll thry to." the other promised but his voice was now feeble and uncertain. "Hurry up an' more power t' your elbow, McDowd!"

To the listening staff his voice seemed to trail off weakly as though his endurance was petering out.

"I'll bet the poor devil's lost a lot of blood already and he's not letting on." they said to one another. Tears stood in the eyes of the stoic McDowd.

Fine, big Tim Callahan, the pride of the force trapped in a shack by a dirty murderer—perhaps a gang of them! *Tim Callahan!* He who had been known to quell a mob, single-handed! It was fearful to contemplate. It was incredible. It was *damnable.* McDowd yelled to the riot squad to get a move on, and he called the reserve inspector.

"Inspector O'Connor? This is McDowd, on desk relief at Headquarters. Callahan's in bad trouble at 2228 V—— street. Eh? Yes, it's true enough indeed. First time he ever called for help and he admits he's wounded—though he only calls it 'scratched.' But you know *him.* Making light of it, of course. I'm sending the squad and an ambulance and—" there was a break in McDowd's voice and he was evidently having difficulty swallowing a lump in his throat.

"Call *two* ambulances!" roared the inspector. "If Tim's wounded I'll bet there's a lot *dead*! Call in the motorcycle men. I'll go down myself. If they've hurt Tim Callahan," he declared in a voice of portentous thunder, "I'll bust every head in the precinct!"

Not since an indiscreet pickpocket had annexed the handbag of the Police Commissioner's wife had the city seen such concerted activity. Everyone, everything, was called into requisition and all actuated by a single motive—to hasten to the aid of the big policeman, who for the first time in his memorable career had his back to the wall. Fighting with his back to the wall—could it be possible? Heaven grant they get there in time!

* * * * *

Over the telephone-board in the operator's room at Headquarters is pasted a carbon-copy of a report sheet. It tells the story of that night—a night long to be remembered in police annals, and elesewhere.

"At 12.40 on the night of June 10th, weather very wet, Officer Callahan, First Police District, called for assistance at rear of 2228 V—— street. Exact location afterwards found to be a shack occupied by a family named Wchwynski. Assistance was despatched without delay. Inspector Mike O'Connor in charge. Inspector O'Connor later reported that *a large tom-cat belonging to Mrs. Wchwynski at that address had its head stuck in a salmon-can and Officer Callahan was unable to remove same.*"

Appended to the above was a short communication which evidently was intended to serve the purpose of an explanation:

"Note to Deputy Chief—Inspector O'Connor declares that P. C. Callahan was perfectly sober but has always been afraid of cats."

Maritime Sarcasm

Ontario women want to get seats in the Senate. A choicer place for darning socks or doing a little mending could not be desired. We wish the ladies well.—St. John Times and Star.

There is Always False Prophesying

Who remembers the old-fashioned experts of 1920, who told us that by 1927 the supply of crude oil would be practically used up?—Port Colborne Citizen.

Patsy Ruth Miller exhibiting a new heel

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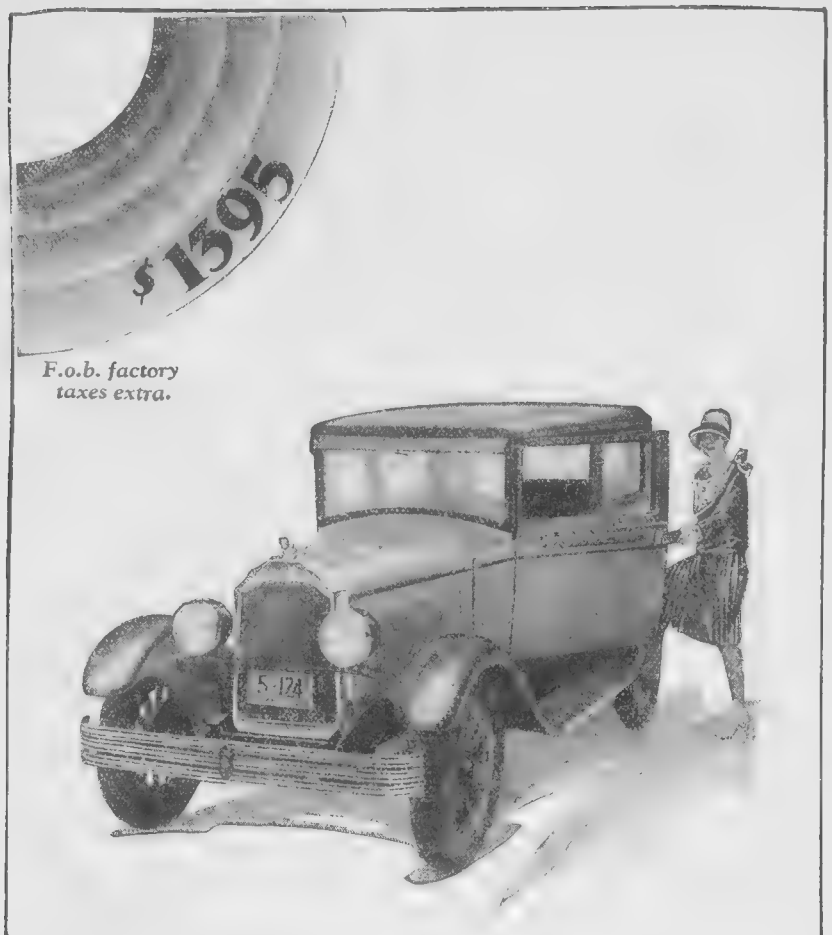

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This new, lower-priced Willys-Knight Six is thoroughly qualified to carry on the already famous Willys-Knight traditions. By all means, be sure to see and drive it at your earliest convenience.

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Color, Color, Everywhere!

Continued from page 23

LEAVING the living-room, what opportunity is there in the dining-room to introduce colored furniture? Of course we have become quite accustomed to the painted and lacquered suite—it was too charming and too practical to be confined entirely to the small breakfast rooms which first brought it into such general use. But when there is already the usual quota of chairs and table, and you have a feeling that you would like to bring in something more individual, or some piece that would brighten a too-dull effect, perhaps a lacquered cabinet would give you just what you want; or if the style of the room is really simple, and a Welsh dresser would go well with the other furniture, you might get one in the unfinished state and have it finished in whatever color you desire, with enamel or one of the new quick-drying lacquers. Or a serving table might please you better, and prove quite as willing to bring in the color note you feel is needed.

The bedroom places no limit on its delightful use of color—the enamelled furniture of French inspiration and finest workmanship, shares popularity with the simplest of re-done pieces. But here again, the incidental bit of color can be so nicely worked in, if the main part of the furnishings are of the usual dark polished woods. Consider some of the pieces illustrated, for instance—the chaise longue, the desk or radiator cover, just to specify. Given a little different treatment where fabric is used, and the delicate coloring that is usually preferred in the bedroom, rather than the strong and stunning treatment that can add such distinction in the living-room when used with wisdom—such pieces would add to the attractiveness and comfort of any bedroom. Then we have the small bedside table, that makes a dainty little individual piece, finished in soft green, powder blue, a grey-rose or whatever color you care to accent. This and a little chair to match and to carry the color to another part of the room—would add quite a bit of character. Hanging shelves are always charming in the bedroom and there are such opportunities as are afforded by the little sewing stand that every woman likes to have handy, or the smoker that will find place in a man's room.

Turning to the modern bathroom, we find that color has taken possession of it, too. In the most oppulent rooms, the white porcelains and mottled marbles to which we have so long given our allegiance, now take on the most delicate and lovely tints. Most of us will continue to count ourselves fortunate in the possession of the white finish in some of the excellent designs—the pedestal pieces, the solidly built-in bath, with its rounded edges where no bit of dust can lurk; we throw our color behind these immaculate fittings, in the wall that is painted with a special heat-and-moisture-resisting paint; we add it in a marbleized linoleum for the floor, in the details of bath-mat, linens, curtains or a gay little chintz blind.

THE kitchen? But of course, color invaded it long ago; we covered the drabness of old walls with light and cheerful paints; we hung bright ginghams at the windows, painted the furniture in attractive colors. But the newest kitchen goes farther than this. It matches those curtains and the painted furniture, with enamelled ware in scarlet, rose, green, yellow, royal or egg blue; your new range can be trimmed to match; the kitchen cabinet, table, refrigerator? All to match, milady; just name your color! And of course, you can get all those delightful units which can be added from time to time, to build up a well-equipped kitchen; the tall narrow broom-closet; the convenient drawers and shelves in cabinet style, designed as a companion piece; small or large kitchen cabinets—perhaps all three to be used together, looking like one handsome piece of equipment along a whole side wall. Or the narrow cabinets can flank an efficient work-table, or stand singly in a very insignificant bit of corner-space or narrow section of wall—making a little centre of helpfulness bloom where nothing sprang before, unless it were a sliding broom-handle to catch the unwary!

If these handsome and helpful pieces have to be acquired slowly, or if they must still remain a part of the pleasant dream of a future kitchen, there is doubtless still the old cupboard to be painted, the pot-rack and the spice-shelves to be touched up with cheerful color. Experiment to your heart's content with such things, for there is always this encouragement for the amateur who wields a paint-brush—if the first effect is not satisfying, there is always another to be tried!

And don't be afraid to bring in color—so long as you do it with a restraint that is in accord with the other furnishings, or with a boldness that has behind it an assured taste. Be gorgeous, if you will, for gorgeous color has a place even amongst the simplest surroundings; be subtle, daring, delicately charming—for whatever limitations of opportunity, experience or purse may hamper your self-expression by other means, you can give clear utterance to just what you will, through color.

An Impression of Hollywood

HOLLYWOOD, like Caesar's Gaul, is divided into three parts; the Iowans, the picture people and the original inhabitants.

The Iowans look up to the picture people; the picture people look down on Iowans; and the original inhabitants shut their eyes tightly when either of the others are around.

A pathetic lot, these aborigines. They can remember the time when their land was a quiet land; when a filling station was a filling station, and not an Egyptian temple illuminated in six colors; when a restaurant was a restaurant, and not a brown derby fifty feet high; when a lot of other things were a lot of other things, and not a lot of movie sets gone into trade.

The original inhabitants take it pretty hard. And well they might, for they are a doomed race. For one thing many of them are getting along in years, and no person getting along in years has much of a chance against Hollywood driving. Many a light-weight, proud of his footwork, has had the pattern of a radiator emblem buried with him.

My first impression of Hollywood, gained shortly after I came west to write for Paramount, has not yet left me. Looking out of my hotel window the morning of my arrival, I saw a young man on the sidewalk below. Not that this was so remarkable in itself, but he happened to be engaged in pulling up full-length silk stockings while waiting for a taxi. In the process the striped dressing gown he wore was blown back enough to reveal that the rest of his costume consisted of a lace-trimmed, pink georgette combination.

I expected someone to speak to the poor chap and tell him that such things just were not done, especially in the morning—but nobody did. In fact, of the hundreds of people who passed by before the taxi arrived, not one paid the slightest attention to him. I knew then that Hollywood was going to be different.

In a few short weeks on the Paramount lot I have grown used to anything. If a group of creatures with six eyes and green tails landed in a rocket from Mars right in my front yard, I'd maybe give them a sidelong glance as I went out to the milkbox and wonder which company was making that kind of an aviation picture.

The original inhabitant is different. He resents little things like that. And he'll go on resenting until that day comes when a front bumper takes him away from it all, and he is laid to rest in a widely-advertised cemetery with all modern improvements, including a flashy electric sign over the entrance and tombstones outlined in three colors of neon lights.

The Department Store—Is It a Menace?

Continued from page 16

guest, the empty ice-box and the thousand and one emergencies of domestic administration lead the housewife to patronize the neighborhood grocer and butcher with their knowledge of special requirements. In these lines, then, the small retailer is not in danger of extinction; he has a definite social function distinct from that of the larger dealer. But an especially able and active department store management may cut into his trade and diminish his numbers.

Undesirable Economic Effects of the Department Store

IN the short run, a rapid expansion of the sphere of department store activity may lead to social loss and waste. Some retailers and even a few wholesalers may be displaced and may have difficulty in discovering an opportunity to exercise their abilities in some other occupation. One cannot help sympathizing with those who are thus unfortunate, and lamenting the immediate loss involved, but, in the long run, for society as a whole, the economies effected more than counterbalance such losses. Moreover, in a country such as ours, where population is increasing, the presence of department stores will normally lead, not to an absolute decrease in the number of small retailers, but to a diminution in their rate of increase. The difficulty is that our development is not taking place at a uniform rate, but by fits and starts, resulting in alternate business expansion and depression. A period of depression began, for example, in 1921, and continued for a considerable time. During this period retailers experienced hardships; but the department store, being stronger financially, was better able to weather the depression, and the small retailer came to resent the relative prosperity of his larger neighbor and to attribute most of his troubles to the larger store, not realizing, perhaps, that, but for its presence, his small competitors would be more numerous and his, and their, difficulties almost as great. In the succeeding upswing of the business cycle, which now seems to be in progress, in Western Canada, the number of retailers will increase and their lot improve.

A more serious matter, from the social point of view is the possibility that the department stores may misuse their immense bargaining power. Since their success depends largely on their ability to sell to the consumer at low prices, they are not in a position to form a sellers' monopoly; but their position in buying is somewhat different. When a producer undertakes to extend his plant in order to supply the department store, and abandons his connections with other customers, he places himself in the hands of the large retailer. The arrangement is profitable to both parties and results in a social gain so long as the department store does not force the price so low that the producer can no longer make the ordinary rate of profit on his investment; but if the department store is unreasonable in the matter of prices, the producer may be ruined. Unless the producer is inefficient, such an unreasonable use of its bargaining power is entirely reprehensible. It ruins the manufacturer; it forces the department store to pay, for a time, even higher prices.

Non-economic Effects

THE purely economic results of the department store are, on balance, desirable; but what of the other social effects? The small independent establishment is the training school of business executives and self-reliant and energetic citizens. The detailed specialization of labour involved in department store organization, on the other hand, aids less in that all-round development of the faculties to which the satisfaction of economic wants is only a means. The independent owner, too, has a direct economic interest in the development of the community. In civic pride and realization of social responsibilities he is likely to surpass the employee of the large store. Independent small scale enterprises in other fields indeed may effect even greater development in these directions than the small retail establishment, but in Western Canada retailing is more important than in industrial communities, and a diminution in the numbers of small retailers more serious.

The economies of massive retailing may check, to some extent, the concentration of population in the cities and towns. This does not necessarily mean, of course, that the urban population is less because of the department store. The economies they effect tend to improve the general economic position of the inhabitants of the community and, so far, to attract new immigrants, so that, while the proportion of city-dwellers may be smaller, their absolute numbers may be considerably greater than if the retail trade were less efficiently organized. But what is the most desirable proportion of urban to rural population? The question cannot be treated here and is probably insoluble in general terms. It is instructive, however, to notice that, through the ages, the city-dweller has claimed superiority in matters of taste and general culture, and, strangely enough, the rural denial has not been particularly strenuous.

The Mail-Order House

NOT all department stores are mail-order houses, and some mail-order houses do not conduct local department store businesses; their advantages and general social effects are somewhat different. It is convenient, then to treat them separately.

The mail-order house enjoys nearly all the economies of buying and general administration which were noticed in connection with the department store. It benefits to a peculiar degree from the inequities of local taxation. Not only can it operate from a small office on a back street and thus escape with a relatively light tax, but its local taxes are paid in the city, while its competitors operating in villages and small towns may be burdened by a relatively much heavier rate. In selling, however, the local merchant is in an advantageous position, he imports in large quantities, is readily accessible in case of urgent need, and his goods are open to inspection. He is in a position, too, to know the peculiarities of the local trade. Nevertheless, on balance, it appears that the mail-order houses often can undersell him, and they are doing a large and expanding business.

The imponderable, non-economic, social effects seem here to be more important. The villages and small towns, much more than the cities, depend for their development upon the local retailer. The mail-order house does nothing to promote their growth. The local store has long been an institution, not only for buying and selling, but for social intercourse. Here the farmers and their wives exchanged pleasantries and gossip; here were settled, time and again, weighty questions of national and international policy; here the isolated homesteader could satisfy his longing for human society, and demonstrate once more that "man is by nature a social animal." Like the small retail establishment, the "country store" will not entirely disappear, but its importance will diminish, and some of the attaching social values will be lost. The mail-order house is not its only enemy; good roads and the motor car are hastening its decline. However, other centres of community intercourse will probably develop, and the very factors which are working against its economic success are providing other channels for the satisfaction of the non-economic needs to which it ministered.

Conclusion

TO recapitulate: The retail trade is relatively important in the urban pursuits of an agricultural country such as Western Canada, and its problems more important. The department store effects economies in distributing goods, partly because of the scale of its operations, partly because of its departmental form of organization; but the small and specialized retailer will probably maintain an important position. The imponderable non-economic social disadvantages of massive retailing are probably less on balance than the direct economic gains. The department store should, then be accepted as having earned its place in our economic organization. The mail-order house provides similar economies, but its non-economic results are perhaps more serious. In both cases, artificial encouragements, such as arise from existing inequities in local taxation are undesirable and should be removed.

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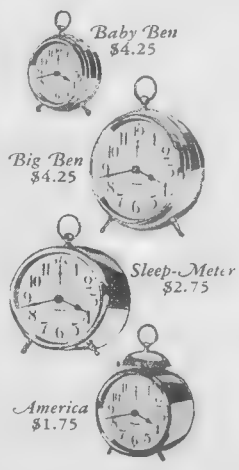

WESTERN CLOCK CO., *Limited,* PETERBOROUGH, ONT.

THE final kind of security with which we have to deal with is that class designated "common" shares. Generally speaking the ultimate test of the success of an undertaking is the value which attaches to this type of security. As we have explained, the profits of a business are divisible into portions representing dividends due, for instance, on bonds, debentures and preferred stock. All profits over and above such requirements are usually rendered available for the benefit of the holders of the common stock. Thus it can be easily seen in the case of a very successful business that the common shares may be worth intrinsically much more than the bonds or the preferred stock, especially where the dividend rate on these securities is fixed. Conversely the common stock may be worthless if sufficient profits are not made to liquidate the dividends. In such a case the bond holders usually step in and the common shareholders are thereafter denied any right to participate in the affairs or assets of the company.

The great power possessed by the common shareholders centres around the right of voting. For instance, the directors are elected by the common shareholders, and if it should transpire that the affairs of the company are being badly or wrongly managed, the shareholders have a right to step in, eject the objectionable directors and thus control the company's activities. As has been pointed out preferred shareholders are sometimes given the right to vote, but usually only when default has been made in the payment of dividends and the right so acquired is lost upon the due payment of any such arrears.

NO question in the realm of finance has been more fully discussed during the last year or so than that dealing with installment buying. We have been so accustomed to the sale of every variety of goods being made on time that the subject has become commonplace. This over familiarity with such an important phase of our economic life has led to many warnings being sounded forth as to the possibility of the structure becoming top heavy. For that reason we read with pleasure recently an article written by Professor Edwin A. Seligman of Columbia University, New York, and which appeared in one of our Canadian papers.

In the beginning he points out that the system is widely known in different countries by different names, such as the English term "hire purchase system," whereas in France it is called the rather interesting name of "vente a temperament" i.e. temperamental buying. It is really a means of establishing credit so that wealth may be transferred from one person to another and the purchase price liquidated by future payments. A sketch of its development shows that it originated in payments made to and by the government. Illustrations of the first proposition are given in the payment of taxes by installments, the purchase by individuals of public land spread over a number of years and similarly in payment of sums for irrigation enterprises. Instances of payment by the government are seen in the borrowing of money by the state, which moneys are repaid over a term of years, such system of payment being usually known as annuities.

It was only a matter of time before the system was extended to private transactions. It is interesting in this connection to note that life assurance business owes its origin to an adoption of these government annuities. Real estate dealers soon saw the advantage of selling real estate on long terms and this form of installment credit soon came to be universally used until today a great number of sky scrapers and city apartments are financed by mortgage bonds, usually redeemable or payable after say fifteen or twenty years.

A further step was necessary. So far we have dealt only with tangible wealth. What of the application of the plan to goods which were to be consumed or which depreciated in value with use. The writer is able to trace this aspect of the question to a date prior to the French Revolution and shows that it was introduced into the United States in 1807 by Cowperthwait in his furniture business, on the advice of a lady who had just returned from France. It soon came to be used by the sewing machine and piano manufacturers and publishers of books. From these industries it spread to a great number of other lines of business and many abuses crept in, such as the sale of cheap furniture and jewellery to poor immigrants.

Two causes led to the introduction of installment buying of automobiles. When motor cars first became a commercial possibility, they were of course expensive and motor driving was largely confined to the rich who were able to pay cash for their purchase. Gradually as production increased, likewise did the popularity of this new mechanical contrivance and the man of moderate means began to feel the desire to possess one. The desire was present, but not the means of satisfying it unless some means could be found of spreading the payments over a long period. It was an easy matter to apply the plan already in use amongst manufacturers of other goods. The satisfaction then of this desire was the first cause.

The second cause was due, however, to the dealer or manufacturer. In the early days "sales were massed in the early spring and summer and the problems was to secure some means whereby there would be an even distribution of the manufactured car so that a constant stream of production could be maintained." In other words, the question was how could sales be spread over the whole year and the answer was soon found in urging prospective customers to purchase on the installment plan.

The banks were very wary of this new adaptation. The dealers' credit might be good but he had no means of satisfying the bank that the credit of the purchaser was likewise good, particularly when the payments were spread over a number of years. This unwillingness of the banks to lend money on such paper security led to the institution of the credit or finance corporation. Appearently it was first introduced by Mr. Weaver in San Francisco in 1913. It developed but slowly and it was really not until 1919 that any headway was made. About this date the General Motors Acceptance Corporation organized to supply the means of financing the sale of their products so that the public's desire and the company's production might be satisfied and maintained. Since that time there has been a flood of such companies, whose main business is to accept commercial paper given as part of the purchase price of all kinds of commodities.

It is somewhat surprising to find that installment buying is not as widespread as it is generally believed. From returns submitted by dealers to the General Motors Company it is estimated that only between 55 and 60% of their products are sold on time and not 75% to 80% as has been stated by some writers. The author in conclusion says as follows: "Without going into the details of our original materials and calculations I may say that in the year 1926, when the total volume of retail sales of commodities, generally called articles of consumption, amounted to thirty-eight billions of dollars, the volume of installment sales in all of these goods amounted to about four and a half billions or in other words to about 12% of the whole."

We have also received the monthly letter of the Royal Bank of Canada, which contains an excellent detailed analysis of the Canadian business situation. After giving full particulars of electric energy production, mining, agriculture and building it concludes as follows:

"Most of the manufacturing plants in Canada are working at an unprecedented level of activity. Labor is well employed.

Continued on page 63

LEGAL INFORMATION

This Department is conducted by one of the best known of Winnipeg's legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all the Western Provinces. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases a sum of one dollar should be enclosed with their questions.

A LADY during Christmas week, while walking on one of the main thoroughfares of a large city in Eastern Canada, fell on the sidewalk and sustained serious injuries. The accident arose this wise. Some few days previous to the accident there had been a rainfall which was followed by frost, thus making a thin coat of ice and rendering the sidewalk somewhat slippery. It was the practice in this city upon the leading business streets to clean the snow and ice down to the concrete sidewalk and in accordance with this practice a gang of men were engaged on the day of the accident in chopping and shovelling the ice which had formed. "The method of procedure followed by the two city workmen engaged at the scene of the accident was for the man with the pick to work ahead of the shoveller and to break up the ice from the wall of the adjoining building to the curb where the shoveller followed a few feet behind and cleaned the broken pieces from the sidewalk. This method required pedestrians who had to pass the two men either to walk across the broken ice or to go out into the roadway and pass around it and it was said that many passers-by followed this course."

The lady in question, who was quite elderly, while passing along the street, stepped on one of the broken pieces of ice which had been loosened from the sidewalk and was precipitated heavily to the ground. There was no guard or barricade to prevent pedestrians from crossing the broken ice nor was any warning given to them of possible danger. The trial judge held that it would not be practicable to erect such guards which would have to be removed very frequently but held that the workmen were negligent in that they did not clean half of the sidewalk at a time so as to allow the passer-by an opportunity of using the other half, free from the possibility of danger. On this basis he allowed the lady very substantial damages.

The city, however, appealed this decision and the Court of Appeal unanimously reversed this judgment, holding that the workmen were not guilty of such negligence as to render the city liable for damages. The concluding portion of the judgment which is interesting reads as follows:

"There are various ways of clearing snow and ice from the sidewalk, and in many of them a new danger to pedestrians may be created. They are not always careful. The duty of selecting the mode rests very properly with the municipality, and the Court should not readily interfere where that body has set its employees in motion in an endeavour to do its duty. People will pass along or over a sidewalk which is being dealt with by workmen, and it would be rather hard on a municipality to say that gross negligence arises where a short and effective operation, directed to leaving the way clear, but making the place dangerous for a time, is in progress, results in an accident to a passer-by who, not waiting until it is accomplished, ventures across it."

Answers to Queries

Kenora, Ont.

(Q) I wish to submit a question concerning the payment of wages in the Province of Ontario. A company employing a large number of men who are paid at an hourly rate, the time so paid for being checked by a foreman's daily labor report, and the punching of a time-clock in and out, refuses to pay wages for time worked when (a), the foreman's report shows time worked and the clock does not (b) when the clock shows time worked but the foreman's report does not. Is it legal to do this? I will be glad to have your opinion on it, giving references if convenient.—C. E. L.

(A) If there is no written contract and the terms of the hiring did not make the hiring for any particular period the Company may of course require whatever regulations it sees fit to be complied with by the workmen. If the workmen are not satisfied with the regulations they of course have the privilege of looking elsewhere for employment. The contract of hiring is usually a matter of agreement, and if the employer requires terms which are not satisfactory to the employee then the employee has the privilege of withdrawing or finally agreeing to the employer's terms. Most companies employ the greater number of their employees for an indefinite period and can therefore change the terms of the hiring at any time upon giving notice.

Balgonie, Sask.

(Q) Will you give me this information through your valuable paper. Building a public school does the law call for tenders or is it lawful to give it to a contractor without having any tenders or would the Board of Trustees be liable for the overcosts of building? Has a husband the right to sell land without wife's consent outside of homestead in Saskatchewan? L. S.

(A) The law does not require a Public School Trustee to call for tenders before letting a contract for building. The Trustees are of course required to use discretion in giving contracts so as not to waste the assets of their districts. In our opinion the Trustees would not be liable for the overcosts of such a building in the absence of some fraud. Of course before the contract for building can be binding upon the School District, the contract must be formally approved by a duly called meeting of the Board. However, even if the contract was not properly approved if the contractor completes the building and the District makes payment of the purchase price we think it very unlikely that any amount could be recovered from the contractor in the absence of excessive costs or other fraud on the School District. The remedy of electors in the School District is to see that the Trustees are defeated at the next election if there is any irregularity in their conduct.

A husband can sell any property he owns in Saskatchewan without his wife's consent except the property which constitutes their homestead. If they live on a farm then the farm to the extent of 160 acres becomes their homestead. If they live in a town or a city their house and lots adjacent thereto to a total value of $3,000 also constitutes their homestead.

Craigmyle, Alta.

(Q) I thought I would send you a question for your legal interpretation. A and B owns farms adjoining with pasture land on each side of the line fence for a distance of ¾ of 160 rods. Now B wishes to keep his horses away from line fence and erects another fence nine feet from line fence then joins on to the line fence again for the rest of the line. Now is B obliged by law to keep up his half of the dividing line fence. He claims he is only obliged to keep up just the one-quarter of the line. Will you kindly publish answer in your Western Home paper.—W. R. S.

(A) B is obliged to keep up his share of all dividing fences "as soon as he receives any benefit or advantage from such line or boundary fences by the enclosure of his land or any part thereof." After any such fence is erected both parties are obliged to bear the upkeep in equal shares. In case of any dispute as to what B's share of the cost of maintenance would be it should be settled by arbitration under the provisions of the Arbitration Act.

One of Those Seats of the Mighty

King Albert escaped injury in the Alps, says a press despatch, when someone grabbed him by the seat of the royal trousers.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

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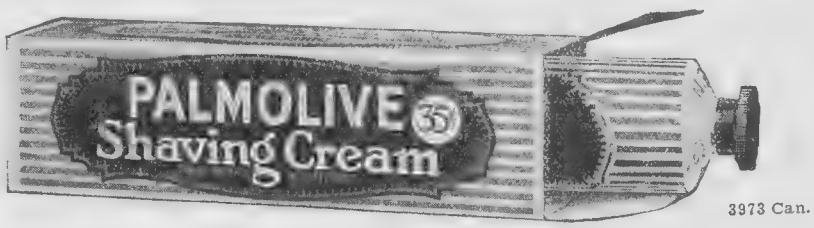

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Interesting Musical Notes

Advice to Singers: Don't be Vain, But Dress Beautifully

ESTHER DALE, the American soprano, who recently returned from a concert tour of Europe, has been lecturing to a group of music students at the University of Chicago's Summer School on the secretes of concert stage success.

"Dress beautifully," "avoid conceit," and "shun artistic trickery," are three of her musical maxims. Miss Dale, who was in Chicago for her first concert since her return from Europe, appeared in a new Paris gown, which defied description by the correspondents present, but which served to point the moral of her opening remarks.

"The first obligation of the concert singer is to sing," she said. "But the second obligation is to look her best. Some artists make the mistake, perhaps, of attaching more importance to looks than to singing. But it is undoubtedly true that a pleasing gown, a becoming coiffure, a good carriage, are the audience's due.

"Appropriate costumes are more effective than gorgeous ones. Clothes which suit the individual woman are more charming than poorly chosen frocks in the latest mode. The whole sartorial effect of the singer must fit into the picture and not obtrude itself objectionally above the music.

"Fortunate is the singer who receives frequent compliments on the loveliness of her stage gowns. She must be wise as Cleopatra in her choice of colors, in her manipulation of the lines which enhance her dignity and grace.

"If artists would go to concerts by other artists and study the effect of some of the costumes, there would be fewer atrocities like pale pink frocks on large ladies, scraggly tulle, ill-advised bulky draperies, buckles, flowers, feathers and ribbons in the wrong place. Things of that sort distract and annoy the audience to an extent hardly realized by the average person.

"Now, as to self-conceit. It is the least charming of humanity's petty sins, and as far as I can see it is no more becoming to a singer than to a business man or a ditch digger. Yet a pretty large proportion of singers and actresses seem to feel that they owe it to themselves to be vain.

"Personally, I do not believe either in the duty or the beauty of conceit. I have seen many foolish little singers and actresses so preoccupied with fulfilling their obligations to the great god self that they did not take time to make themselves genuine artists. The singer should shun conceit because it is so very unbecoming and unlovely. It puts a shell of hardness over one's personality. It may give brilliance, but it destroys mellowness.

"On the other hand, an artist must believe in himself. That is not conceit. He must have a profound faith in himself, combined with a healthy humility and a desire to learn."

Masses Should Take Real Interest in Music

AS MATTERS stand at the present time, no sensible reasons can be given any more why everyone should not take some real, practical interest in music, either as a student, a player, an organizer or a supporter. Good music, just as good looks, should become indispensable and should be encouraged and developed in and out of the home as every other essential of our daily life.

Real interest in music is not proved by willingness to attend an occasional concert or possession of superficial knowledge of who are or are not the most successful singers or instrumentalists of the day. Love for music and real understanding for what constitutes an all-round knowledge of music essentials must be awakened in the minds of our future generation. The seeds must be laid in our schools and public institutions of learning, our children must be taught how and what to sing, and they should be taught en masse how to play musical instruments. If they are taught and trained how to sing, play and appreciate good music, if they begin to realize that such accomplishment will increase their daily and future happiness, they will continue their efforts at home, and when once introduced into the intimate home circles and encouraged and assisted by the grown folks, the child will quickly develop a natural and lasting preference for its music.

And this training of the child, mind this awakening of the proper understanding for music, not as a piece of drudgery, but as an accomplishment to create happiness, is, what in time will bring us that army of willing, enthusiastic co-operators, of which we are still so much in need. It will be productive of a race of music lovers who will be interested in every phase of the art, in its history, its current and past literature, its technical and emotional possibilities and, above all, its ennobling influences as a cultural factor in the home life of our nation.

The Trailing Arbutus

By W. V. Newson

Behold the modesty of one shy flower,
Whose fairy arches, rising in the heath,
Lift up their bridge of bloom, the trees beneath
At Maytime,—hid in a secret bower;
And trooping youth betakes its Sabbath way
To seek you out and scour the lanes and dells
To find where hang your sweet Arcadian Bells,
That silent tinkle in their pale array;
And nimble dryads in their dim recesses
Dance to your unheard music in the night,
Or weave your vines among their sombre tresses;
While low you hide among the mosses bright
As if to fly the friendly world's caresses
Thou coy Arbutus! Charming anchorite!

It is a Social Asset to be Able to Play the Piano

FROM a social standpoint, we all know how popular is the young man or woman who can play the piano. How we do enjoy hearing such a person perform and how often will we enjoy dancing or singing to the music of the piano? How important, therefore, that we insist upon the musical education of the younger generation and how important it is that we should encourage every movement intended to stimulate an interest in music.

A new method of stimulating interest in piano instruction was successfully inaugurated in the recent piano playing contest in Detroit. Fifteen thousand students in the schools took part in the contest, and out of those there were chosen seven district winners, who participated in the finals. First prize, in the form of a grand piano and a trip to New York, went to Judith Sidorsky, a fourteen-year-old high school student. Besides the leading award, there were awarded seventeen scholarships. The contest meant much to the fostering of an interest in music for the home, as was shown in the determination of many parents to get their children in good form by intense practising for their entry in the next year's contest.

Ernest Schelling, pianist, once said: "A child's mind is so receptive for good or bad that if properly interested at an early age and taught to listen intelligently to beautiful music, it will always remember, and the early training will mean untold enjoyment and understanding later on.'

The Child and Music Study

SUCCESS in teaching music to children depends largely on getting the children interested in the music study. It goes without saying that a child, as well as an adult, will learn music or anything else quicker and better if an interest is aroused in the study or the pursuit. Yet it must not be imagined that the pleasing of the child is the especial goal at which we aim. If it were, we would never give the child technical exercises, and to many of them no pieces except popular airs. And if we carry the idea to its logical conclusion in other studies, the amount of grammar, arithmetic, geography, history and spelling that many children would learn might be put into a vest pocket.

No, the proper aim of the music teacher is to educate all his pupils in music, real music, high-toned music, and in time difficult music; to train the ear to distinguish the pure from the impure, the true from the false, and the lofty from the degraded; to make the hand of the pianist flexible and dexterous; for the singer to make the voice sweet and pure, with perfect intonation and pronunciation. All this calls for much time and attention to technical and detail work. The teacher that ignores all this, whether designedly or from oversight, therein writes himself or herself down a number one failure.

Art is exacting. Now the practical teacher must work out the problem of harmonizing these two things which may seem inconsistent; first, the high and stern requirements of art and true culture; second, the securing of the child's interest in the study or pursuit. In some cases the problem is easy of solution, in others nearly or quite impossible. Sometimes a real or apparent compromise will finally attain the desired end.

A Picture of Beethoven as He Was

BEETHOVEN is described as the "Michael Angelo of Music" by Elly Ney, the Beethoven pianist, in the March issue of the American Monthly. She gives a novel and entertaining picture of the great composer's personality.

"Tradition and romance have done their best to represent Beethoven as a musical hero should be," she says. But in movie and best seller, or in a drama like the Music Master, I fear that the sturdy, swarthy little man, who glorified Vienna a century ago, would have been an artistic failure. He did not look the part.

"The poetical painters of his day, untrammeled by the realistic art of the photographer, did their utmost to idealize the composer. But all the help he could give them was his tousled shock of thick black hair, his expanse of forehead, his excellent white teeth, and his small and graceful feet.

"He had a thick-set, muscular, but rather stooped figure, 5 feet 5 inches in height, a short neck, a large head, and a wide strong face with heavy jaws. The large, brilliant, poetic eyes with which painters tried to endow him were small, black, penetrating and business-like; although their wide distance apart evinced the frankness and sincerity of his disposition.

"His nose was short, broad and rounded; his mouth down drawn, his lips protruding and petulant. His swarthy complexion, deeply pock-marked and seldom well-shaved, aided in nicknaming him 'the Spaniard,' even as a youth. His legs were short, his hands thick and dumpy, his fingers—which should have been long tapering and artistic, as every saxophonist in Greenwich Village knows—were short, thick, blunt, utilitarian.

"Quite properly indifferent to his dress, the great sonatist wasted more water on his own hands and head than his laundress used upon his linen. But nerves, not neatness, were the reason for this profusion. His strange 'drenchings' were a part of the eccentricity which he conceded to tradition whenever he was composing. He spent happy hours, indeed, improvising at his piano. But he did his serious work of composition at his desk with pen in hand. And while his huge brain throbbed with celestial transports of beauty and grandeur, he did not burst, a la Hollywood, into glorious song. Instead, jumping from his chair, he would dash pitcher after pitcher of cold water impartially over his head, his hands, the lodging house floor, and the unlucky roomer underneath. And while he poured he alternately hummed and roared, or 'howled,' as one friend described it."

An Interesting Amalgamation

Announcement has been made of the amalgamation of Mason & Risch Winnipeg store with the Winnipeg Piano Co., Ltd.

Many of the city and country staff will join the Winnipeg Piano Co. Sales Staff, and following the evacuation of the Mason & Risch premises the accounts and collection office will be transferred to the Winnipeg Piano Bldg., 333 Portage Ave.

It is stated, by reason of the amalgamation of these interests and the increased output, with the consequent reduction of overhead charges, the same Mason & Risch factory prices will prevail, and the Orthophonic and Duo-Art service of the Winnipeg Piano Co. Ltd. will be extended to the large Victor and Duo-Art clientele of the Mason & Risch firm.

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for the woman a sudden fellow-feeling. It was nice for her to be looking after her husband like that.

"Where's your paper napkin, Egby?" Hetty asked desperately, in a need somehow to show that he was hers to take care of.

"Oh, kickin' under my feet somewheres," Egby said easily. "Napkins for fair-time is too stylish for me."

"Me either," said Lulu Miner.

Hetty looked miserably down at Egby's sleeve. The sleeve and his brown hand seemed like somebody else's. And then abruptly something sent through her a sudden little glow and thrill. Oh, Lulu Miner could look up at Egby if she liked; but on Egby's right shoulder, in front, near the collar, was the plain blue patch that Hetty had stitched in there yesterday and that Lulu didn't know anything about. In that crowd of their old friends, with Lulu Miner's challenging and Miss Mear's posing, somehow that little wifely service which her hands had done for Egby became a symbol of their bond, and Lulu's artfulness seemed petty and impotent. Why he was hers—Hetty's. It was her place to do things for him always. She could afford to let Lulu have him a minute or two.

"*Will* you look at that woman?" murmured Miss Mears, as the head of the committee followed apple-pudding with ice-cream for her husband's nourishment.

"Well, *I* think it's real sweet for her to be doin' like that!" Hetty flung back unexpectedly.

But when the Eating Pavilion Treasurer took from Egby the money for the dinner, the others protesting, and pretending exertions to pay, the woman put Egby's change in Lulu Miner's hand. And Lulu dropped it in his purse a coin at a time, the others laughing at the woman's mistake.

"No wonder she believed Lulu was his wife," thought little Hetty wretchedly, and all the unhappiness of the hour was back upon her.

As they stepped out on the Midway again, Lulu took her place at Egby's side with: "I bet, Egby, when you get to housekeepin' you'll forget all about us. I bet none of us will ever see you, then."

"Aw, come," said Egby, nettled. "We're only married. We ain't dead."

Hetty fell back a step or two behind the others. "*Only married.*" So that was the way he thought of it. So Lulu didn't feel that Egby's being married made a difference, and Egby didn't feel it either. Was that the way it was in the world, with men and women?

On this her misery of the last hour found climax. Hetty looked up and down the Midway. If only she could get away from the others before she stopped being able to pretend. Lulu and the rest were now frankly looking for Lenny West. The people were pouring into the Eating Pavilion. The avenue was nearly blocked. Obeying an impulse which she hardly felt, Hetty stepped farther back, let the crowd flow on and close in between her and the others, stepped sidewise behind the first ticket-box of an "attraction" tent, and reached up blindly for a ticket. In that tent, if she could get in there, the others wouldn't find her. She couldn't bear it, just then, any more.

When the tired, elderly man on the box had given her a ticket and she had got within the tent-wings, she was confronted by a tiny boy in khaki rompers, who threw his arms above his head with—

"I'm de ticket-taker!"

The man looked over his shoulder and smiled. "All right," he said to Hetty, his eyes still on the child.

No one was in the tent, which proved to hold the largest horse in the world, "Nannie, the queen of the feminine *sect.*" A woman, short-skirted, sallow, with that air of the casual common to all whose business is eternal repetition, launched on her sing-song description of the big horse.

"She is eleven feet, six inches long—the tent is twenty-two feet—measure her with your own eyes. She weighs 3,030 pounds. She is twenty-four hands high. She is six years old, broke to tandem, double, *and* saddle. She was foaled in Lloyd County," she went on and on, her eyes taking frank, up-and-down account of Hetty's dress. Hetty, staring at the horse, hardly heard what the woman said . . . . .

Hetty was trying to understand. While

The Fair

Continued from page 7

Egby and she had been engaged, there had been little things that hurt, of course, of which she never spoke—like Egby's dancing with Lulu Miner more than twice in an evening, and his sitting beside that girl from the city on the way to the picnic, and so on. But it had not occurred to Hetty that when they were married these things would not end, magically. Why, they two would be *married!* Was being married like this for everybody in the world?

Suddenly the ticket-box man put his head around the canvas. "Darn you," he said frankly to the woman, "keep the kid in there with you, can't you? He's under the whole Midway's feet."

"Come 'ere, Titus," said the woman, casually. And then she called to the man: "Lou, ain't it time for your medicine?"

"Gosh, yes," the man answered. "I'd forgot it again."

Hetty looked at the woman. That must have hurt, Hetty thought vaguely—to have had him speak to her—that way. And yet, in spite of the ugliness of the incident, something lay warm in the thought of it, and it was that undisturbed question of the wife about the medicine. Egby had never spoken "hard" before folks. Well, and of course she just couldn't bear it if he ever did—before folks. But her thought lingered on the wife's question about the medicine, and a light wave of understanding swept her.

"That was real kind o' nice," she thought, and somehow remembered the patch on Egby's shoulder. Then with that the hurt surged back again.

"Lulu Miner got right into his eyes with that look of hers," she remembered, too, "and Egby *let her in.*"

Oh, she could have stood anything else! But when they were married, how could anyone act to either of them as if they were not married?

"Why," said someone softly, "why, Hetty. Little Hetty." Beside her, bending over her, holding out his hand, was Lenny West.

"Hello, Lenny," she said mechanically.

"Gloriation," Lenny said, "but it seems good and grand to see you back! What you doin' in here? I saw you from the machine—goin' into some tent alone. I couldn't tell which one—I've paid my way into this-is-the-third, my George, to catch you. Where's—?" he hesitated. "Come out o' this!" he bade her. "Come on back where the machine is."

In an instant Hetty's spirits rose. Very well, here was Lenny, glad to see her—and Egby probably hadn't missed her yet.

"I got separated from my whole crowd," she said. "We'll hunt 'em up. Yes, let's go see your new automobile. I want to."

OUT through the throng, with elaborate care, Lenny West guided her. How good-looking he was, she thought again. And he took such splendid care of her, setting his big shoulders between her and the crowd.

He bent his head to her. "We'll watch out for the rest," he said. "Who's with 'em? Your husband—?"

"Yes," said Hetty, "an' the girls. The crowd. Lulu an' Mis' Mears an' all of 'em."

"Oh," said Lenny only, and fell momentarily silent.

They were making their way against the stream going toward the Eating Pavilion, and their progress was slow. Lenny, guiding her to the trodden turf beside the road, made no attempt to hasten that progress. It was noon now, and the grounds were filled. The last "forenoon busses" had rattled in and

discharged their loads. In the air hung, like autumn haze, the dust of the long drought, and the hot hush of September noon lay strangely above the babel. The Pavilion, the booths where lunches were served, the grand stand, where lunches were eaten, became focal; but the beat of the band, the drone of the merry-go-round, the cries of the showmen persisted. The stamp of the horses, the questioning lowing and bleating from the sheds, the chatter of the performing monkeys on their way to be fed, the cry of the balloon man, the high crow of a cock, shouts of children, the murmur and laugh of the crowd besieged and confused the ear, as the moving, moving of the people and the rout of color mingled to the eye, dissolving impressions as lightly as moments are dissolved.

But for Hetty, looking, all this set no spur to the spirits. She was goading herself to a satisfaction in this chance of events, but it was a frightened satisfaction. Lenny was taking such excellent, gentle, almost tender care of her. If only he wouldn't bend his head that way when he spoke to her. . . . .

"Our old crowd ain't the same with you gone," Lenny said.

"Well, we're back now,' Hetty reminded him almost shortly.

"It ain't the same, though," Lenny said. "The crowd's all breakin' up. I don't s'pose," he added, "you'll ever let me come to see you—now?"

"Sure we will," Hetty said, and stumbled on a hummock and drew away from him and his gentle, awkward "Oop" of rescue. "We're goin' to have the crowd over all the time when we get housekeepin'," she repeated Egby's words to Lulu.

"I didn't say crowd. I said 'me'," Lenny suggested.

"Sure we'll let you," Hetty repeated lightly. "We'll want you."

Lenny looked out over the sunny field. His face was of the type that in repose takes on pensiveness, idealizing the simple good looks, definitely belying the good-natured commonplace which lies behind.

"Darn everything," he observed.

With a kind of girlish bravado of revenge on Egby and Lulu, Hetty caught him up. "Don't you want to come to our house?"

Lenny turned to her, stooping ever so slightly and briefly to win her look. "You know I do," he said.

Hetty's face crimsoned, her eyes flew afield. There was no mistaking. This was Lenny's old "half makin' fun," half tender look of last year at the fair, of all the time before she had been married. How could he do that now—how *could* he . . . . .

She kept silently beside him, trying to understand. What would other women do? Would they answer him, give him back his look—let Lenny in their eyes as—oh, as Egby had let in Lulu Miner? *Was* this the way it was with men and women in the world?

"There ain't nobody like you, Hetty," Lenny said soberly. "I tell you what, when you go away it just about empties out the town for me."

Still she said nothing. But suddenly she felt a kind of homesickness, as definite as when in her little girlhood she had been wont to want her mother; and there came a great sense of unprotection, as if some barrier were gone, and a lonesomeness, as if things that belonged to her had been taken away. Why, she was married—they were married . . . . . How could things be like this?

"There," said Lenny, "the machine's over there. You stay right here an' I'll bring it round. Oh, Hetty, this is like comin' to life again!"

Still she said nothing, nor did she look up as he went. She stood still where he left here, before the big, shallow Rest Tent, her eyes seeking the throng, the moment resolving itself into one wish, winged and crying: that she could get where Egby was.

The crowd was moving . . . . .moving . . . . . Watching it, a sudden sick distaste swept her. What were they all like, anyway? Had she ever known people as *people?* They had always been going by and going by around her, but had she ever really known much about them? Oh, and *were* they like *this?*

LOOKING for Egby, she was conscious of those who passed her on the Midway: the monkey-trainer, in short

Continued on page 62

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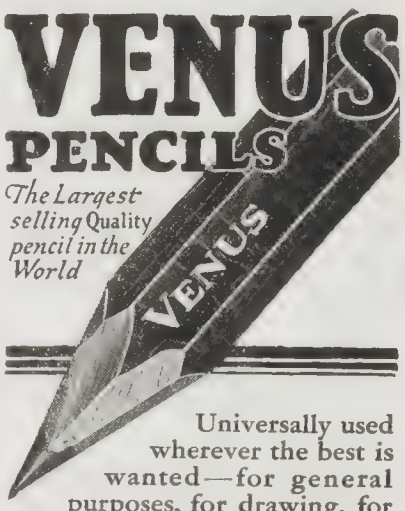

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The Fair

Continued from page 61

red skirt and huge, white satin slippers and a flopping cloak; three of the women from the Eating Pavilion, recruiting ice-cream from a stall; a family of five, sharing one pop-corn bag; two middle-aged men in the special black of best clothes, meeting with a shout, blocking the Midway with their handshake; boys, distributing orange handbills; a woman stopping to tie her husband's neck-tie and he jerking impatiently free of her hands; an old man in a linen coat and goggles, with a little pail of something which he was taking home; a carpenter from the village carrying his little boy, his brown hand outspread on the child's plaid skirt; grocerymen and merchants from the village, where the stores were closed on "County Day;" Grandma Birch, wearing her huge button picture of Grandpa Birch, who had not spoken to her for five years before he died. (Hetty knew how, on his deathbed, he had in his delirium called her old secret names, but he had died without speaking sanely to her).....*"Look at this great, big, large, enormous fish and alive!"*—was bawled above the noise. There went the mayor and his wife, elderly, unimpressed: How fine for them to have had all those years together, went unexpectedly through Hetty's head.

Near Hetty, within the shelter of the Rest Tent, a woman was quieting a child, and her husband, warm and panting, had just joined them.

"Tired settin'?" he asked.

"No, I ain't," the woman said shortly. "I'm sick of everything *but* settin'. Bennie's comin' down with somethin' awful—I never see him so ugly."

"Give 'em to me," her husband invited.

"I won't do any such a thing. You always jounce him out of his senses," said the wife.

"Well, come on somewheres. We'll leave Bennie home with ma tomorrow," he suggested.

"I'm glad you had sense enough to think of that," his wife said, and rose to follow him.

"Your hat's on a little mite crooked," Hetty heard him say as they passed her.

"It ain't either," said the woman—and then they both laughed, as if at some old household joke of her impatience in like case.

Tom-toms sounded from the Winnebago Indian pen; a little Angora goat, escaped, ran bleating down an aisle swiftly formed for him; the odor of hot meal pancakes came from the ring-and-cane booth where pancakes were prizes; snatches of talk reached Hetty from two women, sitting in the Rest Tent behind her.

"My feet hurt so I declare I bet they *know* they hurt," said one, "an' yet the minute I get home Jerry'll expect a warm meal."

"Oh, Dode, too," said the other. "Men is men, Mis' Bird. I expect Dode'll want to kill a chicken. That's what he always thinks of when I'm nearest to dead....."

"Jerry manages different," said Mis' Bird. "Just as we're startin' off somewheres he's got somethin' to be mended—hole in his pocket, like enough....."

"——great, big, enormous fish *and alive,*" the strident voice went on..... "Nannie! Nannie! Queen of the feminine *sect!*" came faint and far.

SUDDENLY and at first inexplicably a little warm spot glowed in Hetty's consciousness, like a place to sink her thought. "Somethin' to be mended—" That was making a little spot of remembrance warm. A swift, indeterminate surge of fellowship for the two women swept her; and for that other woman, gone off with Bennie; and for the keeper of Nannie and the husband who forgot his medicine..... As abruptly as if a glory from widely-opened doors smote across the fairground, Hetty looked *in* on the life of the crowd: Families; husbands "wantin' warm meals;" wives with tired feet and crooked hats; men saying "darn you" and wives telling on about big horses, jealously serving their husbands' dinners, wearing their button pictures, laughing, companioning, finding "somethin' to be mended"—why, they were all in this together and they all knew what one another knew, and all the Lulu Miners and the Lenny Wests and their eyes and their voices were as far outside *really,* as was last year's fair. And it was true for them all, true for everybody who would have it so, who hung on and hung on to these things, no matter what.....

She turned and looked at the two women in the tent.

"Here's an extra box to set on," one of them said to her, hospitably.

"No, thank you," Hetty said. "I—my husband'll be lookin' for me."

Dode's wife nodded. "So'll mine," she said, "an' he don't like to be kep' waitin' much, either."

Hetty smoothed at her skirt and looked at the women shyly. "Us wives have to toe the mark, don't we?" she said—and looked like a rose.

WHEN she turned, Egby spied her, ran to her. He was alone, and his eyes had been everywhere, seeking her.

"Why, Hetty—dear," he cried, "how did you get lost? I been lookin' myself crazy."

She put her hand through his arm. Lillie Chalmers and "that Mis' Raymer" passing at the moment, Hetty waited in an excess of sudden compassion that they had somehow not "hung on," and she bowed to them in a kind of wistful graciousness.

"Egby," she said, "I'll tell you afterward. An' I saw Lenny West."

"*Him?*" Egby said, stopping short.

"Ugh, yes, Egby—him, an' listen to me—listen. After bein' here an' seein'—everybody—are you just as glad as you can be you married me? No—you needn't to tell me that!" she cried. "I want to tell you. I'm glad. I'm so glad I'm married to you that I want to yell it out loud. Egby—it's a great thing—isn't it?—isn't it? Egby, will you do somethin'?"

He looked down at her. He was bewildered by her tenderness that somehow beat upon him. For a moment they stood still in the dusty open, about them the people moving..... moving on the fairground and the wide beyond and away to the rim of the world.

"Egby," Hetty said, "you turn back your coat a minute so's I can see that patch I put on your shoulder. That way—so. Now there they come, all of 'em, in Lenny's automobile. Don't let's go in that. You get me some peanuts—and come on up in the grand stand *quick!*"

When Beauty Speaks

By Mary Matheson

Voices are calling now,
Faint mists are falling now
(While men are hauling now
Earth's heavy load)
Are we not hearing them?
—Or are we fearing them?
—Would we were nearing them,
They do us good!

Stars in the winter sky,
Sing as they saunter by
In their bright way they try
To lead us on,
Guiding our earthbound ways
Out of this murmurous maze
To one glad hymn of praise
Ere day is done.

Sometimes at eve the mist
When all the clouds are kissed
With gold and amethyst
Rises—revealing
Lights of the farther dome
To hearts that sadly come
Seeking a better home
—Beauty is healing!

Let us be still and hark—
Soon, soon comes the dark
Only Heav'ns voices mark
Time, at the end,
Let us be still and know
God leads us homeward so
On Beauty's afterglow;—
Let us attend!

Dollars and Cents

Continued from page 56

The agricultural situation is excellent but it is as yet too early to form any estimate of the prospects of this year. The forest industries are having trouble due to over production in relation to demand. The mines are producing more than ever in the past and prospects for the future continue to improve. Wholesale and retail trade show a healthy improvement over 1927. This summary does not show inflation or boom conditions but rather a well-established prosperity where production in most lines is being kept well in line with the dictates of the world demand for Canadian products. Conditions are such as to warrant optimism concerning the maintenance of prosperity in the immediate future.

Harold F. Ritchie Has Acquired J. C. Eno Ltd.

The ownership of the firm of J. C. Eno, Limited, of London, England, makers of Eno's "Fruit Salt," changed the last week of April.

Harold F. Ritchie

All the Preferred and Ordinary shares were purchased by Mr. Harold F. Ritchie, of Toronto and New York. The sale took place on the celebration of Mr. Eno's birthday. Mr. Eno was born in 1828. One hundred years later, the business changed hands. The firm is also celebrating their diamond jubilee this year, as this is their sixtieth year in business selling Eno's "Fruit Salt" in every civilized country in the world.

This is Mr. Ritchie's twenty-first year with the firm as Sales Representative, having started in Canada, and now handles "Fruit Salt" and many other lines of Proprietaries in Canada and Newfoundland, United States, Mexico, Central America, South America, the West Indies, Australia, New Zealand, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Pacific Islands and China, all through the Ritchie Sales Organization.

There will not be any change in the management of J. C. Eno Ltd. The Board of Directors will remain and continue the progressive policy which has given this fine old company the greatest proprietary business in existence.

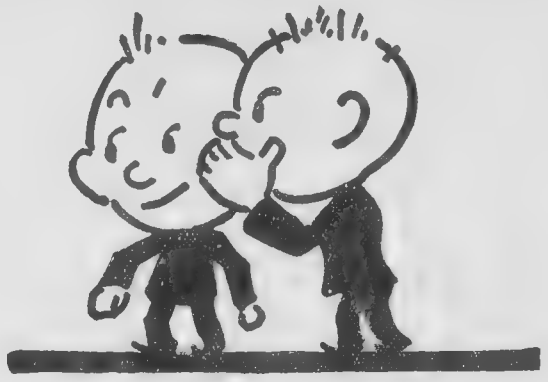
Surely enough, in true British fashion, Mr. Ritchie was given every consideration, due to his long years of service to the company, and when the business was to be sold, he received notice and first chance.

It is stated that factories will be opened in several countries, first the United States and Australia.

The deal involved a very large sum—in fact it is one of the largest transactions ever recorded in the Proprietary Field.

You Agree With This, Of Course

The beauty and strength of pseudo-science is its simplicity. Its exponents are successful to the extent in which they are able to reduce the complex factors that exist in fact to a simple common denominator of their own creation.—Metaphysical Review.



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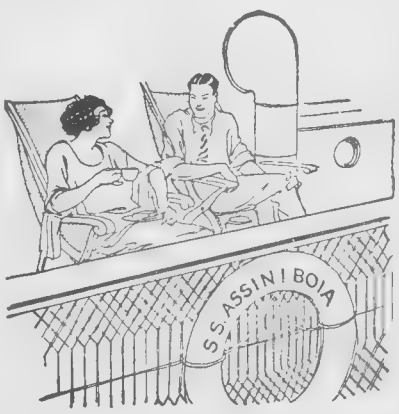

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Canadian Pacific

Little Dickie Trout

Continued from page 43

kind—and he didn't want it to be crushed—so he had run for it, got it—and had been crushed under the wheels of the car himself.

His little body was broken, but not his spirit. He did not cry—he swore, long black oaths that caused those who ran to him to shudder—and he clung to the cabbage even after they had carried him into the drug store. They all followed him in, the girl, the minister, the boy, the surgeon and the writer. The surgeon took charge.

He knew Dicky was going to die, he knew the little lad had only a minute or two to live.

"They're hurtin' me, damn them," Dicky told him, "And they're trying to take my cabbage from me, damn them again."

"You can hang on to your cabbage, Dicky," the surgeon told him. "I won't let them take it from you." And in spite of his great suffering Dicky smiled, a smile that seemed to light up the room, and that carried itself right to the hearts of those five who knew him well.

"Is he, is he—" the girl who was going to be a missionary managed to gasp to the surgeon.

"Yes; he is going to die," the surgeon told her. "It won't be many minutes now."

"Let me tell him," she said, much braver now that she realized the truth and the necessity for speed. And when the surgeon nodded assent she went to the little boy and told him:

"Dicky boy, you are going to leave us, dear—you are going up to heaven," she began in a voice of sweetest tenderness.

Dicky roused himself and fought off the stupor that was threatening his consciousness. He had recognized his friend and he wanted to be polite.

"But I don't want to leave" he told her, "I want to stay here."

"You can't, dear," she answered, and she stroked his hot little forehead. "You are going up to heaven, dear, where everything is warm and nice—and, and—heavenly."

"I don't want to go!" Dicky's voice was shrill now, for he could feel this something stealing over him that seemed to rob him of every power—"I don't want to go, damn you, damn everybody. I want to stay here. I love Canada. It ain't too hot, it ain't too cold, blast you. It's my country—I love it—I want to stay."

And then when the girl turned from him to hide her tears, he softened slightly. "I didn't mean to swear—but oh, I do want to stay. I don't want to go to heaven nor nowhere's else. There ain't no other place like this, mum, there ain't no place in all the world like Canada—It's my country, and I mean to stay."

He was dead a minute after that, and they took him to the home where he had been just one child more. Dead—but his spirit was alive that night in five hearts—and five people made their decisions.

She who had planned to be a missionary stayed to be the wife of the one man who could make her happy—stayed to make a home for the Canadian children she hoped to bear.

The minister wrote his refusal to the elders of this big American church that night, and told them why; "My church may be small, but my country is big, and there is room here for men like me—and work for me to do," were the words he used.

The boy who had turned bootlegger sold his car that night and got a job in an office. Work, study, and a chance to make good—what more did any man want, he told himself. And two women sank on their knees in prayers of thanksgiving.

The young surgeon made his decision. He would stay—let someone else fill his place at the great American hospital—there were plenty of Canadians to need his skill right here at home.

And the writer, he whose fingers shook as he wrote the story of Dicky Trout's death for his paper—he decided to stay too. In Canada there were thousands of stories, just as tense, just as beautiful as the story of Dicky Trout—and if he could not write all of them, he could write some of them—and be happy in the writing of them.

In the hearts of all five rang the last words of the little boy, "There ain't no place in all the world like Canada—It's my country—and I mean to stay."

The Tale of a Shirt

By M. Staples

WE HAVE heard how our grandmothers were very economical,and burned the midnight oil, probably a wax candle, making Anna a dress out of an old gored skirt which had been discarded by a rich aunt.

Then someone will say, "Oh! but modern mothers are not economical. They don't do those kind of things." If you are of this opinion, "The Tale of the Shirt" as told by the Junior Jones may alter your mind somewhat.

The Jones, as all the neighbors know, are just in ordinary circumstances, but somehow many of us who feel we are in equally as good, find it hard, "to keep up with the Jones."

Last Sunday Junior Jones called for James, and I could not help admiring a blouse he was wearing. A heavy silk broadcloth of a mauve shade, contrasting so well with his fawn tweed suit. So, I remarked, "That is surely a smart looking blouse you are wearing Junior. Did your Mother make it?" "Yep! it is made out of Dad's old shirt."

"Did you see Baby Bud's new rompers, with the yellow Easter chickens on them—well they are made out of Dad's old shirt too."

Another day Mary Jones was wearing a pretty apron which I admired. It was a sort of dimity with small baskets of flowers embroidered on the pockets. I asked her if her Mother made it?

"Yes, out of Uncle Jack's old sport shirt." So, I said, "Your Mother is certainly a clever woman Mary."

"Have you seen all Mother's striped aprons? They are made out of Dad's old shirts too."

"Mamma made the bloomers for my pink crepe de chine dress out of Uncle Jack's old pink broadcloth shirt, because she knew it would wear much better than crepe de chine."

Any of our readers can keep up with the Jones' and will find a great satisfaction in it.

The Jones' children said, "Dad's old shirts," but any one knows that when a shirt made of good material begins to wear at the cuffs, the material that would be used in cuttings, the articles mentioned will give longer wear and will not fade as readily as many a new cheaper material might if used to make the articles.

Junior's blouse, Mother's apron, and Mary's bloomers, may all be made without any joining in material. Mary's apron and Bud's romper require one extra seam down the back. There is no time wasted in "picking" as you often hear people complain of in made over garments. Just simply cut close to the seams.

Junior's blouse may be made from any blouse pattern. The front of the shirt is used for the front of the blouse. Place pattern so the front pleat of shirt becomes the front pleat of the blouse. Have the bottom button of the shirt for the bottom button on the blouse, thus getting the least worn part. The back of the shirt will cut the back of the blouse and the collar. The sleeves of the blouse can be cut from the least worn part of the shirt sleeves.

Mother's apron is made from the back of the shirt. When it is finished, it resembles closely the fudge apron so popular with the modern housewife.

Cut the underarm seam of the shirt from the button up, follow around the arm until you have cut about one and a half inches into the yoke, then cut across the yoke, down around the other arm hole and down the under-arm seam.

Now, if this cutting is placed in front of the person, they will readily see the front

Continued on page 65

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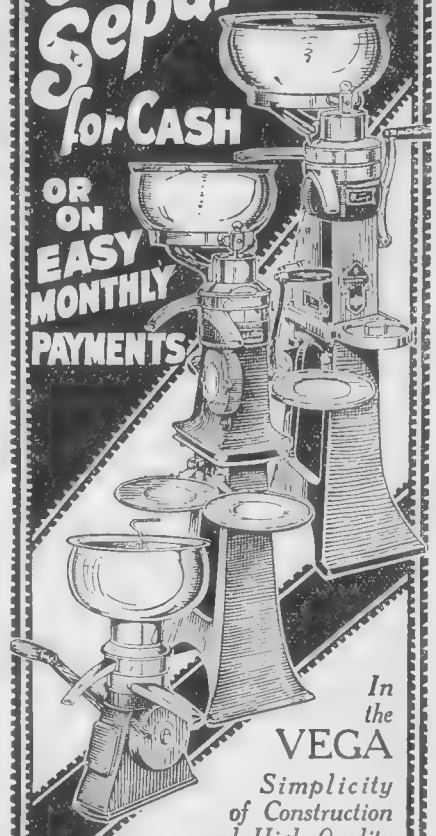

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What is Wrong with Marriage?

Read this feature article in the July number of The Western Home Monthly

By

Emily Murphy

(*Janey Canuck*)

one of Canada's most popular authors, who combines with her art as a writer, wide sympathies, wise judgment and high administrative abilities.

Her vast experience as Police Magistrate of the City of Edmonton and her well known devotion to high ideals make her an outstanding authority on the marriage relationship and all that it involves.

Busy People's Beauty Aids

PERHAPS one of the greatest trials the busy woman has is the care of her hands and arms. They have a way of looking red and abominable before you know it. Most women think they can't help it and just let it go at that. But they can help it somewhat, and that without too much time and trouble to themselves.

Take the nails, for instance. To keep the nails in perfect shape is the job of an expert manicurist. The home manicurist will put it off, frequently for too long a time. Because it does take time to go to a manicurist, she may feel that something else must have first attention. Yet she can keep those nails in pretty presentable condition pending that time if she will do a few simple things steadily.

First of all, she should make it a habit to push the cuticle down gently toward the root of the nail with the towel, every single time she washes her hands. This will positively keep it from growing up on the nail, so that disfigurement is eradicated once and for all. She should be careful, though, not to break the cuticle and cause hangnails. After pushing the cuticle down off the nails, she should pinch the ends of her fingers to keep them from broadening out too much, and to help keep the flesh compact around the nails. This will hardly take a minute but it will be well worth while.

If the nails are too brittle, rubbing them with a little vaseline the last thing at night will soften them. If they still break, dipping them a minute in alum water will toughen them. Broken nails are not only unsightly but, because of their raggedness, are hard to keep clean and to remove stains from.

Speaking of stains, did you know that lemon juice or plain old tomato juice are both excellent to remove these said stains? They cost almost nothing. But remember that new stains taken out right now are always easier handled than stains that have been allowed to "set."

Also, did you know there is no buffer made that will put a nicer polish on your nails than the fleshy part of your palm under the little finger? It is always ready for use and a few brisk passes over it will keep the nails shining just enough.

One woman I know who does a great deal of hard, dirty housework, and who shares the general repugnance for gloves, fills her nails with a packing of soap while she is doing the dirty work. When she is done, this washes right out and leaves her nails white and clean underneath. She says it has saved her many hours of manicuring and nail scrubbing. She always files her nails, too, when they get too long, instead of cutting them. She says it doesn't take much longer and that the file insures a good shape and a smooth edge, which cutting doesn't always accomplish, because the scissors are sometimes hard to handle.

Nothing is better for the hands, but at the same time harder on them in general, than washing, scrubbing and dishwashing. It is good for them because it immerses them in hot, soapy water—the first thing the professional manicurist does to soften the cuticle and make the skin pliable.

After that stage, however, is when the harm is done by most women. If you will make it a habit to keep a bottle of plain, ordinary vinegar handy on the shelf over the sink, dry your hands very thoroughly and apply it after every single time you have had your hands in water, you will be surprised at how white and soft they will stay in spite of the hardest kind of usage.

If the hands have a tendency to chap in spite of this, when the weather is cold, an excellent hand lotion made and kept for nightly application will correct this, especially if gloves are worn outdoors.

Here is a very good lotion which isn't expensive:

15 cents worth of quince seed.

Glycerine	2 oz.
Bay rum	1½ oz.
Benzoin	½ oz.
Witch hazel	5 oz.
Alcohol	1½ oz.

Soak seeds in a pint of boiling water, covered tightly so the steam will soften them. Strain without squeezing and mix cold with the other ingredients.

Hairs on the hands and arms, especially in these days of athletics, are the bane of the average woman's existence. She despairs especially about fuzzy arms. But they aren't hopeless, even if one is busy. The same equal parts of peroxide and aqua ammonia with a generous pinch of borax that bleaches hairs on the face will do it on the arms. And keeping a piece of toilet pumice on the washstand, to rub vigorously over the arms once or twice daily, will also tend to keep hairs from being noticeable. Depilatories are good for a short time, of course, but even they take too much time from the busy woman's calendar, while these other things don't take any longer than it takes to wash the arms.

The pumice helps elbows, too, where the skin is rough and unsightly. If they are very bad, a paste made of the whites of two eggs, unbeaten, two teaspoonfuls of lemon juice, an ounce of honey and eight drops of bitter almonds, mixed with enough cornmeal to make a thick mass, bound on the elbows at night, will make all the difference. This is good for the whole arm, in fact.

There is little use in attempting to make hands and arms presentable, however, if it isn't done persistently, and no woman ought to be too busy for that. If she will just take the time for these few precautions and stick to it, her hands and arms will cease being a shame to her.

—Mary Mayo in Woman's World.

The Tale of a Shirt

Continued from page 64

of the apron. The yoke and the underarms may be cut out to fit. The straps and pockets are made from the front of the shirt.

Mary's bloomers may be cut from the back of the shirt. Any bloomer pattern with knee bands may be used. The bands may be cut from the front of shirt. If the material in the shirt does not match Mary's dress, any light shade in broadcloth may be easily and successfully dyed.

Mary's apron is a simple style coverall, back and front alike, buttoning under the arm. If it is made for a young child and used in place of a feeder it may be cut close to the neck and will need a small opening at the back. The back of the shirt will cut the front of the apron, and by joining the two fronts from which the front pleat has been removed the back of the apron may be cut with only one neat additional seam.

This little apron is a boom to mother as it protects both front and back of Mary's best dress.

Bud's rompers are cut from any romper pattern. The back of the shirt cuts the front of the rompers. The front of the shirt will cut the back, which may be cut by leaving the pleat of the shirt with the three bottom buttons for the back opening and simply joining the opening from there to bottom of rompers.

Another Shot at the Senate

Referring to the question of admitting women to the Senate, Premier Ferguson, of Ontario, says that many of them are as brainy as men. But what has this to do with the Senate?—Perth Courier.

A Hardship-facing Generation

A great many of the rugged sons of pioneer fathers drive downtown in the morning with one window of the sedan turned nearly half-way down.—Detroit News.

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Yes! we would like every reader to take advantage of our offer and let us send a generous sample of the wonderful new Cleansing Cream.

The proper care of the feminine complexion is as old as the world, but we believe that in no age has there been so scientific—so efficient a cosmetic as this new *Boncilla Cleansing Cream*. Already it has delighted thousands of women all over Canada.

It is a definite purpose face cream of remarkable cleansing properties, fragrance and charm of a delicate rose pink color, dainty and inviting. It does more than clean the skin—it searches the pores—brings out dust, grime and perspiration secretions. So simple and convenient to use—immediate in its results.

And in addition, as every woman who values a good complexion needs to remove all the day's cosmetics every night before retiring—the new *Boncilla Cleansing Cream* is used by thousands just for that Cleansing purpose.

Boncilla Cleansing Cream

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20

Men and Women! How Much Weight Do You Want to Gain in 30 Days?

One Very Thin Man Gained 28 Pounds in Eight Weeks

Tens of thousands of exceedingly thin, yes, scrawny men and women have taken McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets and put on pounds of good firm flesh.

Not only will McCoy's increase weight, but taken regularly will cause frail run-down men and women to grow stronger and more energetic.

If the millions of skinny, scrawny men and women in Canada will start today and put their faith in McCoy's increased weight, health and attractiveness may be theirs.

So why not start today? Why not fill out those deep hollows in neck, cheeks, and chest? Why go on through life with sunken cheeks and narrow chest when you can take advantage of this straight forward offer.

McCoy takes all the risk—Read this ironclad guarantee. If after taking 4 sixty-cent boxes of McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets or 2 one dollar boxes any thin, underweight man or woman doesn't gain at least 5 pounds and feel completely satisfied with the marked improvement in health—any druggist is authorized to return the purchase price.

A Word to the Wise!

Letters that have already reached us indicate that Laura Goodman Salverson's novel "Johann Lind" has taken a firm hold on the affections of our readers.

We Hope You Will Enjoy It!

Please remember, though, that owing to the heavy demand for copies we are obliged to discontinue subscriptions immediately on expiration of same, so we suggest that you take a peep at the address label on the cover and make sure that your account is in good standing. If it reads "June 26" it means that your subscription expires this month, and immediate attention is necessary in order to make sure of receiving the July issue.

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To have beautiful walls and immaculate ceilings unmarred by unsightly dust-streaks; is the aim of every prospective home owner. They know that such disfigurement means frequent and costly decorating throughout the house and they are turning to Pedlar's Expanded Metal Lath as a plaster base. This low-cost material is not affected by moisture and holds the plaster tightly even while the building settles, and it forms an effective fire-stop up to one hour against the hottest blaze. Pedlar's Corner Beads used in conjunction with Metal Lath assures strong, smooth corners that cannot chip or break.

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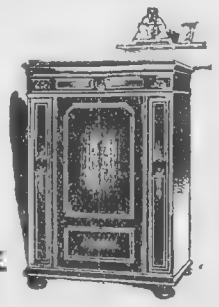

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Are You Ever Puzzled About Any Question of Law? Read the *Legal Information Department* on Page Fifty-seven and Submit Your Query for Professional Attention in Next Issue.

What and Why is Acidosis?

THE term acidosis was used originally to designate a condition in which acetone bodies were found in the urine. It is now used more generally to indicate any condition in which the body is less alkaline than it should be. Recent researches indicate that the alkalinity of the body may be regulated by eating those foods that leave an alkaline ash when consumed in the body. So today the efficient home maker carefully studies food elements as well as her grocer's price list, in order to set before her family those foods that will not result in acidosis.

The common symptons of acidosis are headache, acid mouth, sour stomach, (often mistaken by the sufferer for biliousness and "heartburn,") acid urine, sleeplessness, sour disposition (yes, really) and high blood pressure. The last named condition, which is common to elderly persons, can be cured and prevented by diet alone, according to no less an authority than Dr. W. D. Sansum, Director of the Potter Metabolic Clinic in Santa Barbara, California. Dr. Sansum cites the case of one elderly patient who was admitted to the hospital with blood pressure of 240, distressing shortness of breath, a very sour stomach, and other grave symptoms of acidosis. Her blood pressure was speedily reduced to 160, and throughout the following seven years, during which she led an active and normal life for a woman past sixty, the blood pressure was kept within range of 160 to 180, simply by putting her on an alkaline diet and omitting largely all foods that leave an acid ash when consumed in the body.

Dr. Sansum lists the following foods as those which produce acidity: bread, corn, crackers, eggs, fish, meat, oysters, oatmeal, peanuts, prunes, plums and rice. These are all good and nourishing foods, but they will produce acidity, so, if used, they should always be balanced and neutralized by generous amounts of fresh fruits and vegetables, and milk.

In general, all fruits and vegetables, nuts and fresh milk are alkaline in their reaction in the body, therefore they are the most wholesome foods to eat. Many persons who have sour stomach, rheumatism and other forms of acidosis mistakenly believe they never should eat fruits, particularly the citrus fruits, because the fruits *seem* acid. In this connection Dr. Sansum says: "The taste of food is no guide to its final reaction in the body. The sourest lemons, grapefruit and oranges actually *prevent acidosis*, while bread, which does not *taste* acid at all, *is one of the most potent factors in producing serious acidosis.*" The so-called "plain sensible diet" of meat and potatoes, gravy, bread and butter, pie coffee or tea, is really the worst kind of diet to produce acidosis of one sort or another. Such foods need to be balanced and neutralized by fresh fruits, fresh vegetables and fresh milk.

Here is a list of foods that are alkaline in their effect in the body, therefore wholly beneficial: apples, asparagus, bananas, beans, beets, cabbage, carrots, cauliflower, celery, chestnuts, lemons, lettuce, milk, muskmelon, oranges, peaches, peas, potatoes, radishes, raisins and turnips. One or more of these foods should be eaten at every meal, when possible.

Oranges and lima beans have been proved especially beneficial in reducing acidity and restoring the body to a normal state of alkalinity. In his hospital, Dr. Sansum uses a great deal of lima bean flour, made into bread and muffins, as well as the whole beans as a vegetable. Oranges are also largely used, some patients having as many as a dozen a day served to them in the form of juice, salads and deserts.

A Folk-Song Festival

A NOVEL entertainment of unusual character and interest has been arranged by the Canadian Pacific Railway from June 19th to the 23rd at the Walker Theatre and Royal Alexandra Hotel, Winnipeg, entitled, "New Canadian Folk-song and Handicraft Festival." It will illustrate the songs and craft of recent settlers of European Continental extraction, with the co-operation of numerous racial groups, including Scandinavians, Slavs, Magyars, Teutonic and Romance. Many of these groups, who have come to make their homes among us, have a civilization which is mostly native, growing by slow progression from century to century according to the inventive character of the people. Others are enriched by assimilating and absorbing the ideas of other races. The civilization of the English has been vastly changed from that of the original British by waves of emigration from other races.

The English have been wise to encourage the new-comers who come on peaceful mission to develop such industries and qualities as they brought with them—always on the understanding that they accept the sovereignty, customs and language of their adopted country. English industry owes much to the peoples that it has adopted from other lands. This New Canadian Handicraft and Folk-song Festival has been organized so that Canadians of British and French stock may realize the wealth of fine culture brought to this country from Continental Europe. The handicraft of these races is intimately bound up with their folk-song, as the songs in question are so often work-songs that they could not very well be separated.

These folk-songs will be illustrated by nearly twenty racial groups in Winnipeg at the forthcoming festival.

An inkling of what will be presented in craft, in costume, and in music can be gathered from the very beautifully, illustrated programme prepared for the occasion. It is not surprising that the event is making a wide-spread appeal and there will doubtless gather in Winnipeg for this unique celebration great numbers from all parts of the Province and the West. The enthusiasm of those taking part is wonderful, and while devotion to their own homeland and traditions is manifest in every act and song, pride in their new Canadian citizenship is the predominant note.

Say Farewell to Short-Vamps

GOODBYE, little short-vamps!

Hollywood is bidding a fond farewell to the round-toed, petite-appearing slippers that have been so much in evidence during the reign of short skirts. And this fact, according to Colleen Moore, star in First National Pictures, is the best barometer of the changing styles for fashionable women of America.

Long skirts permit slender, long slippers to peep out fetchingly, while the abbreviated flounces of the last few seasons made it imperative that short vamped slippers minimize the length of milady's foot.

Miss Moore explains that the tendency toward the more pointed-toe slipper should decide even the most conservative dresser on the importance of lengthening the hem line.

All of which jeopardizes the popularity of the bobbed hair vogue, although Miss Moore shakes her dark locks vigorously in denial.

And with the advent of the longer dresses comes the possibility for greater pulchritude for women—plumpness may soon become a virtue instead of a sin. Miss Moore doesn't think this possible, but Billie Dove, another First National star, disagrees with her.

"Curves are distinctly feminine," smiles Miss Dove, although it is noticeable that Miss Dove's figure is very slender, which certainly doesn't detract from her charm but rather enhances it.

A Sample of Constructive Citizenship

Continued from page 26

flannel nightgowns, knitted vests, girls' frocks, mattress covers, dressing gowns, nurses' aprons, etc., while the branch of the work known as "Gifts in kind" received from Women's Institutes all over the province, is responsible for fruits, fresh and preserved, for eggs, vegetables, groceries, bedding, etc., amounting in cash value to nearly $400; a splendid testimony to the untiring devotion of this great organization to the welfare of our child population.

To meet the increasing number of children, it was found essential to add to the laundry facilities, and at the present moment a nurses' home is in course of erection which, while it will add to the comfort and convenience of the hard-working staff, will set free some much needed extra rooms in the main building itself.

There is another urgent "want" which all workers for these crippled and handicapped children hope will not remain long ungratified, namely, some provision for training the elder children before they leave the Solarium in a trade or calling suited to their physical condition, in order that they may rapidly take their places as assets to the community. No better place of sound "constructive citizenship" could be undertaken. It must be borne in mind that these young people are the victims, in the far greatest proportion of instances, of preventible diseases. These innocent children are paying a heavy price for ignorance, carelessness, poverty, or neglect. In justice to them it behooves the community at large to compensate them for their misfortunes. Not by pampering them into dependent and useless lives; but, after securing for them, as is the case at the Solarium, such remedial measures as are possible, to follow up this primary duty by equipping them for self-support along suitable lines, thus relieving them of the distress associated with lifelong (and unnecessary) dependance on the work of others, and restoring to the world competent and efficient citizens.

Wisdom, courage, faith and friendly co-operation have started this beneficent work for the welfare of Canadian cripples at the Queen Alexandra Solarium. It is surely not to be deprived of its fullest realization by any delay in the provision of what still remains to be done to complete this fine start in "constructive citizenship."

Perhaps

By Dr. Rixford J. Lincoln

Perhaps the birds are little ones,
Whose souls were once on earth
Perhaps their joy to music runs
In trilling songs of mirth.
Perhaps they play in Heaven high,
With all the angels there;
Perhaps they really never die,
But wander in the air.
It may be they will hark to you,
If you make sweet their way;
Perhaps God's mysteries they knew,
In Heaven's endless day.

Mary Magdalene

By Jean Mitchell Smith

Magic Spring had touched the Judean vales and hills,
And lilies starred the lakes and rills,
That Easter long ago.

At the door of the tomb in the dusk of that early morn,
Stood Mary Magdalene, weeping and forlorn,
Because her Lord was not.

"Why weepest thou?" said Jesus, as He appeared before her.
But Mary seeing but dimly thought it was the gardener,
And told her mission there.

Oh, what joy when her tear-drenched eyes were opened wide,
To see the Risen Saviour standing by her side,
Triumphant over Death.

BIG PROFIT - SHARING PLAN

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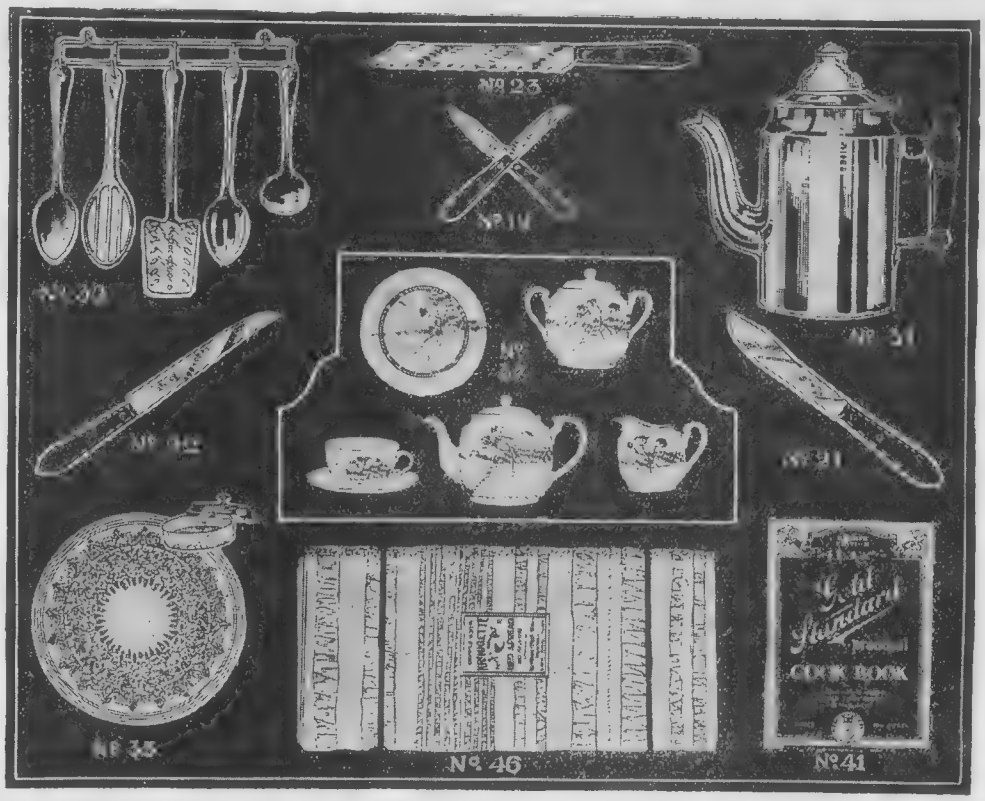

THE PLAN: In every package of "Gold Standard" pure food products (except canned fruits, vegetables and jam) will be found a premium coupon, varying in value according to price.

By saving and mailing us these certificates you will obtain a real dividend or bonus on your purchases, the work and beauty of which cannot fail to appeal to your sense of values.

Make your choice from the big range of splendid quality articles we are offering as premiums. The above illustrates a few, but our free catalog will supply you with a full list.

GOLD STANDARD coupons count up fast when you buy the full line. For example, a one-pound can of Gold Standard Chaffless Coffee carries 7 coupons; a 16-ounce can of Baking Powder, 3 coupons, and so on.

GOLD STANDARD BAKING POWDER

8-oz. tins, 1 coupon.
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½ lb. tins, 3 coupons.
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Buy this delicious dessert by the dozen. In 17 pure fruit flavors.

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Quart jars..... 10 coupons

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GREEN LABEL—½-lb. pkg., 4 coupons.
GREEN LABEL— 1-lb. pkg., 8 coupons.
RED LABEL— ½-lb. pkg., 4 coupons.
RED LABEL— 1-lb. pkg., 7 coupons.

The greatest "Friend of the Family" Co-operative Market you have ever traded with.

THE CODVILLE COMPANY LIMITED

51 Victoria Street, Winnipeg

Your Spring Tonic

Cabbage stuffed with chopped Carrot and sliced Tomato

WHEN the first hot days of summer come, we must change our diet to overcome the tired, languid feeling most of us are sure to have. A goodly supply of fruits and vegetables make an excellent tonic. Many of them will be on the market at a reasonable price even before our own gardens are quite ready to supply our needs. Canned vegetables and fruits are infinitely better than none at all. Canned vegetables are really better than the forced, hot-house products, much out of season. Only when grown out-of-doors, under normal conditions, are they rich in either vitamines or flavor. Let the children eat raw carrots and turnips if they wish. They are good for them, and supply a real need in the dietary.

Salads may fill a very important place in the menus. One of our most readily obtained foods at this season of the year, is rhubarb. Fortunately it is very cheap, and easily prepared. Do not peel it, unless rather tough and stringy, as the peeling gives the pretty pink color, and also helps the pieces to hold their shapes.

Baked Rhubarb

This is the easiest and perhaps the best way of cooking it: Wash the rhubarb and cut in half-inch pieces, put in a covered bake dish, add ½ c. water and 2 c. sugar to 2 pounds of rhubarb, cover and cook in the oven till tender, which will take from 20 to 30 minutes. If not convenient to use the oven, it may be very satisfactorily cooked in the double boiler.

Baked Rhubarb and Figs

Cooking figs — Sugar
Rhubarb — Water

Wash the figs and let soak 24 hours in cold water enough to cover them, then simmer till tender. Put alternate layers of figs and half-inch pieces of rhubarb, in a bake dish. Sprinkle with sugar, using 1 c. to a pound of rhubarb, and a little water, or the juice from the stewed figs. Cover and cook in the oven till the rhubarb is tender.

Use as stewed fruit for breakfast, or with boiled custard for dessert.

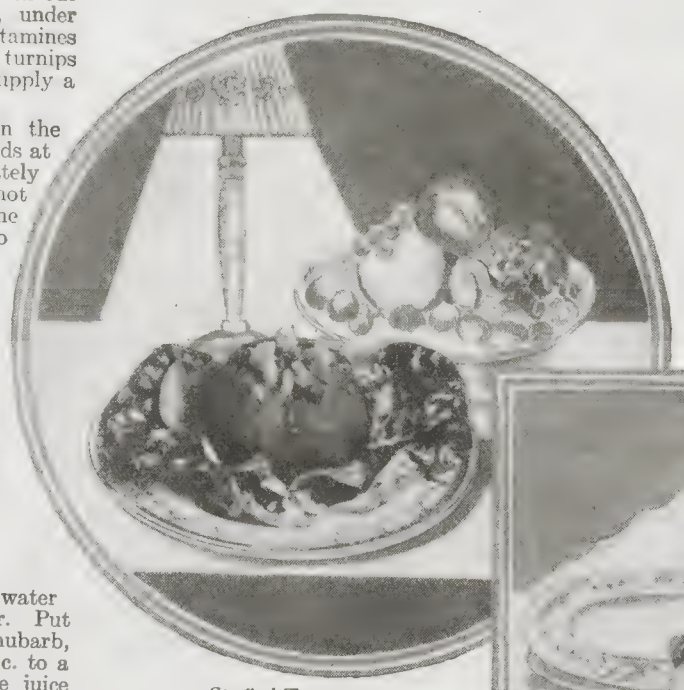
Rhubarb Turnovers

Cook pieces of rhubarb till tender, in a syrup made by boiling together 2 c. sugar and 1 c. water. Make a soft dough of:

Flour, 3 c. — Shortening, ½ c.
Salt, 1 t. — Baking powder, 6 t.
Milk to make a soft dough

Roll out to less than half an inch in thickness, cut in 4-inch circles. Put a spoonful of the rhubarb in the center of each, moisten the edge, and fold over in semi-circles, and bake in a hot oven, brush over the tops with some of the rhubarb syrup, just as they are taken from the oven, and serve with lemon sauce.

Tasty stuffed Egg and Vegetable Salad



Stuffed Tomato

JELLIED RHUBARB

Gelatin, 2 tb.
Water, 2 c.
Grated orange rind, ½ t.
Sugar, ¾ c.
Finely cut rhubarb, 3 c.
Juice of orange, 1
Whipped cream.

Use pink rhubarb if available. Soak the gelatin in ½ c. of the water, and cook the rhubarb in the remaining portion, till tender. Add the gelatin and sugar to the hot rhubarb, then the orange rind, and when it cools, the orange juice. If wished, it may be strained, if not, stirred when it begins to thicken, to keep the rhubarb distributed through the jelly. Mold and serve with whipped cream, or custard sauce.

Rhubarb-Raisin Pudding

Bread crumbs, 2 c. — Stewed rhubarb, 2 c.
Raisins, ½ c. — Lemon juice, 1 t.
Sugar, 4 tb. — Butter

Arrange the ingredients in layers in a buttered baking dish, having a layer of crumbs on the bottom and on top. Dot with butter, cover and bake one hour. For a "company" pudding, use stale plain light cake in place of bread crumbs, and omit the sugar and butter, serve with cream, plain or whipped, or with custard sauce.

Rhubarb Pies

In place of the ordinary two-crust rhubarb pies which are apt to have soggy under-crusts, and to run over in the oven, causing general unpleasantness. why not make little individual pies, with lattice-work strips of pastry on top and a cherry in the center, or an open large pie with a meringue on top?

Rhubarb and Pineapple Pie

Rhubarb, diced, 3 c. — Sugar, 1 c.
Crushed pineapple, 1 c. — Lemon juice, 1 t.
Flour, 2 tb.

Mix all together, and bake between double crusts.

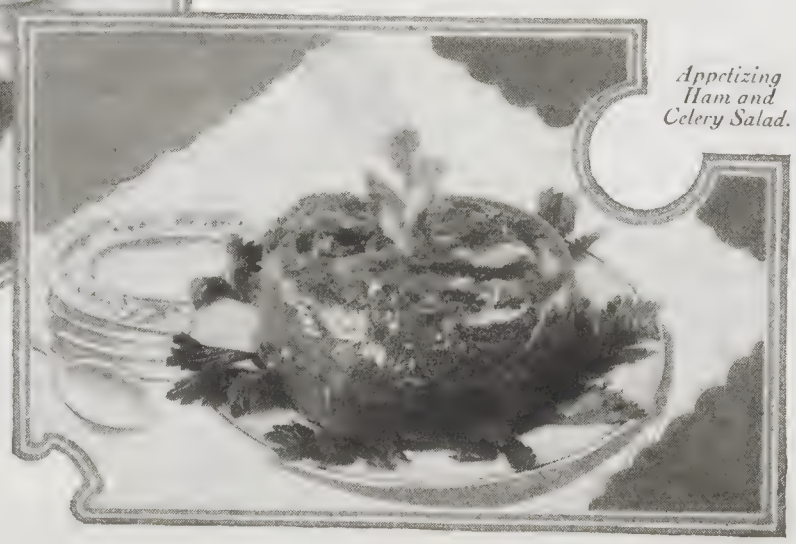
Rhubarb Pudding

Stewed rhubarb, 3 c. — Raisins, ½ c.
Butter, 2 tb. — Eggs, 2
Flour, 1 c. — Milk, 1 c.
Baking powder, 2 t. — Sugar, ½ c.
Salt, ¼ t.

Put the raisins and rhubarb in the bottom of a buttered bake dish. Mix the other ingredients as for a cake, and pour over the rhubarb. Bake in a moderate oven till done. The rhubarb and raisin mixture may be heated, while the batter is being prepared.

Rhubarb Whip

Cook 3 c. of inch pieces of rhubarb in the double boiler with one-third as much sugar, and a sliced lemon, till it is quite tender. Remove the pieces of lemon, and mash the rhubarb with a fork, and cool. Fold in a cup of stiffly whipped cream or two well-beaten egg whites, pile in glass dishes and serve.



Appetizing Ham and Celery Salad.

Kraft Cheese Roast
see recipe below

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There are many kinds of Kraft Cheese—a variety for every taste—each in its neat, distinctive package. So no matter what your favourite cheese may be, you will not be disappointed in its quality if you say "Kraft" before you say cheese. You can buy Kraft Cheese by the slice, in half pound and pound cartons, and in packages and jars.

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KRAFT MACLAREN CHEESE CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL

KRAFT K CHEESE

KRAFT CHEESE ROAST

Ingredients: One lb. Canned Kidney Beans, ½ lb. KRAFT CHEESE grated, one Onion chopped fine, one tablespoon of Butter, one Cup Bread Crumbs, Salt, Pepper and Paprika to taste, Two Eggs.... Drain liquid from beans; then run beans and cheese through food chopper. Add seasonings. Cook onion in butter. Beat eggs thoroughly. Mix. Mold into loaf or roll. Moisten with melted butter and water and roll in bread crumbs or pack firmly in a buttered baking dish and cover the top with buttered crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven until nicely browned. Serve with tomato sauce.

Family doctors *recommend*

Robin Hood Flour because it is pure and wholesome. You also get more loaves to each bag.

Robin Hood FLOUR

Positive "MONEY BACK" Guarantee in each bag.

Am I Like Other People?

"IS IT usual for people to feel tired and languid as they go about their work?"

"Do they lie awake at nights unable to sleep and think and think and think?"

"Are they afraid of indigestion when they sit down to a meal?"

"Surely this is not the normal life of the healthy man or woman."

"Then I must be abnormal. I must be sick. There must be something wrong with my nerves."

In this way, it may have dawned on you that you are really sick and that something must be done if you are to escape a nervous breakdown.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food feeds the nerves back to health and vigor. This is Nature's way—the only sure way in which the nerves can be fully restored. It has proven effective in so many thousands of cases that it is not likely to fail you.

Do not let yourself drift along to mental and physical collapse when it is so easy to restore the exhausted nerves with Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

The greatest of nerve restoratives

RHUBARB PRESERVES—JAMS—CONSERVES

While rhubarb is cheap and at its best is a good time to fill jars and glasses for next winter. It lends itself admirably to combinations with other fruits. It is a decided advantage to get some of the canning out of the way before the very hot weather comes, and before one grows too busy with the other, later fruits.

Delicious combinations can be made with strawberries, raspberries, nuts, oranges, lemons, and pineapple, either fresh or canned.

Pineapple and Rhubarb Conserve

Pineapple, 1 ripe or 1 qt. can, either crushed or sliced
Red rhubarb, 6 lbs. Lemon, 1
Raisins, 1 c. Oranges, 2
Sugar, 6 lbs.

If fresh pineapple is used, cut it in small pieces and stew with a very little water, till tender, add the other ingredients, and simmer all together till thick, like marmalade, leaving the raisins out till the mixture is nearly done, or they may become tough. Cut the rhubarb in uniform pieces, and slice the oranges and lemon as thinly as possible.

WHEN PINEAPPLES ARE IN SEASON

A universally favorite fruit is the pineapple, whether fresh or canned. Countless are the ways in which it may be used. The very fragrance of a freshly cut fruit, or a freshly opened can, stirs the imagination. The fruit has no connection whatever with pine trees. It was so named because of its resemblance to the pine cone. It is a tropical and semi-tropical product, thriving in the West Indies, Florida Central America, China, and especially in Hawaii. We know that the fruit was known to the Spanish away back in the early part of the sixteenth century, and we read of its use at Royal banquets in England in the seventeenth century. But it is within the past twenty-five years that its use has developed so enormously. In 1885 we hear of the first plantation in Hawaii, of just five acres. Seven years later, the first cannery was established. Today, the pineapple production is second only to the sugar output.

The plant seems more nearly related to the cactus than to any other. It is not difficult to grow, as it has but few insect enemies, and only demands the right amount of moisture. The total height of the plant is not more than to one's waist. It bears one pine on each of the two or three suckers. About ten months after planting, a purple blossom, not unlike a thistle, appears on the top of the plant. Five or six months later there is a golden fruit in its place. The pickers bend it over and break it off the stem, when it is ready for the cannery.

The ripe fruit cannot be shipped as it is too perishable, so it must be picked green and allowed to ripen on shipboard and in the markets, when the finest of its flavor is lost. Nevertheless, it is still delicious, and when in season should be used as freely as one can afford. It is especially valuable on account of the bromelin, a ferment, which it contains. Bromelin is an excellent aid in digesting proteins. Anyone who has ever tried to add fresh pineapple to gelatin, has learned that it literally digests the gelatin, preventing its thickening. The fruit must first be cooked to destroy the bromelin before combining it with gelatin. This property makes raw fresh pineapple an excellent fruit to serve at a dinner, whether as cocktail, salad or dessert, to assist in digesting the meat, cheese or other proteins. Cheese and pineapple seem to be an unusually harmonious combination.

Throat specialists have for some years considered pineapple juice valuable as a remedy for certain throat troubles. Certainly it is very comforting, if one is suffering from a very sore throat, an attack of tonsilitis for example, to have a glass of pineapple juice at hand, to take frequent little sips to relieve the discomfort. The acid of pineapple is valuable in correcting the acid conditions of the body, particularly for those with a tendency to rheumatism. How much of its food value is lost in the canning process in addition to the bromelin, we do not know, but we do know that the canned product is rich in mineral salts, acid, and Vitamines A and B.

Crushed and sliced pineapple are of equal quality, but are of two different forms, making them suitable for different purposes. And unlimited are those purposes.

To Prepare Fresh Pineapple

We distinguish ripe fruit in the market by pulling the leaves out at the top. They come out very readily when the fruit is ripe. If one gets some that are too green to use, they should be wrapped in paper and put in a cool place till they ripen.

The fruit is sliced, then each slice peeled, and the eyes removed. Much less juice is wasted than if the whole fruit is peeled before slicing. Then it is cut in cubes, or divided with two silver forks, sprinkled with sugar and set away in a cool place for a few hours. No dish could be much more attractive than chilled pineapple served in this way. Many people like it combined with ripe strawberries.

Strawberry-Pineapple Cocktail

Put ripe berries, sprinkled with powdered sugar in cocktail glasses, with cubes of sweetened ripe pineapple, or mix with crushed pineapple. In the latter case, sugar may or may not be required.

Pineapple-Banana Cocktail

Fill cocktail glasses with cubes of banana and of pineapple and its juice, and top with a cherry.

II

Fill glasses with cubes of banana, orange and either cubed or crushed pineapple, and a cherry or a strawberry on top.

Pineapple with Meats

Cut slices of pineapple in two, dip in flour, and brown in the frying pan in butter or bacon fat, and arrange around the meat on a platter. This is especially good with meat loaf.

In Desserts

Fill halves of cantaloupe with sweetened cubes of pineapple and serve very cold.

Marshmallow Dessert

Cut marshmallows in quarters, put in a glass or china dish, cover with crushed pineapple, and let stand in the ice-box for several hours till the marshmallows are soaked with the pineapple juice. This is very good for the small children's party, where nothing too hard to digest must be given to such tiny people.

Pineapple Fritters

Dip pieces of sliced pineapple in fritter batter till covered with the batter, and fry in deep fat, drain on brown paper and serve hot.

Pineapple Sundae

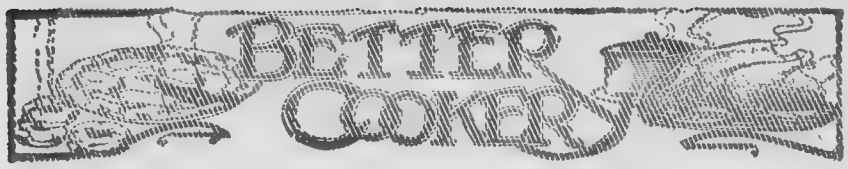
Make a syrup of 1 c. sugar, 1 c. water by boiling about 5 or 6 minutes, then add 2 c. of crushed pineapple with its juice. Stir well, cool and serve on vanilla ice cream. The children will enjoy cornstarch pudding, molded in cups, turned out on pretty dessert plates, and a spoonful or two of the pineapple put on top.

Pineapple Pudding

In a buttered bake dish put alternate layers of stale cake crumbs and crushed pineapple, adding a little water if there is not enough juice to moisten the cake. Have crumbs on top, and dot with butter. Bake in a moderate oven about half an hour, and serve either warm or cold with custard sauce or cream.

Pineapple Cream

A "party" dessert.
Grated pineapple, 1 c. Cream, 1 c.
Powdered sugar, ¼ c.
Marshmallows, ¼ lb.



Mix the marshmallows, cut in quarters, with the pineapple, and if liked, a few drops of lemon juice. Let stand till serving time. Fold in cream, whipped and sweetened with the powdered sugar. Arrange lady fingers or small strips of the cake on pretty dessert plates, so that they radiate from the center. Pile the pineapple mixture on top, and decorate with a cherry, or bit of colored jelly, etc., as wished to carry out the color scheme.

Frozen Desserts

Pineapple is delicious in various ice creams and sherbets, and water ices.

SALADS FOR EARLY SUMMER

At no other time of the year do salads appeal so strongly to us as early in the summer time. Lettuce is plentiful, as well as many other tender young vegetables. A substantial salad may well form the main dish of a meal, lunch or supper, or even dinner if there is one hot dish. Or it may be the dessert, using either fresh or canned fruit.

Salad Dressing I

Salt, 1 t. Flour, 1 tb.
Egg, 1 or yolks of 2 Mustard, 1 t.
Scalded milk, ¾ c. Sugar, 2 t.
Cayenne, few gr. Hot vinegar, ½ c.
Melted butter, 2 t.

This makes a small quantity, enough for one or two meals.

Mix dry ingredients, add the beaten egg, then the hot milk, stirring, then put in the double boiler, add the hot vinegar, and cook, while stirring, till it becomes thick. Add the melted butter.

Dressing for Fruit Salad

Egg yolks, 3 Salt, ¼ t.
Sugar, M c. Pepper, ¼ t.
Vinegar, M c. Whipped cream

Mix all ingredients but the whipped cream, cook while stirring, in the double boiler. Cool. Add whipped cream when ready to serve.

French Dressing

Salt, 1 t. Vinegar, 3 tb.
Oil, ½ c. Sugar, 1 t.
Paprika, ½ t.

Beat with a dover egg beater, or put in a jar with a screw top and shake till well blended.

Variations

French dressing may be varied by many additions.

I. To the dressing add 2 tb. each of chopped parsley and chopped onion, 1 chopped hard cooked egg, ¼ c. chopped cooked beets.
II. Replace 2 tb. of vinegar with 3 tb. pineapple juice, 3 tb. orange juice.
III. Add ½ t. mustard, 1 t. Worcester sauce, ½ t. onion juice.
IV. Add ¼ c. chutney sauce.
V. Add ¼ c. tomato catsup.
VI. Add 4 tb. crumbled Roquefort cheese.
VII. Add 2 tb. capers, 2 tb. stuffed olives, chopped.
VIII. Add 2 tb. chopped green pepper, 2 tb. chopped red pepper, 3 tb. chopped celery, 1 t. chopped onion.

Variations of Cooked Dressing

I. Separate the eggs and fold in the stiffly beaten whites when cold.
II. Add 4 tb. India relish.
III. Add 3 tb. orange juice and 3 tb. pineapple juice.
IV. Add 1 chopped hard-cooked egg, 1 chopped pimento, 1 tb. chopped cucumber pickle.

Mayonnaise Dressing

Mustard, ½ t. Egg yolk, 1
Salt, ½ t. Vinegar, 2 tb.
Paprika, ¼ t. Oil, 1 c.

Mix the dry ingredients, add the egg yolk, mix, add 1 tb. of vinegar, then the oil a drop or two at a time, beating constantly, then as it thickens, the rest of the vinegar.

Variations

To the mayonnaise add:

I. 1 tb. sweet mixed pickles, chopped, 3 tb. chopped olives, 1 tb. capers.
II. 2 tb. chopped raisins, 2 tb. chopped dates, 1 tb. chopped nuts.
III. ¼ c. Chili sauce, 2 tb. chopped green pepper, 2 tb. chopped olives, 1 t. chopped onion.
IV. 4 tb. tomato catsup, 1 tb. Worcestershire sauce.
V. 4 tb. chow-chow, chopped.
VI. 2 tb. prepared horseradish.

Lettuce Salad

Use any desired dressing with lettuce, but do not add the dressing till ready to serve, or the salad will not be crisp.

Watercress Salad

Wash and pick over the cress carefully, chill in very cold water, shake as dry as possible, and serve with dressing, preferably French.

Cabbage Salad

Shred the cabbage, chill in cold water, drain, mix with water cress and cooked dressing.

Dandelion Salad

Select very tender young dandelion leaves, so they will not be bitter. Wash well, crisp by washing in very cold water, then wrapping in cheese cloth and letting stand in the icebox. Mix with cress and slices of radishes, and serve with dressing.

Lettuce and Cress Salad

Make a bed of lettuce, on it place washed cress, decorate with slices of cucumber and radish, and serve with dressing.

Cabbage and Pea Salad

Shredded cabbage Canned drained peas
Cooked dressing to moisten

Spinach and Asparagus

Cooked spinach, 2 c. Salt and pepper
Lemon juice, 1 tb. Asparagus tips
Dressing, cooked Lettuce

Chop the spinach, season with the lemon juice, salt and pepper, and pack in molds. Turn out on lettuce beds, decorate with the asparagus tips, and serve with cooked dressing.

Spinach with Carrots

Turn the molded seasoned spinach out on lettuce leaves, and surrounded with fine strips of carrot, crisped in cold water. Serve with cooked dressing with a little chopped radish mixed in it.

Cabbage and Carrot

Mix finely chopped cabbage, shredded tender carrots and dressing, seasoned with a little finely chopped onion.

Carrot and Apple

Grated carrot, raw Chopped celery
Chopped apple Dressing

Vegetable Spring Salad

Use all the early vegetables available and arrange individual servings as attractively as possible. Use cress or lettuce for the foundation, slices of cucumber, sections of ripe tomato, asparagus tips, little radish roses, whole string beans, a few peas. Pass dressing with it.

Potato Salad

Cold boiled diced potato, 2 c. Diced apple, 1 c.
Cooked dressing
Finely cut celery, 1 c.

String Bean Salad

Cook young string beans till tender, drain and chill, or use canned beans, leaving them whole. Arrange in piles on beds of lettuce or cress. Bind the bundles together with strips of pimento, and serve with dressing to which has been added pickle of some kind, or tomato catsup, or canned tomato soup.

Asparagus Salad

Asparagus tips are used in the same way as the string beans, above.

Beet Salad

Tiny boiled whole beets, or slices of larger beets, or cubes, celery curls, lettuce, cheese dressing.

Continued on column 72

772 New York State Doctors *declare:* "Cream of Tartar Baking Powder is most healthful"

FAMILY physicians and specialists,—a representative group of doctors from New York State, were lately asked:

"What kind of baking powder is best from a health point of view?"

And 772 doctors, 83% of all who expressed an opinion, replied, *"Cream of Tartar."*

Experts agree in preferring cream of tartar baking powder, just as housewives prefer it.

* * *

Experienced and inexperienced, alike, women all over the world who are particular about their cookery always use Royal—the Cream of Tartar Baking Powder.

For 50 years Royal has been made with the finest imported cream of tartar. It leavens perfectly every time—you've never known it to fail. And Royal leaves no bitter taste.

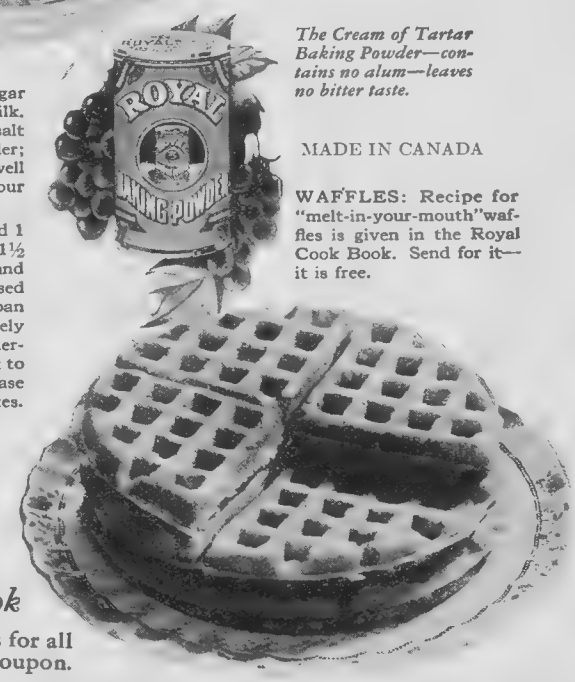
The Cream of Tartar Baking Powder—contains no alum—leaves no bitter taste.

MADE IN CANADA

FIG CAKE: Cream 1½ cups sugar and ¾ cup butter; add 1 cup milk. Sift 3 cups pastry flour, ½ tsp. salt and 4 tsps. Royal Baking Powder; add one-half of the flour, then 4 well beaten egg whites, then rest of flour and 1 tsp. lemon extract.

Take ⅔ of the mixture and add 1 tsp. cinnamon, 1 tsp. nutmeg, 1½ cups finely cut and floured figs and 1 tbsp. molasses. Put in a greased and slightly floured round tube pan a spoon of dark mixture alternately as for marble cake. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.). Increase heat to 360° F. and last half hour decrease to 350° F. Bake about 55 minutes. Makes one 8-inch loaf.

WAFFLES: Recipe for "melt-in-your-mouth" waffles is given in the Royal Cook Book. Send for it—it is free.



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MADE IN CANADA

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THE OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS CO., LTD.
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WINNIPEG, MEDICINE HAT, EDMONTON

A leisurely breakfast and plenty of

SEAL BRAND

Coffee — that's the way to begin the day!

115

What is Wrong With Marriage?

Read Janey Canuck's vivid and illuminating article on this vital subject in the July issue of the Western Home Monthly.

This is an article that everybody should peruse.

Better Cookery

Continued from page 71

CAULIFLOWER SALAD

Flowerets of cooked cauliflower, chilled, lettuce. Cheese dressing, garnish of green peas.

Cabbage Nut Salad

Shredded cabbage, crushed peanuts, cooked dressing, garnish of pimento or green pepper

Cucumber and Tomato

Slices of cucumber, sections of tomato, lettuce, dressing.

II

Cucumber cubes, tomatoes, celery rings, lettuce, dressing with chopped onion, cress or parsley for garnish.

Cauliflower and Carrot

Cooked flowerets of cauliflower, cubes of cooked carrot, cooked green peas, lettuce, dressing.

Cauliflower and Beets

Cauliflower flowerets, string beans, tiny whole beets, lettuce, dressing, parsley or cress for garnishing.

Radish and Onion Salad

On lettuce leaves arrange thin slices of radishes, and sprinkle with tender green onions, chopped.

Stuffed Tomato

Peel and hollow out the required number of tomatoes. Fill with minced cooked meat or fish mixed with chopped celery and salad dressing.

HEARTY SALADS FOR THE MAIN COURSE

Meat

Diced cooked veal and cubes of cucumber, with salad dressing.

Chicken

Cubes of chicken, apple, celery, nut meats and dressing on lettuce.

Shrimp

Shrimps, diced, cold boiled rice, cooked so that the grains have remained separate, celery, cooked dressing, lettuce or cress.

Salmon or Tuna

Flaked canned fish, shaved cabbage, dressing, lettuce or cress or parsley.

Chicken Vegetable Salad

Cubes of cold chicken, peas, inch pieces of string beans, lettuce, dressing, garnish of beets and asparagus tips.

Mock Chicken Salad

Cubes of cooked veal, celery, chopped, and dressing.

Tongue Salad

Diced cold tongue, cubes of cooked carrot, cooked dressing, garnished with cress or parsley.

Ham Salad

Gelatine, 1 tb.
Cold water, 2 tb.
Salad dressing, ½ c.
Minced parsley
Minced celery, ¼ c.
Cold cooked ham, chopped

Dilute the salad dressing with tomato coup to make the half cup or a little more. Soak the gelatine in the cold water, then melt it over hot water. Sprinkle the chopped parsley evenly over the inside of a mold. Mix the other ingredients well together, and set to harden in the mold, turn out on lettuce. Serve additional dressing if needed.

Tomato-Vegetable-Jelly Salad

Canned tomatoes, 1 qt. can
Onion, 1
Peppercorns, 6–8
Small piece bay leaf
Salt
Lettuce
Peas, 1 c.
Vinegar, 1 tb.
Gelatin, 3 tb.
Cold water, 4 tb.
Celery rings, ½ c.
Hard cooked egg
Sugar, 1 t.
Dressing

Simmer the tomato and seasonings 15 minutes, strain and add the gelatin soaked in the hot water, then the celery and peas when it begins to stiffen. Arrange the

Continued on page 73

ROYAL YEAST CAKES

BY USING ROYAL YEAST CAKES YOU MAKE PERFECT BREAD

Their original goodness is fully preserved, from the factory to your kitchen by sealing each cake in an air-tight waxed paper wrapper.

FOR HOME BAKING

Continued from page 72

slices of egg on the bottom and sides of the mold. Turn out on lettuce and serve with dressing.

Pineapple-Raisin Salad

Put a slice of pineapple on each individual plate, with lettuce leaves. On each one place a ball made of cream cheese and chopped raisins moistened with salad dressing.

Banana and Date Salad

Bananas cut in quarters lengthwise, then in halves crosswise. Dates, stoned and cut in strips, dressing, on top then a sprinkling of chopped nuts, all on beds of lettuce.

Pear Cottage Cheese Salad

Arrange a canned pear on a lettuce leaf for each serving. Fill the cavity with a ball made of cottage cheese, cover with cooked dressing with whipped cream folded in it, and put fresh ripe strawberries on top.

White and Gold Salad

On lettuce leaves arrange alternate sections of oranges, grapefruit, and slices of fresh or canned pears, each overlapping the next. Serve with whipped cream dressing.

Gingerale Salad

Gelatin, 3 tb.	Gingerale, 1½ c.
Cold Water, 2 tb.	Fruit.
Boiling Water ¼ c.	Lemon Juice, 3 tb.
Sugar, 2 tb.	Lettuce. Dressing.

Mix as for any gelatin, adding any desired fruits when it begins to thicken. If acidulated gelatin is used, less lemon juice may be required.

Celery, Nut, Raisin Salad

Combine celery rings, raisins cut in pieces, broken nut meats with enough salad dressing to hold them together, and pile on lettuce.

Prune Salad

Soak and steam large prunes. Remove the pits and fill the cavity with cream or cottage cheese mixed with nutmeats and salad dressing. Arrange in lettuce nests, put a little more dressing on the center and sprinkle with nutmeats.

Mixed Fruit Salad

Oranges 2, bananas 2, pineapples 4 slices, all cubed. Malaga or canned grapes, seeded and cut in halves, lettuce, dressing.

Orange and Date

Sections of oranges, dates, pitted and cut in quarters, in a bowl lined with lettuce leaves, dressing, and a sprinkling of grated cheese.

Cabbage and Pineapple

Finely shredded cabbage, drained crushed pineapple, dressing and a garnish of green peper or paprika.

Lettuce With Orange Dressing

To each 3 tb. of rather thick cooked dressing, add the pulp and juice of an orange, scraping the pulp out with a spoon. Pour over hearts of lettuce.

Banana Sandwich Salad

Allow a hole or a half banana to each serving, according to the size of them. Split lengthwise, spread with filling made of a mixture of chopped raisins, chopped preserved ginger, nut meats, moistened with a little orange juice or ginger syrup. Put on lettuce or cress, and a spoonful of dressing on top.

COOKIES THAT ARE GOOD FOR GROWING CHILDREN

"Sugar 'n spice 'n everything nice go into little girls and the best everyday cookies in the cookbooks," says Nancy Dorris Home Economics expert in New York Evening World. "Other cookies may be richer and more particular; and expensive. The old-fashioned oatmeal drops have that spicy, nut-and-raisin flavor that calls for Another and still Another.

Being a simple sweet, these dropsdon't bring illness in their wake. Not a headache in a whole brightly colored tin boxful. Good hot, they are better some days old. And the child may eat them, too. So saying, the recipe should follow here!

Oatmeal Nut Drops

Shortening, 1 c.	Sugar, 1 c.
Eggs, 2.	Sour milk, 4 tb.
Oatmeal, 2 c.	Flour, 2 c.
Soda, 1 t.	Cinnamon, 1 t.
Nutmeg, ½ t.	
Nut meats and Raisins, ½ c. each.	

Dropped from a teaspoon the cookies are soon ready for baking and no sooner have they been placed in the oven, so it seems to the busy cook, than out they must come and be placed upon a rack to cool. The quantity makes a nice tinful of tiny drops. The number varies from three to four dozen.

Collect the following working kit: mixing bowl, nutcracker, bowl, measuring cup, tablespoon, teaspoon, sifter, large spoon, greased baking sheet or sheets, thermometer, clock, spatula, rack from the oven.

Crack the nuts and break into pieces. Pick the seeded raisins apart and cut in halves. Set aside. Cream the shortening, half butter and lard, all butter or any favorite shortening does nicely. Add the sugar, brown or white, as you prefer. Beat in the eggs and then the sour milk. (Note: When sour milk is lacking add lemon juice drop by drop to sweet milk until the proper sourness is reached.)

Now sift the flour with the soda, cinnamon and nutmeg. Add to the sugar-shortening-eggs-sour milk mixture and stir in the oatmeal. Add the nuts and raisins at the same time and mix well. You may increase the amount of raisins and nuts without RUINING the cookies!

Have the oven at a moderate heat by this time. The thermometer reading should be at 375 degrees Fahrenheit. Or moderately hot to the hand thrust in professionally! Drop the oatmeal mixture from a teaspoon upon the greased baking sheet and place in the oven. The baking time varies from ten to twelve minutes. Look at the cookies at the ten-minute mark; if they are not brown enough let them stay in twelve minutes. It might be well to try one cookie in a small tin and find out how you like the cookie baked before putting in the whole sheet.

As the cookies come from the oven lift the sheet with your flexible knife, the spatula, and place upon the oven rack to cool. Grease the sheet afresh and drop another sheetful. Continue this operation until all the dough is baked. By that time some of the cookies will be cool enough for the packing in oil paper in the tin box. Keep covered if you want a crispy cookie.

Importance of Oats In Your Baby's Diet

Oatmeal plays an important part in the feeding of the very young baby of today. The careful mother starts adding it to baby's milk ration at the tender age of six weeks. Following is the recipe recommended by infant welfare stations, doctors and dietitians: To make oatmeal water to add to milk formula, stir 1 tablespoon of Oats into one pint of boiling water; cook from twenty to thirty minutes, strain and add enough water to bring the quantity up to one pint again. Add to baby's milk in just the proportions your doctor recommends.

Boil equal amount of water and rolled oats with pinch of salt for twenty minutes. Strain, cool and keep on ice. Combine this with whole milk as a drink for the under-weight child or vary flavoring by adding sugar, cinnamon and dash of nutmeg.

Peanut Butter or School Lunch Muffins

Quick Oats, ½ c.	Flour, ½ c.
Salt, ½ t.	Baking powder, 2 t.
Butter, 1 t.	Peanut butter, 1 tb.
Milk, ½ c.	Egg, 1.

Continued on page 74

Four ways to A man's heart!

All from *one* package of

KNOX *Sparkling* **GELATINE**

"The Highest Quality for Health"

HE, who sits at the head of the table, likes his desserts dainty, but *substantial*. He likes his salads delicious, but *nutritious*, too! And when he is served with leftovers from "yesterday's dinner" he appreciates having them in a new form, with a new flavor—so that they don't taste or look like "leftovers"! Pleasing a man's taste is easy—if you know Knox Sparkling Gelatine. It is the purest of gelatine, without flavoring, coloring or sweetening. You combine it with *real* fruits and *real* vegetables—your dishes have *real* flavor, *real* food value!

Why not try the delightful recipes on this page? In one package of Knox Gelatine there is enough gelatine to make all FOUR—six generous servings of each! Write for Mrs. Knox's newest and most helpful book on dainty cookery—it is free, if you mention your grocer's name.

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PERFECTION SALAD
(6 Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water — 1 cup boiling water
¼ cup mild vinegar — ¼ cup sugar
1 tablespoonful lemon juice — ½ teaspoonful salt
½ cup cabbage, finely shredded
1 cup celery, cut in small pieces; 1 pimento, cut in small pieces (or red or green peppers)
½ cup grated raw carrot, if desired

Soak gelatine in the cold water 5 minutes. Add boiling water, sugar, salt, vinegar and lemon juice. When mixture begins to stiffen, add remaining ingredients. Turn into wet molds and chill. Remove to bed of lettuce or endive. Garnish with mayonnaise dressing, or cut in cubes and serve in cases made of red or green peppers. Fresh or canned fruit may be used instead of the vegetables.

MEAT LOAF
(6 Servings)

Take one and one-half cups of any leftover well seasoned stock, bouillon or diluted gravy, bring to the boiling point and add one level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine softened in one-fourth cup cold water. When mixture begins to stiffen, add two cups of any cold chopped meat at hand (veal, ham, beef, or chicken). Also mold in a little red or green pepper, celery, onion if desired, or parsley. Turn into a square mold first dipped in cold water and chill. Remove from mold and cut in slices for serving.

PRUNE ORIENTAL CREAM
(6 Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water — ½ cup milk
¼ cup scalded milk — ⅓ cup cooked prunes, cut in pieces
½ cup sugar
Whites of two eggs — ½ cup chopped figs
½ pint heavy cream — Salt

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, dissolve in scalded milk, and add sugar. Strain into a bowl, set in pan containing ice water, and stir constantly until mixture begins to thicken; then add whites of eggs, beaten until stiff, heavy cream, diluted with milk and beaten until stiff, prunes and figs. Turn into a wet mold, the bottom and sides of which are garnished with halves of cooked prunes, and chill. Remove from mold to serving dish, and garnish with whipped cream (sweetened and flavored with vanilla), forced through a pastry bag and tube, and chopped pistachio nuts.

CHOCOLATE SPONGE
(6 Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water — ½ cup sugar
¼ cup boiling water — 3 eggs
1 teaspoonful vanilla — Few grains of salt
2 squares of chocolate or 6 tablespoonfuls cocoa

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, then dissolve in boiling water. Add cocoa or melted chocolate. Beat egg whites until stiff and add well beaten egg yolks to the whites. Add sugar, then the dissolved gelatine, which has been beaten well. Beat and add flavoring. Pour into wet mold, chill and serve with whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk.
NOTE: *Chopped nuts or macaroons may be added and, for a more elaborate dessert, line mold with lady fingers or sponge cake.*

Many Women Here Use Home Method, Free Skin of Hair

Novel, Safe French Method Ends Superfluous Hair Promptly

To remove superfluous hair from arms, legs and neck—to regain the clean, smooth, daintily feminine skin of girlhood—hundreds of Canadian women, taking the advice of beauty specialists, have resorted to a safe, inexpensive home treatment that never fails to produce results. Mrs. Henry Long's experience, printed below, is typical, druggists here tell us, of the experience of numbers of women in these parts.

She Removed Superfluous Hair From Arms, Legs and Neck

It was a beauty doctor who first recommended X-Bazin to Mrs. Long—after she had experimented vainly with costly and painful methods that failed to give her permanent relief from unwanted hair.

Applying X-Bazin like a cold cream, she left it on her skin a few moments, then easily washed it off like soap. "I found the hair all gone and my skin delightfully clean, soft and smooth," Mrs. Long reports. "I now use X-Bazin at home on my arms, legs and neck. It has given back to me the daintily feminine skin I had as a little girl."

X-Bazin cream depilatory, made on the formula of Dr. Xavier Bazin, the noted French scientist, has helped thousands of women to regain smooth, soft, hair-free skin. A generous tube, with certified directions, may be had of your druggist or toilet goods dealer for 50c. Trial 10c tubes also to be had at the better 5c and 10c stores.

X-BAZIN CREAM
(MADE IN CANADA)
Removes Superfluous Hair
Painless, Inexpensive and Quick
"Put On Like Cold Cream, Wash Off Like Soap"
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Use Evan Williams Shampoos to keep it silky and healthy.
"Camomile" for fair hair. "Graduated Henna" for brown or black hair.
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Sole Canadian Distributors
PALMERS LIMITED, MONTREAL
Evan Williams
HENNA
SHAMPOO

BETTER COOKERY

Continued from page 73

Mix oatmeal, flour, salt, sugar and baking powder. Melt butter and peanut butter together, add to dry mixture; add egg well beaten and milk. Bake in muffin rings. These are a delicious addition to the school lunch.

Dainty Oat Cakes For Afternoon Teas

Dainty cakes for afternoon tea can be easily made by baking cakes in small crimped paper cases instead of muffin rings. Honey-Oatmeal cakes are delicious baked this way. The receipe is as follows:

Milk, 1 c. Egg, 1.
Quick Oatmeal, 1½ c. Flour, 1½ c.
Melted butter, 2 tb. Baking powder, 3 t.
Honey, ¼ c. Salt, 1 t.
Chopped nut meats, ½ c.

Beat egg, add milk, honey, melted shortening, nutmeats and oatmeal. Sift flour with baking powder and salt and add to first mixture. Fill paper cases two-thirds full, bake in moderate oven for fifteen minutes. When cool remove from paper cases and put in fresh paper cases for service.

If you want a pretty looking cake plate, decorate each cake with a teaspoon confectioner's sugar frosting. Make this icing by moistening confectioner's sugar with hot milk, add ½ teaspoonful flavoring and 1 teaspoon butter. Decorate each cake with a little mound of this icing and dot with a candied cherry or a bit of angelique.

Oatmeal En Casserole

"Butter a baking dish and put into it alternate layers of uncooked oatmeal, canned tomatoes and minced round steak or fresh hambourger, which has been seasoned with salt and onion. Cover with buttered crumbs and bake forty minutes in a moderate oven."

IS EATING BECOMING A SCIENCE

A NATION-wide chain of popular resturants, with headquarters in New York City, has for some time been listing opposite every item on its menu the number of colories which each serving is calculated to contain.

We are told, for example, that an order of griddle cakes contains 700 calories, while "vegetable in casserole" supply a paltry 225; that an innocent-looking fig pudding harbors 535 calories, while a half grape fruit furnishes a humble 70. Thus the curious-minded are enabled to compute that a lunch consisting of, say, corned beef hash with poached egg, a glass of milk and a piece of apple pie has a caloric content of exactly 1000, or a third of the daily quota for a person of moderate activity.

Encouraged by the public's increasing interest in matters of diet, this same chain of restaurants has lately gone a step further. Taking for its motto the phrase, "Watch your step; go vegetable-wise," it is featuring a number of popular-priced vegetarian dinner combinations, urging upon its patrons with weighty arguments the importance of eating the foods which science tells us are the best.

On every side today we hear that we should not eat this, that we should eat that. "Drink more milk." "Eat less meat." "Eat more freely of fruits and green vegetables." Good advise all of it. But where will it end? Is there not a danger that eating may become too much governed by rule?

All the pleasure of a meal may vanish with undue worry about what and what not to eat. And it is well to remember; food that is enjoyed is most easily digested.

Increasing numbers of physicians and dietitians point out a way to avoid the danger of making meals a drudgery. They say:

Don't neglect the necessary wholesome foods. But don't deny yourself all the foods you like, either. You can do this without misgivings if you simply eat a cake of yeast before each meal.

By promoting regular habits, yeast has been found by thousands to be a simple, convenient means to combat the ills that follow from faulty intestinal elimination.

That yeast is a universal panacea is to be doubted—doctors and maker alike, in fact, being careful to point out that it is not. But if, as is unquestionably the case, it makes life happier by enabling us to eat what we wish without fear of the consequences, who will fail to vote for it as a valuable addition to the modern diet?

Federated Women's Institutes

Manitoba Notes

Arizona—The members are planning to make two quilts, one of cotton and one of wool. These will be used as Xmas gifts.

Arrow River—The Institute is building two tennis courts.

Ashern—The members sold wool flowers to get a little money for the treasury.

Beausejour—The members enjoyed two demonstrations, one on candy making, and the other on puff pastry.

Birds Hill had an exhibition of "old home treasures." Quite a number of real antiques were shown.

Carman—Each of the two girls securing the highest marks in sewing, and winning the trip to Winnipeg offered by the Department of Education, will be presented with $5.00.

Cromarty—An invitation to visit the Makaroff W.I. in July and provide the programme, was accepted.

Dugald—The secretary tells us that a "memory quilt" has been started by the members.

Elphinstone—The local dressmaker gave a demonstration on the use of patterns, which was greatly appreciated, as the majority of the women do their own sewing.

Endcliffe—A very beautiful crib comforter made by one of the members was on exhibition. The comforter was sent to an infant, whose mother founded the Endcliffe Institute.

Foxwarren—The librarian reports having bought fifty-one new books. Two members are preparing papers on pioneer days.

Gladstone plans to aid "Back Home" week, in July.

Gimli raised $145.30 by giving a concert.

Great Falls hopes to organize a Health Conference.

Harding—The sum of $25.00 has been voted to Greenwood cemetery. Received $72.00 from play.

Hartney—An exhibition of fancy cushions was held; the owner of each explaining how it was made. This was helpful as well as pleasing.

Inglis—The secretary tells us that the community hall is finished. "It is a nice building, 30x70, and the small amount still owing will be paid off during the summer, we hope."

Isabella—The secretary writes: "We have adopted the birthday box system to increase our funds."

Kenton—The members enjoyed a talk on China and Pottery. Interesting pieces of old china were displayed.

Killarney—The secretary tells us that they have a splendid programme committee, and that the members are finding the meetings much improved.

Langruth—Arrangements have been made for holding an "Old Time Concert."

Lenore—The members enjoyed a demonstration on icing cake. The demonstrator insisted that each member try to use the tools to decorate the cake.

Livingstone has arranged that the lunch be served by four different members each month.

Makaroff enjoyed a paper on: "How to be prepared for the Unexpected Guests."

Medora—The hot lunch for the school children for this year ended with a fowl supper for the children.

Melita—A bazaar has been arranged at which articles made by the Blind will be sold.

Continued on page 75

Summer is Here

Our Summer 1928 Fashion Catalogue is easily the most pretentious that we have ever offered our readers. Its 48 pages depict in an understandable way the correct fashions for the coming seasons. Aside from its complete arrangement of styles of interest to women, this book also illustrates needful and attractive wearing apparel for every other member of the family. Send 20 cents to cover postage and we will gladly forward a copy to you. The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

Federated Women's Institutes

Continued from page 74

Minitonas had a splendid paper on "Why Every Woman should have a Hobby."

Morris—The Institute has offered prizes this year for the best kept lawn or yard. 1st, $5.00; 2nd, $2.50; 3rd, $1.00.

McCreary—This Institute held a grandmother's party, and the oldest grandma was presented with a china cup and saucer.

Oak Point—A little gift is sent to each new baby coming to the community.

Portage La Prairie—The Institute is holding a touchcraft sale and benefit tea for the Blind.

Ranchvale—All material has been purchased and distributed among the members working for the bazaar, which is to be held during the summer.

Rivers—The members are making a quilt to be sold; the money will be used for charitable purposes.

Roblin—The Institute sends post cards daily to each of two members in Winnipeg hospitals.

Sprague—The Institute purchased many needful things for a family whose home was burned down.

Swan River—The making of a hooked mat was demonstrated.

Tilston—The W.I. sends a little sick boy fruit and toys.

Valley River—Arrangements have been made to hold a dance in aid of the hospital.

Warren—The Institute has bought the material for four swings for the school playground, and lumber for a sandbox for the children.

Winnipegosis—Thirty-one new books have been purchased for the W.I. library.

British Columbia Notes

Agassiz presented a bouquet of flowers to the winner of the Mission City Oratorical Contest, and are endeavouring to buy a gramaphone for the Primary Room of the school.

Armstrong had over sixty houses exhibited in their Bird House Contest, which showed a marked improvement in the standard of workmanship. A School Lunch Contest was held which was judged by Miss Charlton, the School Nurse, who afterwards gave a short talk on the necessary balance in a good lunch. $25.00 was voted towards the funds of the Track Meeting on May 19th.

Arrow Park gave $5.00 to the Crippled Children's Hospital and sent exhibit to the Quilt and Rug Exhibition.

Bonnington and South Slocan had a demonstration of cream puff making.

Boswell Sanca received an interesting letter from the Hon. Secretary of Naphill W.I., Buckinghamshire, England, who visited B.C. last year. A cake was sold for the benefit of the Othoa Scott Fund and $2.00 voted to the Nelson Rest Room.

Burton City—Mrs. Hubert read Mrs. Gordon's paper on Work and Method.

Burquitlam have visited the Lozelle Institute and the Crippled Children's Hospital. They helped with tea at the Social Council Tea Room, and have decided to hold a Flower Show in July.

Cannor will hold a Flower Show in July, with special competitions for children in Home-cooking, vegetables and flowers. Members are giving plants and seeds to beautify the school grounds.

Cedar raised nearly $160.00 for the New Nanaimo Hospital by means of a "Lucky Bubble Ball."

Chilliwack held an exhibition of the word of the thirty-five members of the dress-making classes with a wonderful display of dresses, suits and coats. Attractive prizes were given and receipts for the exhibition showed a good balance. A committee was appointed to collect quilts and rugs for the Vancouver Quilt Exhibit.

Coghlan received a visit from Mrs. Humphrey on the District Board who spoke of the activities of the Board and Institute Exhibitions, etc.

Colwood sent a splendid exhibit to the Quilt Exhibition at the Victoria Home Products Fair. Mrs. Goodall showed samples of rug making and Mrs. Godfrey read a paper on "The Poets."

Coquitlam held a Whist Drive and Dance to raise funds for the May Day celebrations, and decided to purchase cloaks for the May Queen and her attendants, and to present them with bracelets. It was also decided to invite the Burnaby May Queen and her two maids to the Coquitlam celebrations.

Cortez Island are making plans for a Fall Fair and Flower Show, with which the men are to be invited to assist.

Cranbrook enjoyed a demonstration in rug making by Mrs. W. H. Brown.

Crawford Bay appointed committees for the various branches of work for the Fair. It was decided not to exhibit at Nelson but to make a special effort to make the local Fair "the best yet." The Institute is most grateful to Mrs. Gooch for the gift of a piece of land. New curtains have been given to the Community Hall and a cake basket was presented to a member on her marriage.

Creston and District awarded prizes to the winners in the Bird House Contest, for which forty-eight competed. Mrs. M. Young demonstrated "How to bud a Rose".

Denman Island are still seeking means of obtaining a doctor for the Island. By invitation of the Institute, the Denman Island Lace Club sent an excellent exhibit to the Quilt Exhibition in Victoria.

Esquimalt will hold a Fancy Fair and Flower Show in September. The dress-making classes report a good attendance. A Silver Tea and Home Cooking sale was held to raise funds for the Child Hygiene Committee.

Fern Ridge are sending quilts to the Vancouver Quilt Exhibition, and have accepted an invitation to the Hazelmere W.I. anniversary. Mrs. M. C. Knight gave an interesting and profitable talk on Institute Work and the Plans of the District Board.

Field have finished the St. John Home Nursing Course and are now working at rug making and raffia baskets.

Grindrod are making plans for a Dental Clinic, a Bath House, and a "Bubbles" Ball.

Haney are to have a rug making demonstration in May.

Harrop and District visited the School for the unveiling of the Confederation plaque and to present a framed portrait of the Prince of Wales. The Local History Roll Call proved extremely interesting and was followed by an identification contest when members had to name a collection of each others most ancient photographs. A committee was appointed to meet representatives of neighboring places to arrange a Children's Sports Day.

Hazelmere held a social afternoon to celebrate the 16th Anniversary of the Institute. Members from Surrey and Fern Ridge and several visitors, including the Superintendent, were present. At the March meeting roll call consisted of Candies and Cordials for the Cook Book. Rose and Baby Show is to be held on June 15th.

Howe Sound received a visit from Miss Johnson of the District Board and held a whist drive to raise funds. A surprise party was given to the oldest member of the Institute which was enjoyed by all concerned. A successful concert and dance was held and the quilt made by the Institute was drawn for during the evening and won by Mrs. Amy Burns.

Huntingdon gave $5.00 to the Solarium and the Crippled Children's Hospital. The Annual Banquet, with Mrs. MacLachlan as guest of Honor proved a most enjoyable affair. Prof. Boving gave an interesting address.

Kalamalka have raised over $100.00 towards playground improvement. A committee was appointed to train a team for the Girls' Judging Contest and it was decided to send $15.00 annually to the Solarium, the money being raised by a sale of seeds and plants. Neighboring institutes are to be invitited to an At Home and Exhibition of Work.

Kaslo and District have held three classes in Rug Making and are now arranging Band Classes for the boys.

Write for Free Booklets

"The Art of Correct Tea Making" tells how tea experts make tea to bring out its full flavour. Every tea drinker should have this information. Much pleasure in tea drinking is lost through improper preparation.

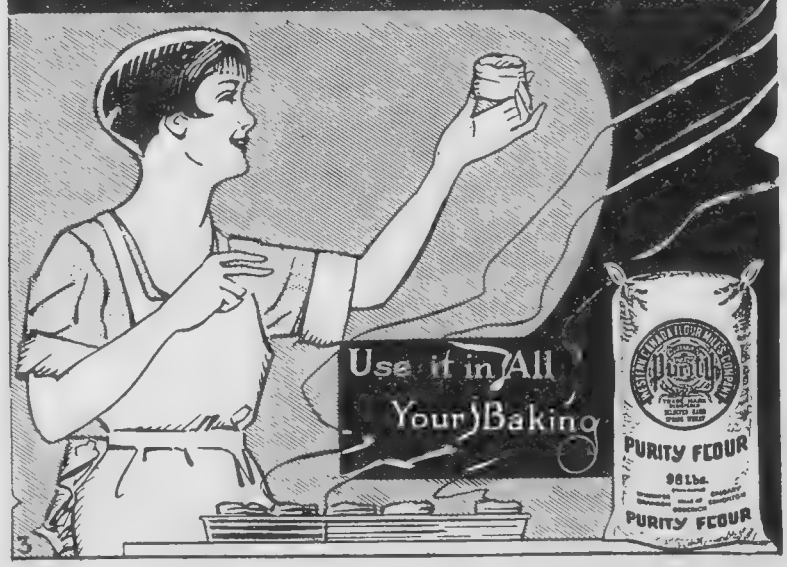
To obtain above booklets, simply write your name and address clearly on the margin of this advertisement and mail to Salada Tea Co., 461 King St. W., Toronto. They will be sent immediately.

If you have never tried SALADA, state the kind of tea you use and the price you pay and we will also mail you a 19 cup trial package of SALADA which you can test in your own tea pot, at our expense.

SALADA TEA COMPANY
OF CANADA LIMITED

W.H.M. 13

PURITY FLOUR



WHERE THERE'S DIRT THERE'S DANGER!

BUY WESTERN MADE SOAPS

Jif Suds in a Jiffy

SAVE SPECIAL "JIF" COUPONS

Real Silk Stockings for - - - 25
Dainty Rayon Silk Vests for - 25
Beautiful Rayon Silk Bloomers for 30

Fine, Fluffy Flakes

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE
4 coupons taken from ROYAL CROWN CLEANSER or LYE will count as 1 "JIF" Coupon.

COUPONS FOR PREMIUMS

THE ROYAL CROWN SOAPS LIMITED

CHARMING DESIGNS that Slenderize

6139. With sleeves this model is attractive for afternoon wear. Without sleeves it serves as a dinner or dance gown.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: for Misses and Small Women, 16, 18 and 20 years. To make this pleasing style as illustrated in the large view, for an 18-year size, will require 1⅜ yard of 39-inch figured material, and 1½ yard of plain material. If made with sleeves 2 yards of the figured material will be required. The underbody requires 1¼ yard of 32-inch lining. The sash bow requires 2⅛ yards of 10-inch ribbon or material. The width of the Dress at the lower edge is 2 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6143. This model may be used as a separate cape, or may form part of an ensemble. It may be developed in tweed, kasha or in satin, moire silk or crepe.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size will require 2½ yards of 54-inch material. If the material is cut crosswise 2¼ yards will be required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6138. Here the Jacket is of embroidered linen and the Dress of silk crepe, with which material the Jacket is lined and faced. One could use brocaded silk for the Jacket, and crepe for the Dress, and Jacket facings. Tweed, rajah or jersey are also good for this design. The width of the Dress at the lower edge with plaits extended is 3⅝ yards.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes for Misses and Small Women, 16, 18 and 20 years. To make as illustrated for an 18-year size will require 3 yards for the Dress and 1⅞ yard for the Jacket, of 39-inch material, together with ⅜ yard of contrasting material for pocket and facings on the Jacket.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6137. A circular two-piece Skirt and a Blouse comprise this model.

The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require for the Blouse 2¼ yards of 32-inch material, together with ⅜ yard of contrasting material for facing on collar, cuffs, and for revers facing, and 1½ yard of material 54 inches wide for the Skirt. The width of the Skirt at the lower edge is 2⅛ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6134. Brocaded silk and velvet are combined in this design. It is also attractive in tulle and taffeta, or chiffon and printed georgette.

The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 2 yards of plain material, and 2½ yards of figured or other material 35 inches wide, if made as illustrated in the large view. The width of the Dress at the lower edge is 2⅛ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6132. Printed silk, or zephyr or chiffon in the new printed patterns will be suitable for this style. It is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. To make the Dress for a 38-inch size as illustrated will require 4⅛ yards of 35-inch material together with ¼ yard of contrasting material for facing on belt, cuffs, and a one inch wide band on the scarf. The width of the Dress at the lower edge with fulness extended is 1¾ yard.

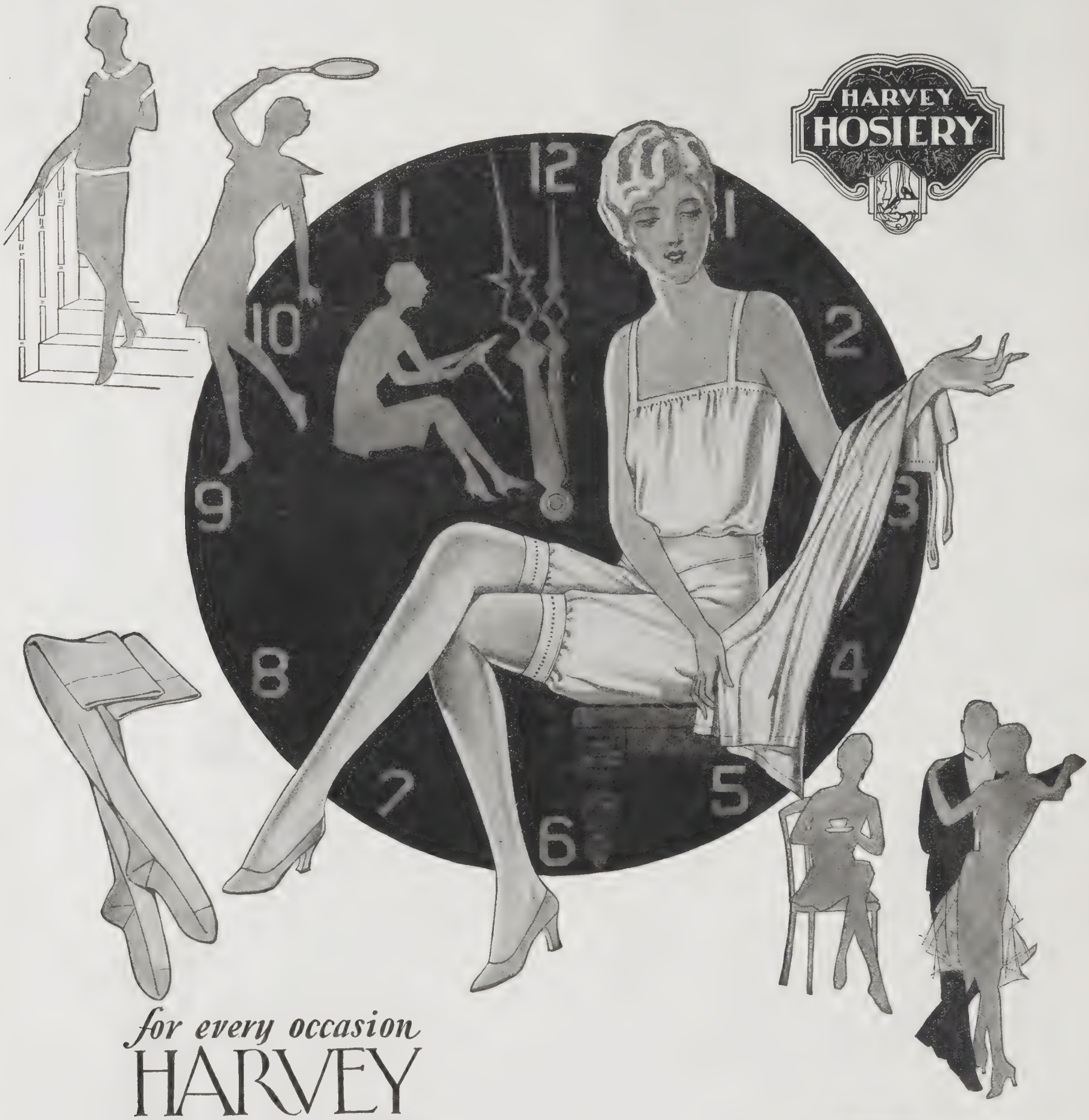
Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6131. Tweed, jersey, wool crepe and wool georgette are ideal for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. To make this pleasing style for a 38-inch size will require 3⅜ yards of 39-inch material together with ½ yard of contrasting material for facing on vestee and belt. The width of the Dress at the lower edge with plaits extended is 2⅛ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

THROUGHOUT THE LIVELONG DAY



for every occasion

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Whether active or in repose there is an answer for every hour of your need in exquisite Harvey Hosiery.

Fashion decrees that costumes change with the hands of the clock, and includes two edicts for your hosiery: have it Suitable in Weight and Just the Right Color. You need not be in doubt; select the perfectly made and peerlessly shaded Harvey Hosiery and go serenely through your day. It is shown in the better shops everywhere.

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Smartly gowned women rejoice in Harvey Creations—Tailored Underwear and Lingerie. Garments from the Harvey looms softly woven and deftly cut, cleverly lend the desired slimness to their costumes. Harvey Underwear is eagerly sought, on the scale of four to one of other makes, in the best shops, by women who know.

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Company, Limited
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HARVEY
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BABY'S

First "Shortening" Frock

Baby will look such a picture in this dear little smock and even if you have never done any embroidery, you can work it yourself with our special pattern and full directions for Beginners—one of forty simple but effective designs and hot-iron transfers for the wardrobe and the home included in Clark's Embroidery Outfit which has taught thousands of women the fascinating art of needlework—the hobby that helps the purse.

For tiny tots, nothing is in better taste nor more becoming than simple little smocks and rompers made daintily distinctive with a touch of fine embroidery; and nothing is more practical if you use Clark's Anchor Cottons, guaranteed fast-to-washing, for constant launderings will never fade these exquisite colors nor dull their silken lustre.

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10 Cents

Includes a FREE non-tangle skein of Clark's Anchor Stranded Cotton. Present coupon below and ten cents at nearest store that sells Clark's Anchor Cottons, usual prices, Stranded, 3 skeins for 10c, and Pearl 15c ball, or mail direct to us.

12-28b

CLARK'S ANCHOR PEARL & STRANDED
COTTONS
for Embroidery
FAST-TO-WASHING
MADE IN CANADA
by THE CANADIAN SPOOL COTTON CO., MONTREAL, *makers of* COATS' *and* CLARK'S SPOOL COTTON

THE CAN. SPOOL COTTON CO. 21 READ BLD MONTREAL
Herewith 10c for Clark's Embroidery Book No. 2 and a free skein of Clark's Anchor Stranded Cotton.
Name.....
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Good News for the Home Dressmaker

Send 20c in silver or stamps for our UP-TO-DATE SPRING and SUMMER 1928 BOOK OF FASHIONS, showing color plates, and containing 500 designs of Ladies' Misses' and Children's Patterns, a CONCISE and COMPREHENSIVE ARTICLE ON DRESSMAKING, ALSO SOME POINTS FOR THE NEEDLE (illustrating 30 of the various, simple stitches) all valuable hints to the home dressmaker.

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

Distinction in Juvenile Wear

6147. Dimity, printed chiffon or voile may be used for this design.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size will require 3⅛ yards of 27-inch material, together with ⅜ yard of contrasting material for facing on collar, cuffs and string girdle.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6152. Voile, crepe, China silk, dimity and cotton prints are excellent for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4-year size will require 1⅝ yard of material 32 inches wide or wider.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6117. Chintz, dimity, chambrey, and all cotton prints are good for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6 months, 1, 2 and 3 years. To make the garment for a 2-year size will require 1⅜ yard of 32-inch material together with ⅜ yard of contrasting material for pockets, and facing on belt and sleeve extensions.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. A 4-year size will require 1⅞ yard of 36-inch material together with ¼ yard of contrasting material for facing on collar and cuffs.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6150. Printed lawn, embroidered pongee, rep or crepe are nice for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 10-year size will require 2⅜ yards of 32-inch material, together with ¼ yard of contrasting material for facing on collar and cap sleeves.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6157. Pongee, flannel, rep, gingham, madras or velveteen may be used for this design.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

Ways of the Mode in the Month of June

CURRENT fashions do not indicate any decided changes, skirts are longer but only apparently so, in lengthened lines formed by uneven hem lines, draperies or panels.

The waistline has raised its view point by width and position of belt, girdle or trimmings to make it appear higher.

Styles of the present moment are distinctively feminine, all severity, and masculine-like appearance is smothered with a touch of lace or similar feminine trimming or decoration. Fabrics are rich, and are treated in opulent ways.

Folds, flounces, tiers, full draperies, ruffles, and frills, plaits and jabots, all add to the variety of features that mark the Spring mode.

Low waisted, and full at the waistline is a popular evening mode, with voluminous draperies, and a back dip that comes very near to being a train.

Jackets for evening wear are new and novel. They are sometimes beaded, and match the accompanying gown.

Capes and scarfs are receiving much attention at this time.

Capes are considered a part of the tailored costume; they are seen on jacket suits, adding additional chic, and warmth.

In tailored suits without capes, the one with a short jacket is much favored, and the three-quarter length cut is also well liked.

Soft woolens, cheviot or kasha are used for these two-piece suits, they are usually worn with a blouse of white crepe de chine. Jabots of plaited crepe form the decoration on such blouses.

Coats of wool georgette are worn with black or navy silk frocks.

Jersey and angora is used for sports dresses, which also are shown in silk and wool voile.

Taffeta is shown in plain and printed styles.

Dresses of colored chiffon are trimmed with laces dyed in matched colors.

Alpaca is with us again, durable and cool as it ever was.

For daytime wear, beige and beige gray is in vogue, also as a new Spring color is very popular.

Navy blue is combined with white and also with sealing wax red.

For evening wear a pale lemon color is popular, while for sports costumes a deeper yellow shade is worn.

"Exquisite smooth skin woman's most compelling charm," say the 25 leading motion picture directors

Appreciating smooth skin as their most precious asset, the leading screen stars guard it by using this lovely soap.

Following their stars' example the great film companies have made Lux Toilet Soap the "official" soap in their studio dressing rooms.

8732 "Following their stars" Patch Delineator—May

"It keeps my skin exquisitely smooth . . . the close-up never bothers me,"
says MAY McAVOY

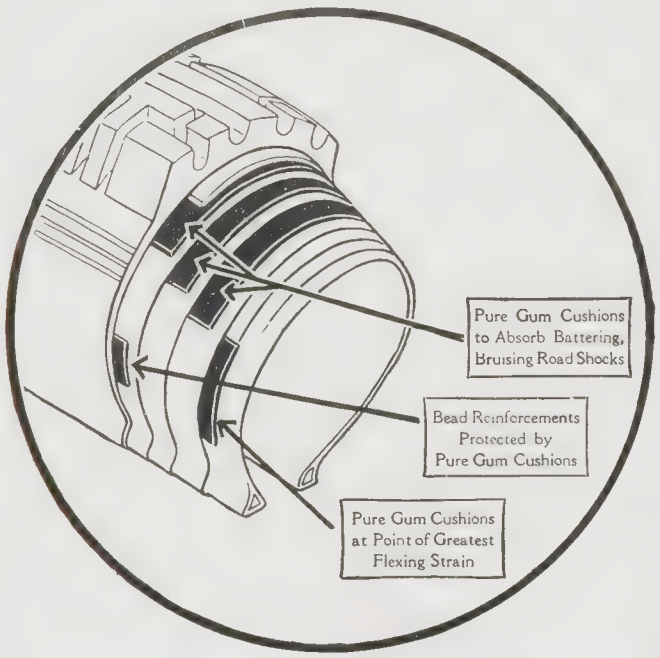
Lux Toilet Soap

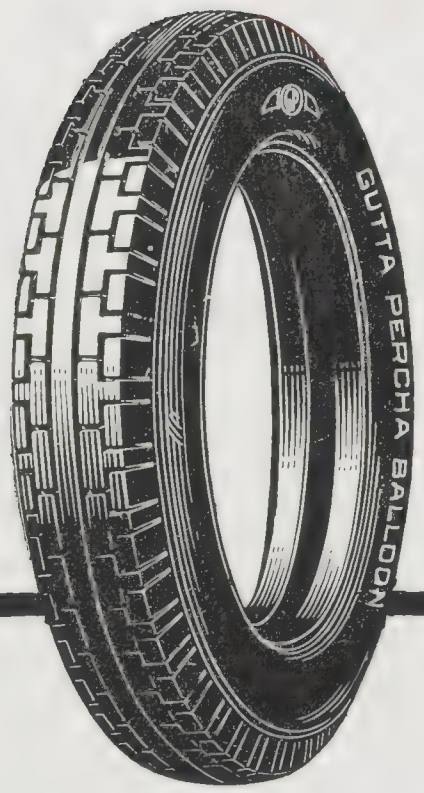
THE DOLLAR-A-CAKE LUXURY OF IMPORTED SOAP..*NOW*

10¢

GUM CUSHIONED is built-in tire strength that defies the shocks of the road . . . . and the Bumps . . . . prevents bruising by loose Stones . . . . repels the jolts from deep frozen Ruts . . . . . and creates a stubborn "second line of defense" that protects the Tire . . . . . for thousands of carefree miles.

3 Points of Superiority found only in "GP" Gum Cushioned Balloon Tires





Pure Gum Tubes

Road heat draws the life out of "compounded" tubes. Not so with Pure Gum Tubes. That's why "GP" Tubes are made of Pure Gum – they last longer.

"Gutta Percha" Tires
GUM CUSHIONED

—a wonderful cushion feature exclusive to "GP" tires

Dealers conveniently located throughout Canada

The Gates of Grand Portage

Continued from page 9

Instantly Jacques Marchand unclasped his hands, pocketed his pipe, straightened his back and took his paddle in hand.

"Bien," he grunted, "I'm ready, me."

"All right," nodded Fairfield. "Start at once and paddle hard. We can't get to Rainy River too quickly. McKay is sure to put a watch on the Rainy and we'll have to run his gauntlet there. Ready, all? Strike for the mouth of the Kaministiquia."

The Rabiscaw crews dipped paddles, swung the huge crafts like floating leaves in the quiet cove and darted away on an unerring course through the maze of channels between the countless islands which fringed Lake Superior's North Shore.

THE mouth of the Kaministiquia river was over fifty miles away, but they reached it after midnight and bivouacked on its bank, taking a short rest till morning. In the grey of the dawn they were astir again, threading their way through a dense white fog that blanketed its waters, heading up its tortuous course toward the Superior Divide. Up to the headwaters of the Kaministiquia, across its source, Lake Shebandowan and through Lake Kashaboyes they travelled without a stop, making camp in the small hours of the next dawn on the top of the Divide.

They were on the crest of the watershed between Lake Superior and Lake Winnipeg. Thence the water flowed by Lac des Mille Isles, the Seine River, Rainy Lake, Rainy River, Lake of the Woods and the Winnipeg River to Lake Winnipeg, and no longer they fought the current but paddled with it through Mille Isles, the Seine and across Rainy Lake.

Fairfield's brigade travelled at tremendous speed, yet the urge was not the hope of beating McKay through the gateway of the Rainy River. He knew that the Northwester's route from Grande Portage via the Pigeon River and into Rainy Lake was shorter than the Kaministiquia River route he had been forced to take, and he knew also that McKay would press through with demon strength, slave-driving his own brigade as he had never driven it before.

Fairfield did not cherish any delusion of avoiding McKay by the swiftness of his pace. Rather, what he attempted to do was to arrive at Rainy River on the Northwester's heels before the latter would have time to get his watch well set, establish a patrol of the river and send out his scouts to learn the whereabouts of the Little Company Brigade.

The less elaborate McKay's preparations for their capture, the greater was Fairfield's chance of getting through unscathed, and the factor that counted most was time. Their broad paddles flung the waters of Rainy Lake behind them as they bore on for the great waterfall that connected the lake with the river of the same name. Here the lake outlet was crowded into a cataract which fell in a perpendicular sheet, sending up a mist like summer rain. Lac a la Pluie and Riviere a la Pluie, the first French traders had called them not because of the rainy climate but because of the drenching spray from the falls.

Earliest explorer of all, De Noyon had wintered at this mighty gateway to a marvellous land. After him came La Noue and, later, the famed La Verendrye and his nephew La Jemeraye. Terrible dangers these explorers had faced at the hands of the savage wilderness and the more savage Sioux from the south, but as Fairfield portaged around the waterfall into the Rainy River he knew that he was facing as great a peril as they. The Northwest Company was out to stop him at all costs and McKay would carry out their plans with ruthless force. From him Fairfield could expect no quarter.

What gave him the deepest pang was the knowledge that his own peril meant Therese's peril. This contingency had troubled him all the way from Grande Portage. He had taken counsel with Jacques Marchand, but without discovering any way out of the difficulty. There was no place on the lonely waterways where they could leave her in safety, nor could they sap their strength by dividing the brigade and detailing canoes to keep her out of the danger zone. Moreover, she refused to part under any circumstances from her father and Fairfield.

"I will not leave the brigade because trouble threatens," she declared proudly. "The Rainy River Post is my home. I am going there and nowhere else."

Twenty miles down river it lay. Somewhere in those twenty miles the Northwest Brigade was waiting to bar their way. The time had come to run the gauntlet. With a sigh that signified acceptance of the inevitable, Fairfield gave the order to launch the canoes below the waterfall.

He had chosen evening as the most favorable time to leave the lake. The sun was setting already, its last rays turning the cataract's mist to a golden web behind them and gilding the valley of the Rainy with a magic glow. From the margin of the river the land rose in long, majestic slopes, forested with poplar and birch, sweeping up in solid white ranks to the darker crowning groves of elm, beech and oak.

Keeping the middle current, shooting like arrows of gold between the ghostly walls of birch, the canoes of Fairfield's brigade passed on. In half an hour it would be dark, and in the dark Fairfield planned to make his dash through the Northwest patrol.

AS THEY paddled they kept keen watch for any sign of McKay's men upon the river or on the shore itself. But the dark came down without a sight of anything suspicious. They had covered ten miles. They were half way to the Rainy River post and had reached a point where around the interminable forest crowded closer to the banks, casting a gloom of double intensity over the rippling water-space.

They had not caught a glimpse nor heard a sound of anything at all, but suddenly as they rounded another serpentine curve, Jacques Marchand in the leading canoe spoke a whispered command for the brigade to halt. The crews backwatered quietly. For a second they listened, tense as alarmed deer. Somewhere behind them—it seemed a few hundred yards back at the beginning of the river curve they were taking—rang the metallic chug of axes. Then came the crash and splash of trees falling in the water.

"Mon Dieu, a barricade," breathed Marchand to Fairfield in the craft at his stern.

"Jove, yes," nodded Fairfield, straining his ears. "Some of McKay's men. They've marked us in spite of the fact that we haven't seen a thing, and they've closed the river in our wake."

"By gar, den, de next minnit, dey'll close her ahead," declared his brigade leader. "We must paddle lak diable."

Marchand dashed in his blade as he spoke, but Fairfield stopped him before he could put the brigade in motion.

"That's no use now, Jacques," he told the Frenchman. "I had hoped to make a dash through if I caught sight of them in time, but they have set an invisible trap. That changes matters entirely. Certainly McKay is ready to close the river in front just as his axemen have done behind. If we drive on he'll simply fell another barricade before our bows. Listen!—he's at it now."

Down at the end of the curve they heard another song of steel in the dark like melodious echoes of the strokes upriver. Tree-trunks cracked like a volley of gun-shots, and the Rainy waters thrashed in a great commotion.

"We be too late," snarled Jacques. "He be got us trapped now."

"Not yet," vowed Fairfield grimly. "A blind dash won't take us out but maybe cunning will. McKay's canoes must be below the lower barricade. He would leave them nowhere else. If he did they would not be available for pursuit in case we broke past him. You understand Jacques? Land Winter Wind, one of the Indians, to slip through the forest on the farther bank yonder and have him locate the Northwest crafts. Land your cargoes also. Let the packers shift them

Continued on page 82

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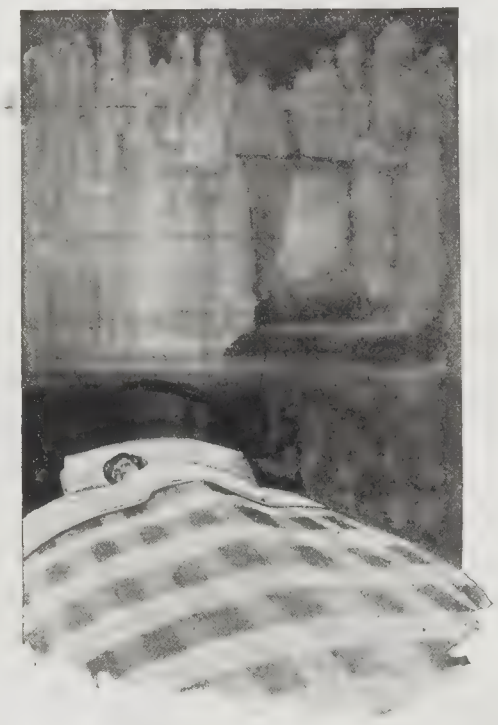

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG

The Gates of Grand Portage

Continued from page 81

in a single load on the Indian's heels and cache them in the trees as near as possible to the Northwest canoes."

"W'at about our own canoes"? asked Marchand quickly.

"Why," answered Fairfield, with a low laugh, "they are the Northwester's prizes, aren't they? Draw the canvas covers over the thwarts. McKay will never note in the dark that they are empty. It is a pity that there will be a guard on the Northwest canoes, for I know there will be. Else, we could all follow on Winter Wind's heels and give McKay the slip. But it is not possible. There will be a guard, and the moment they shouted the alarm we would be cut off. So carry out my orders."

Immediately the crews obeyed and sprang into action. Winter Wind dashed noiselessly away on his mission. The packers seized the packs, adjusting them in enormous loads in the tump lines, piling up five and six hundred pounds on their backs so that they might take all and not have to cover their tracks twice, and staggered after Winter Wind under the leadership of Jacques Marchand.

Only Therese and Fairfield were left in the empty canoes, not daring to speak a word to each other, hardly daring to breathe for fear some of the Northwest scouts should be creeping up to mark the progress of the brigade.

Fortunately their suspense could not last long. The lower barricade was less than one-quarter of a mile away. It did not take Marchand's packers many minutes to thread their silent way through the birch to where Winter Wind discovered the Northwest canoes and presently they drifted down the bank again, panting from their efforts.

"Winter Wind found dem, all right," whispered Marchand as they leaped back to their places in the Rabiscaws.

"Guarded, of course"? ventured Fairfield.

Marchand nodded.

"Oui, wan pair of canoemen on de watch."

"Then McKay's employing all the rest, nearly his total strength, upon the barricades."

"We be cache de goods on de bank just above de Northwest crafts," the brigade leader went on. "No treeck to dump dem in now. De treeck be to reach dem."

"We have to reach them," declared Fairfield. Let no man fail me in this rush. Paddle ahead."

With swift strokes the brigade swung out again to midstream and sped straight for the barricade. At a great speed it came, as if frantic to reach its goal, as if unaware of any obstruction in the river.

THREE canoe-lengths ahead Fairfield discerned the wall of felled tree-trunks, tangled poplar and birch, a pale green barrier in the inky dark. Even then he did not slacken speed lest he make the Northwesters suspicious that he knew too much. He did not stop until a dozen torches flared on top of the bristling trunks, revealing David McKay with a band of forty Northwesters.

"What's this"? yelled Fairfield, simulating amazement. "Look out, there. Backwater, all"!

The glare of the torches lighted the river like day. From his vantage point McKay laughed triumphantly down on them.

"It is a little gate I put across the Rainy," he chuckled. "Fairfield, there is another just above the river curve and you are locked between the two. You can neither go forward nor backward. What did I tell you at Grande Portage? But now that I have you safe I will not carry out my threat unless you are stubborn enough to start a hopeless fight. I will not destroy your cargoes, but buy them. The Northwest Company does not rob. I shall give you the prices current in Montreal for all your goods. You will go east out of the Rainy River country with the funds."

"And Jacques Marchand and Therese'? demanded Fairfield.

"They will go on to the Rainy River post, of course," smirked McKay.

McKay's eyes gleamed as he ran them over Fairfield's brigade. "Now which canoe contains Therese's trousseau"? he asked significantly. "That front one? Well, I shall take especial care of it. I think Therese is going to need it soon. Before long the Rainy River post will see a bride inside its palisades."

"I hate, I—despise you, David McKay," flamed Therese. "How can you joke about such a sacred thing? Heaven pity the girl who is unfortunate enough to become your bride."

McKay's face worked in anger at the girl's contempt. He flung up a warning hand.

"Enough of that talk, Therese," he snapped. "You will soon change your mind, as Fairfield has changed his. Eh, Brian"?

"You have the upper hand," growled Fairfield. "I can't do anything but accept your terms.

"Good," laughed McKay. "Spoken like a sensible man. Step out. We will check over your bills of lading, make a valuation and arrange payment.

As one man the crews of the Rabiscaws leaped out upon the barricade, Jacques Marchand, Therese and Fairfield in their midst. But they did not pause to dicker. In a solid body they crashed into McKay's Northwesters, taking them by surprise, pushing them off the barricade into the river shallows beneath. Then with a shout the Little Company brigade jumped over the prostrate bodies for the Northwest canoes.

The two paddlers on guard were knocked like mannikins from their seats, the cached goods were thrown in and in three minutes Fairfield was afloat with the Northwest fleet.

Wiping the water from his eyes, McKay staggered up in time to see them launch away.

"They've stolen our canoes," he blurted to his men. "And they have their packs. Their own canoes? Look! Empty, careless scouting. After them now! Portage these crafts and after them. If you don't catch them before they reach the Rainy River post I'll flay every man of you alive."

Glancing backward over his shoulder Farfield saw the torches dancing. Under the red light he made out his own big Rabiscaws being carried on the Northwesters' shoulders over the barricade.

They were launched with a splash. The pursuit was on, each brigade straining every sinew in the race down stream.

Only ten miles away lay Rainy River post. They were speeding with the current. Mile after mile flew by without change in the positions of the plunging crafts till suddenly the post lights flared up ahead.

"By the saints, paddle"! they heard McKay roar behind them, "paddle on, or they'll get in"!

As they darted along, Jacques Marchand raised a ringing shout to the post lookout. Immediately they glimpsed his figure appearing on top of the palisades, blackly outlined against the lights.

"Who comes"? sounded the challenge from the height.

"Little Company men," cried Fairfield, driving a paddle as he had never driven it in his life. "Fairfield and Marchand. Open the water-gate. The Northwesters are right on our heels."

THROUGH the night came squeaking of ropes on the drums of the pulleys that raised the water-gate in the palisade. They saw the black gap yawn abruptly before their prows, caught the sheen of the enclosed water-space that offered safety for their hulls.

But the empty canoes paddled by the Northwesters had gained on the loaded ones. McKay's craft was right at Fairfield's stern as the brigade swerved under the water-gate.

"Quick, seize them"! the Northwester shouted. Jam the gate. Don't let it down"!

He grasped the scroll of Fairfield's canoe; the one which carried the precious trousseau and the coveted Therese. Fairfield whirled like a flash, crashing his paddle-blade down on McKay's head. The Northwester crumpled up on his canoe bottom.

The other pursuing crafts attempted to crowd in, but Jacques Marchand and his crews beat them back with a rain of blows, Jacques howling at the top of his voice for the lookout to drop the water-gate.

"Drop her"! he shrieked incessantly, "by gar, drop her, queeck"!

At last the ponderous gate dropped with a thud, breaking a score of battlers' paddles off at the shafts, smashing the high-curved bows of a pair of Rabiscaws like egg-shells. The Little Company brigade was safe inside, while men, swarming on the palisade, in the emergency, let loose a volley from their rifles that sent the Northwesters scurrying out on the dark bosom of the Rainy.

For a moment the exhausted men of the Little Company brigade sat motionless in their places, breathing themselves. Jacques Marchand was the first to stir. He put down his paddle, stuck his long pipe between his white teeth and slowly lighted it.

"Mon Dieu," he sighed, puffing out the smoke. "A man runs only wan race like dat in wan lifetime."

"And wins only one prize," supplemented Fairfield. These crews will rest till morning now, Jacques. Get the post men down to unload."

He took Therese's hand to help her out and, the strain of danger over, held it there in a sort of sweet langour in the dark. McKay was right. The Rainy River post would soon see a bride inside its palisades.

"What shall we unload first, Therese"? he asked softly. "The precious canoe"?

"Yes, Brian, the canoe with the trousseau first of course, she answered with a happy thrill.

What Ho! for the Spanish Main

Continued from page 11

which though filled with tropical vegetation are as neat and ordered as any army cantonment. But once across 4th of July Avenue, into the Republic of Panama, we are in an entirely different world, a city of such vivid contrasts as to bewilder one. Here are Indians, Spaniards, French, Chinese, Hindoos, rubbing shoulders with American gobs, men of the army and air force, and civilians in white ducks. The streets are narrow and turn abruptly, and on Central Avenue, the principal shopping street, the bazaars are a joy. They contain all sorts of Oriental goods, French perfumes and Panama hats, and the price is determined by the ability of the shopper to haggle—the Hindoos dearly love bargaining, their voices rising shrill, but should you not buy, they will drive you out with wildly waving hands and blood curdling maledictions. The Chinese are more dignified, but will make some concession in price.

Builders in Panama City are not particular whether the back or front of the houses are on the street, and it would appear that all the laundry is done in the afternoon, for on every downtown backyard were rows on rows of gaudy silks and cottons, closely resembling H.M.S. Renown dressed for one of the Prince of Wales' children's parties.

On the great seawall, over the dungeons of an ancient prison, is a Pantheon built as a monument to the French Canal builders, with a great shaft topped by a coq d'or in memory of those who died. There are many fine buildings in the city, notably the San Jose Church with its gilt altar, the Cathedral, a National Theatre, and of great interest are the ruins of the Santo Domingo Church burned in 1737, and the great collection of foreign embassies.

Seven miles by motor road brings one to the ruins of old Panama—the remains of a city built in 1519, which must have been a busy one for the Spaniards—which passed out of existence from a single attack by the band of buccaneers under Henry Morgan. The city was rich, had an ornate cathedral, monasteries, shops, warehouses and a population of 20,000 people. Here was the transfer depot for the treasure of the Incas sent from Peru to Spain. Morgan attacked the town, its defenders setting fire to it, but the marauders succeeded in taking back to their ships 176 mule loads of gold and silver. The ruins are covered largely now with jungle, but the Cathedral, the City Hall, and the walls of the Slave Market of the men of Genoa can be distinguished and the Panama Government is fast reclaiming the ruined city, which has slept since the fateful day in 1671.

No real conception of the cosmopolitan life of the Panama can be gained without a visit to Maggie Kelly's, a cabaret at which all the nations upon earth are represented. Officers in crisp white uniforms, tourists, civilians speaking seven different languages, and the derelict always to be found in seaports, all gather here of an evening to dance. A quiet well-ordered place it is, though little imagination is needed to conjure up the scene if some of the ardent senors were to become irritated by the attentions of another to the truly lovely girls who are the dancing partners.

A wild dash by motor along a flower-scented road, hastened by the warning hoot of the ship's whistle, a hurried look to see that all the gang were present, and we were once more aboard. "Goodbyes" were shouted and the ship moved out leaving behind a sight of unearthly beauty. The moon rose behind the hills in the distance, flooding the upper lakes, and the buildings in the white light took on fantastic shapes, to which the royal palms seemed to bow in obeisance. On one side of the channel is Fort Amador, from which is built a breakwater three miles long to three fortified islands. Farther on are the lofty islands of Taboga and Toboguilla from which the buccaneers of the 17th century cast envious eyes on the treasures of Panama. Here the channel ends in deep water of the Pacific.

THE most restful part of the trip was the week's sailing from Panama to San Diego. We were close enough to see the blue mountain ranges of Panama, Central America and Mexico, and later the forbidding sand hills of Southern California. We danced, swam and played deck games, pacing twelve times round the deck to make the mile. Great excitement prevailed as we recognized a transport with U.S. troops aboard for Nicaragua. The sunset the first night out from Panama was almost too beautiful to contemplate—a golden sky and on the horizon hung a picture which resembled a Japanese landscape print, so clear in its outline was the scenery of the Flowery Kingdom as to make us think it visible. Then the color tones deepened and it seemed as if the very gates of Heaven had opened and the streets of gold led to the heart of the Universe. The sun sank, and the color died quickly out, there being no twilight in the tropics, but on the other side of the world a full moon rose, and in its silvery path across the sea were caught the colors of the sunset. It was an holy hour which will linger with us for many a long year.

Word went round that early in the morning, very early, the Southern Cross was visible. At 3.30 stealthy steps were heard in the corridors and reaching the upper deck we found quite a group was gathered round an officer. Expecting a huge edition of the electric cross on Mount Royal at Montreal, we were somewhat disappointed when the five stars which form Australia's boast were shown us. But we soon realized that in contrast to the other stars, these were startlingly brilliant and steady as they lay diagonally on the horizon. A breeze blew up as we watched, and the stars scurried away to bed—and so did we.

San Diego Harbor with its collection of all manner of naval craft was exciting, particularly the great airplane transport from whose decks the mechanical birds rise, circle far out to sea and come back to rest. After an interminable time docking we left the ship in a very gingerly fashion and started out by motor to see the sights. With Coronado Beach as its neighbor, San Diego is a lovely city. Many are the beautiful drives around the beaches, and glass-bottomed boats are at hand in which to view the colored rock-formation of the caves at the Beach and farther out at La Jolla, pronounced La

Continued on page 84

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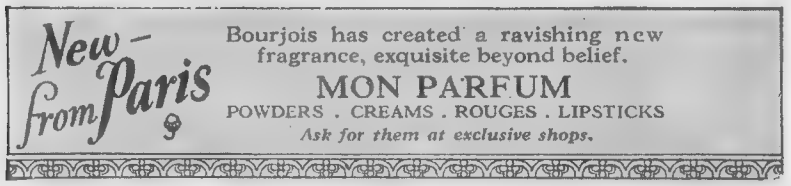

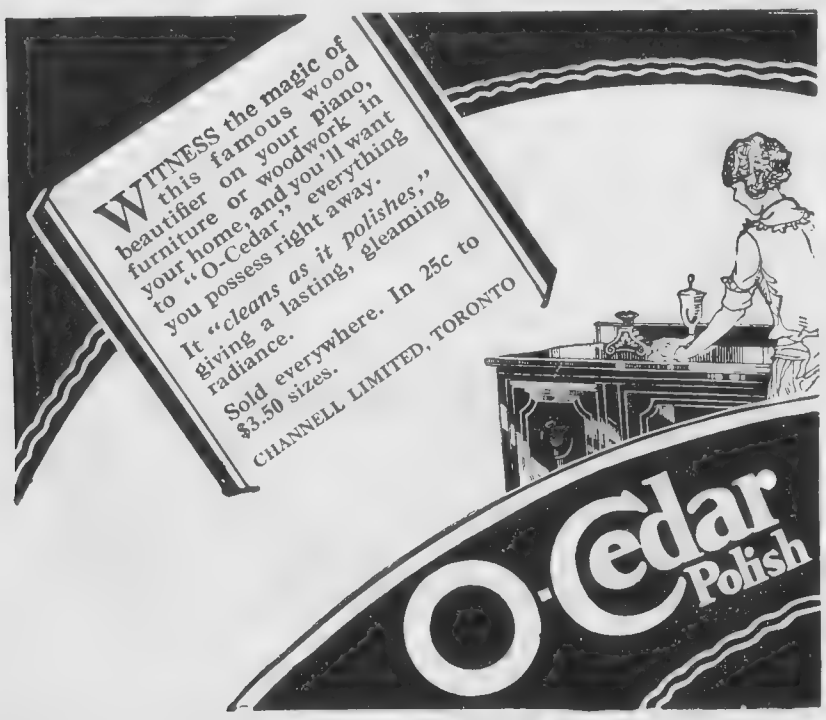

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What Ho! for the Spanish Main

Continued from page 83

Hoiya. Acres on acres of roses, of orange trees bearing, flowers, green and ripe fruit at one time, and the graceful eucalyptus and pepper trees made it a place of delight, and, of course, to quote the resident "this is the first cool day for months." Dinner and dance ashore seemed a most sophisticated proceeding after the days on ship and we strolled aboard in leisurely fashion to lay on deck and watch the lights twinkle on the boulevards and in the harbor, as we moved out into midstream.

Next morning we docked at San Pedro or Wilmington (we never have been able to learn which), the harbor of Los Angeles, and lost no time in getting into Los Angeles. What a mushroom growth that is—miles on miles of boulevards with lovely homes of every style under heaven —sites seemingly dug out of solid earth, making the visitor wonder if even the potatoes are delivered by airplane. But then movie stars do not indulge in potatoes, do they? Hollywood is part of the city now, and to our disappointment much like any other California city. The studios are well fenced and there seemed to be no scenes on street corners and no beautiful girls parading them. Indeed it was the general opinion of our party that we had never seen so many faded and badly dressed women in our lives as we met there, or so many freakish persons, which perhaps was natural.

IT TOOK less than twenty-four hours to make the Golden Gate but alas, we could not see it in the dark of early morning. San Francisco is a beautiful city which with Berkeley and Oakland almost circles San Francisco Bay. It runs uphill and down with a proud air of indifference to your likes and dislikes and well it may, for on its streets and its wharves is the commerce of the world. The old Presidio built by the Spaniards, still stands guard, the parks are the loveliest and in one of them we watched a soccer game between a local team and one from Hamilton, Ontario. One might spend weeks in this city but we had two days only—tantalizing indeed. By train north to Seattle was an experience and we proudly felt the superiority of our own railroads in the way of comfort and courtesy.

Victoria, Seattle—on the home stretch —across the Selkirks and the Rockies, doubly wonderful in their winter garments, and at Banff we found a winter carnival in full swing. Could we be in the same world—was it the same sun shining here as had dazzled our eyes ten days ago in the tropics. Yes, the same old sun, but cleaner, sweeter—the air made your blood race through your veins, and the snow-bound prairies caught the gleam and treasured it in its earthy bosom against the day when the plow would turn the most furrow and the seed for another year's crop of golden grain would be sowed by the farmer.

It was good to be home again—we are convinced that Edna St. Vincent Millay knew what she wrote about when she said:

"How shall I know, unless I go
To Cairo and Cathay
Whether or not this blessed spot
Is blest in every way?"

Family Life

By E. M. B.

WHAT an old world fragrance lingers in those phrases of our mother-tongue that bring back the familiar past.

Family life, how all embracing it was. The family pew, how roomy. The family Bible, with its pages soon filled with the coming and alas, with the departing of various members of the family. Family prayers, which linger in the memory with a faint after-glow of early piety. Family pride, which stood between us and many a dear desire. Family gatherings, when the hearts of young and old grew warm again as they drew together in the old home. A faint discordant note ushers in family jars, but the recollection of these is drowned in the sweet, poignant memories that sweep over the soul at the thought of that dear, revered head of the family, with the gentle mother who was its heart, whose blessing even now we fain would seek.

What subject is more discussed than family life today, though we ask ourselves what has become of it? Into a family we are born. We scatter, only to form new family ties. Like the poor, the family in some shape or other is always with us. Yet we are increasingly aware that family life has gone out of fashion. Where are the old-time families? "The tall deep-bosomed women, the children nine and ten?" Where the respect to parents, the filial piety? Are children ever homesick now or do they leave the roof tree, almost as soon as they leave the nursery, with a heart for any fate, blithe, capable, independent? Is the change for better or for worse? For a change has come about. The golden age of good Queen Bess seems scarcely more remote than the days when that roof-tree sheltered its once large and happy brood.

TODAY the modern mother—short-haired, short skirted—stands on a level with her children and shoulder to shoulder with her mate, ready at a moment's notice to fare forth in search of adventure.

Her daughter, the girl of today, slim, clear eyed, efficient, unhampered by custom or timidity, steps forth to conquer the world. The son, an equal with his father, perhaps a trifle more experienced lends a careless, but none the less affectionate hand to his parent when necessary. In light marching order, the family stands ready to strike camp and take the road.

Where it will lead, what adventure may befall, or where the evening of their day will find them, who can tell? But of this we may be sure, the high daring, the cool judgment, the gift to rule their own spirit or an alien people which is the heritage of their past, will not desert them, and when darkness falls they will be going strong.

Our family history has yet another lesson to teach. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth," might well have been the motto of the British family of the past. For centuries they have been leaving the family home and taking their way independently through the world, asking nothing more than a blessing on their way.

Their home has become too narrow, family ties too irksome, and the wise parent has bestowed the only gift at his disposal, with such a family to endow, a full and free independence. With that, and the family grit and pluck, they have gone out to conquer the world. They have been the forerunner and prototype of the greatest family the world has ever seen—the British Empire.

Homesick to a man, though it may be they will never see home again, they have carried their birthright of independence to the ends of the world and have not been denied.

North and South, East and West, the family ties have been loosened, the parents' rule relaxed, and the Genius of the freest nation the world has ever known will hold its children in the everlasting bond of family affection.

Johann Lind

Continued from page 14

coals in his head. "Nikolai.....our little Nikolai. Oh, Barin, our little Nikolai—" he got no farther for a fit of weeping. Johann slipped his arm round the shivering little figure, calling sharply at the same time to Andre to come and take the horses and to hitch up the drivers. Very gently he led the frantic child to the house.

"Herre Gud!" Helga was instantly all sympathy and began stroking his hands and patting his poor cold cheeks. But Anton pushed her away. He was a big boy, not a baby; he was come to get comfort for others, not petting for himself.

"Barin Johann," he cried shrilly, "it is mama needs you—oh, Barin, the tree killed him! I saw it—I saw it all.....It came so quick—so terribly quick!"

The horror of the thing now doubly clear, poor Anton gave a dreadful shriek and fell to beating his temples with his hard little purple fists.

"Now, then," said Johann turning to Helga, "you had better drive the boy home. I'll see what the neighbors can do."

He didn't beg assistance. "There's been an accident at the Zekofs. Get ready. Get ready to lend a hand, and be quick!" he cried, as he dashed up to a farm house. And, something about him, strong, dominant, sitting his wicked-eyed pinto so carelessly, made the command seem natural. He was like a scout calling out his regiment. No one thought of hesitating. All at once the Zekofs leaped into their proper place in the community.

By the time he had finished his round the nearest neighbors were already there. A white spread had been thrown over the only bed and here lay little Nikolai. Crouched on the floor nearby was the poor father, staring stupidly, clasping and unclasping his hands. Daria wept. But Johann, whose pitying eyes first sought her imagined that hers was the lesser grief. Indeed, as she wept first on one neighbor's shoulder, then another's, he understood there must be a certain magic comfort in these tears.

Mrs. Berg was cooking soup in a big iron pot, Haasji and her mother setting the rough table. From various corners the younger children watched, eagerness in their eyes despite the strange terror that bound them.

Johann saw that Eli had a tapeline and was measuring certain shabby little garments. This was unbearable, yet it fascinated him. Slowly, carefully, her fingers slipped from seam to seam. Bent above her pathetic task she, somehow, seemed different. He saw that her face was not only gentle but full of womanly pity. And pity lent character and dignity more becoming than the coy ways she had tried to imitate. When she looked up meeting his probing eyes she neither flushed nor smiled, nor stammered in her speech. For that moment, at least, Eli dared be herself; gentle, full of sympathy, happy to give comfort.

Thus the passing of little Nikolai induced tenderness and good will from every quarter. Men who had spoken carelessly or slightingly of Zekof, now pledged themselves to lend him a hand in springtime. A shame, they thought it, letting a man struggle along like this with everything against him. And women who had made jest of Daria, hushed her woe, admired her children, gave of their small store to brighten her home, and themselves wept bitterly at her sorrow.

The men discovered that quiet Mr. Van Meiris was an excellent cabinet-maker. To him, then, fell the making of the little coffin from the fine wood Johann donated. And so it went. For the first time, also, Johann gave to the world his handicraft. There were no roses for little Nikolai, but on the slab of wood that was to rest above his bruised young head, Johann carved a single lily that drooped in pathetic realism from a broken stem. Ah, never again was Barin Johann mere man to Daria!

But though all was so dutifully done, she wept inconsolably; and into her weeping crept a new note of despair, that haunted Johann. Helga said it would pass. When the funeral was over she'd pull herself together.

Mrs. Berg and Helga took great pride in the number of buggies that drove up to the Zekofs on the day of the funeral. The one flaw to their way of thinking was the fact that the minister was away at a convention. But Mr. Patrick, as Justice of the Peace, felt justified in offering to take the pastor's part and, with commendable dignity, read a chapter from the gospels over the frozen grave. Sheila, pale as a marble Madonna, sang her best and Johann, with Anton clinging to his arm, heard her adoringly. Never was she more lovely or farther removed from common clay. Her eyes were calm and tearless. That, too, Johann read to her favor.

But, when the dreary service had ended he came upon Haasji crying wildly behind her father's wagon; and somehow he longed to sit down beside her, to give way to the heaviness of his heart.

"Why Haasji, why child!"

"Oh, Min Heer Johann! It is so sad to sing.....when someone dies," she wailed, burrying her little nose in her woolen mittens. He repeated this dully as he rode off into the winter twilight. "It is so sad to sing! It is so sad to sing....." And the pony's feet took up the refrain, beating it out endlessly on the magic carpet of snow. "It is so sad to sing—" Johann dug his heels into the animal's side, swearing softly at his foolishness.

A PERIOD of storms now set in, and for days men kept as close to their houses as possible. But Ole rather enjoyed these elemental meannesses, blowing and blustering and stamping off the snow each time he entered. "Ja, this isn't Norway! I ask you can it be worse? By jiminy, if the old boat don't keel it's a queer thing, you bet!"

Old Herman, less hardy than formerly, had grown a bit sensitive to cold weather. His bones ached miserably, and he would demonstrate for the benefit of the family how difficult it was for him to straighten his back or lift his feet to put on his shoes.

"Nu, ja, you better try a new liniment, Herman," Helga would suggest helpfully, "or maybe some more pain killer."

"Ja, killer—that's good," the old man chuckled. "No, Helga, you don't use it on me that killer." All he wanted was to be left to lie in the peace and warmth of his own room.

But one morning Herman was very ill. Andre rushed off for the new Doctor. He proved a pleasant young man, convinced of his own abilities. The old man was in no danger he said. It was nothing but la grippe, with care he'd be up and around in a week. The prophecy was fairly accurate. Herman wasn't up in a week, but by then out of all danger. None the less, the siege had a peculiar effect upon him. Always reluctant to speak of himself he grew strangely talkative and he couldn't bear to be left alone. He must have Johann near him constantly and so long as he was there he rambled on like a man in delirium. It was as though he feared passing from life with a burden of troublesome confidences.

The thing reached a crisis the morning he wakened feeling very much better. It was a bitterly cold day with a blizzard blowing that thundered and shrieked round the buildings in tireless fury.

"Such a gale, such a gale!" the old man began. "I don't recall another like it—save one.....But that was a storm I've never been able to forget. Strange, Johann, how we poor humans cling to our terrors—"

"Now, grandfather, if it's unpleasant why not let it pass? We want you to get well."

Herman ignored this excellent suggestion. "I'm old now, my son, don't worry me with excellent advice. I'm sick to death of sheperding each word and thought!"

Johann saw that a deep flush had overspread the old man's countenance and that his eyes were suspiciously bright. Better let him ramble on, thought he, than to get so excited. He laughed softly. "All right, grandfather, out with your sinful confession, get it off your chest!"

Herman signed deeply and turned accusing eyes on his young companion. "Your jest, my boy, is nearer truth than you suspect.....Listen then, I'll be brief, for all this thing is grievous to remember.

Continued on page 86

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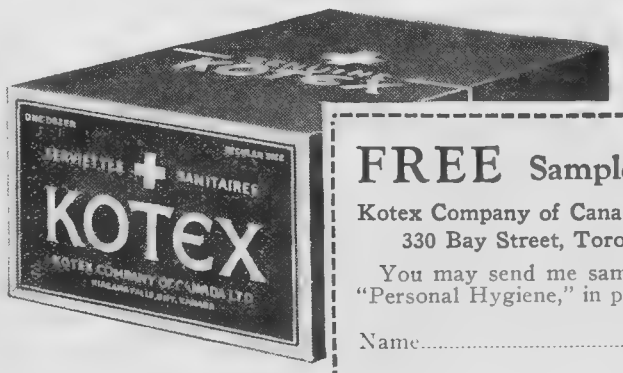

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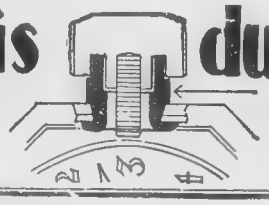

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Johann Lind

Continued from page 86

No need to tell again how terrible the Northern Sea boiled round the reef we called the Devil's Palm. You know all that—I've told it many times. What you don't know is that your mother came to me out of that pit of death—a wee baby she was, tied to her own mother's bosom, and the sole survivor of a Brittany schooner."

"Brittany? She was French, then, my little mother?"

Herman waved his hand impatiently. "Don't interrupt me—we'll come to that—nay, we'll begin there for how I happened to be near the reef to witness that tragic episode matters nothing. There were gallant hands aboard the schooner, they kept her off the rocks—fought that hell of water as long as strength lasted..... 'Tis just as well they perished—I know the breed. Nu, ja, I said I'd skip all that.....It was quite some time before I got her, that poor French lady, from the sea. I thought at first she was dead; but, no, she lived for several weeks.

" 'Tis as well to be truthful at my time of life. Those weeks were heaven and hell to me. Aye, you can look amazed, but I was young then, and she the loveliest creature.....

"And she trusted me. Hers was not a happy life. Born to the stage she had risen quickly to fame as a dancer. Then, tempted by all that wealth must mean to temperament and beauty, she had married a rich banker. It ended as most such affairs do.....she went back to her profession and then she met Jens Kerkvold. That was queer. I knew the Kerkvolds in Copenhagen—ja, that was in my student days—" For all his seriousness the old man couldn't help chuckling at Johann's wide amazement. "—So? You think it strange a student from Copenhagen should have taken to shepherding? Well, perhaps a little learning makes one mad—that, and a pretty face..... Nu, da, those Kerkvolds—fine folk they were and Jens as much a Viking as you'd want a man. Books wearied him—the sea had him from the start. Queer to think of it, that fate should have taken him to the Brittany fishing fleet in his first captaincy. Stranger still, he should have won that Butterfly of France, only to bring her home to Norway to die.

"Well, you can understand how the thing took hold of me. I'd always liked Jens; and there was I with his dying wife and infant daughter on my hands. Queer again, how one reasons in youth. She would have none of my offers to get her to his folks. No, they'd never like her she fancied. Ah, she was very emphatic on that score. She had seen too much of life; it had killed the faith in her. All she wanted was to know that her tiny daughter should grow up good and innocent. That, she fancied was the way to happiness—happiness, she had come to believe, must come from simple tastes .....And, because like Jens I loved her, I swore to do her bidding—"

So much bitterness had crept into Herman's habitually gentle tones that Johann grew alarmed. Perhaps the old man was worse. Perhaps he was wandering in his mind! "Now, now, grandfather, think no more about it. Whatever you did, you did for the best."

Herman struck fist on palm sharply. "So! You think I'm vaporing? Age brings upon us that fine suspicion. Bah! you young idiot! Idiot, yes. But then, what could you expect of Johann Lind!"

Johann sat thunderstruck, staring in blank incredulity at the withered old man half buried in quilts and pillows. Herman smiled for the first time. "Nu, ja, now I've got your attention. What's more. since I've insulted you, you'll not so quickly doubt my reason."

Then for the first time Johann learned the truth about Herr Lind; saw the point of Helga's curious phrase. Bigots all, those Linds, but charming in their bigotry —the remnant of a once great house. Herman was grown mellow with age. He saw the Factor with tolerant eyes, and did his best to make his son so see him. A strange, proud man, Herr Lind, but no monster; just, according to his code but never a hypocrite; never one to hide his shortcomings.

But Johann would have no more of it. He was filled with unreasoning rage. All he had suffered through misunderstanding, he now laid at his father's door. A pretty inheritance he had of this father; this despot and despoiler of innocent womanhood!

"So! I'm a thing like that—a Lind! My God, a thing like that for a father!"

"Softly, lad, softly! Such things are part of the muddle we call life. Be just! Herr Lind was disposed to do his duty by you—"

"To send me from the country—to starve in an unknown land—"

"Not so fast, my son. He had nothing to do with it. Herr Lind had a strange passion for tormenting his lady, 'twas she conceived the plan. Plot and counter-plot, you see."

"Ah, I see all right," cried Johann angrily. "And you talk of justice to a beast like that! First he killed my mother; then he'd use a helpless infant to inflict misery on a dishonored wife. A lovely inheritance! What can you expect of Johann Lind! God, yes! What can you expect of a breed like that!"

Something of the fire that once was his, rekindled in the old man's sunken eyes: "Young fool! I'd expect courage for one thing—aye, courage to laugh at the world! Whatever is wrong or right is of man's thinking. The Linds thought for themselves—the conceits of others didn't matter."

But Johann had no taste just then for philosophic deduction. His soul was steeped in conflict. He longed to wreak vengeance on that despotic father for all his sweet young mother had suffered. He saw her now so clearly, that child-woman, dreaming her innermost dreams among the hills. Ah, if she had only lived how he'd have tried to make it up to her. Poor little mother, crushed on the wheel of life!

He lifted an ashen face to Herman. "You're right. I'll not add to her shame. These Linds, damn them, will never find me whimpering. Still, you can hardly expect decent people to take pride in such an inheritance."

"People! What do you mean 'people'?" Herman's voice was contemptuous. "People! Nine out of ten are only echoes of the loudest noise broadcasted. Praise, blame, it's all the same. Bah! the bleating of sheep has as deep significance." Mischief crept over his pallid face and he chuckled softly. "Aye, and when the sheep riot 'tis best to sic the dog on them!"

WHEN the siege of evil weather lifted, Johann made up his mind to vist the Zekofs. Once past the bluffs behind the farm, he saw the Van Meiris' shack, its grey smoke curling lazily upwards, the one sign of life in a white desolation. But no—out from the doorway danced a brown bundle, arms waving windmill fashion.

Johann reined in at the fence and Haasji shrilled at him lustily: "Oh, Min Heer, isn't it a loveliness this snow? The trees like puff balls on a Christmas tree! But always it's something to spoil. My mama wants to know what's good for frozen feet, chicken feet I mean. Already we have us a hospital behind the stove."

"Well, now Haasji—" Johann affected deep gravity. "I'm not up on the chicken business. Mother should be able to help you."

"Ach! didn't I know it! It's to Vrouw Boen I should go, right away I tell my my mama. But no. Always she thinks of the lung fever. 'You get your feet wet, Haasji,' she says, 'and come on a fever.' Ach, that makes for me a sadness, Min Heer. In such a pretty snow you should not get sick."

He agreed with her with a clouding of spirit. She struck at the root of things, this young Haasji, in her childish prattle. "But this once we can get around the difficulty. Suppose you tell Mama Van Meiris that I offer you my pony when I return from the Zekofs. And Andre can take you home again, he'll be going to the Bergs after supper."

"Oh, Min Heer! you make for me a grand picnic. And I shall take me along a caraway loaf for grandpa. But—perhaps it will make for you a fever to walk, Min Heer? Well, I wait then. But look, at the funeral I promise that poor Anton my 'Hans Brinker.' Maybe you take him for me now?"

The little kindness was particularly

pleasing to Johann for he happened to know how few were Haasji's treasures. When she reappeared, not only with the book but a basket of her mother's famous sweet cakes, he smiled upon her with such excess approval that poor Haasji turned beet red.

"Ach! you make a laugh at me," she accused him sharply. "Maybe it's my fatness. Two pounds more I got on me, and no potatoes for a week!"

"Heavens! You don't say so."

She made it very plain that levity was uncalled for. Johann hastened to make amends. "But, Haasji, surely you're not forgetting that you're growing tall?"

"Oh, Min Heer!"

"Why, of course, it's quite noticeable. Why yes, I'm dead certain those two pounds are all expanded in length!"

"Min Heer, right away I get me a measure. You should know—oh, Min Heer, it is so sad to look like the little pig!"

At the Zekofs, Johann was welcomed like a king. Daria, all excited eagerness, shooed the children out of the way and dusted a rickety chair for the Barin. Horspidy! he found them in a mess but, oh, so welcome was their Barin Johann none the less. But now he was come he felt suddenly ill at ease. The dusky room was unbearably hot and smelled of strange odors. Some sort of soup was sizzling on the stove, and a pail of pig feed stood near. The table was littered with dirty tin dishes which Anton was about to wash in a rusty pan. Zekof himself was nowhere about.

Daria's glad enthusiasm was short lived. Down she sank on an overturned bucket and, eyes pathetic as a hound's still fastened on the Barin, she lapsed into silent gloom. For the moment Johann felt unutterably revolted. He wanted to bolt and run like a dreamer fleeing a bogey of the night, but poor little Anton was watching, waiting—

"You got through the cold spell all right," Johann began lamely, addressing the boy.

At that Daria began to weep and to beat her breasts, rocking herself to and fro disconsolately. Poor Anton sighed. "Barin, it is always so. Always the weeping.....The wood we burn—it is little Nikolai's soul. If we don't freeze it is because he suffers for us. Oh, Barin, it is very awful!"

Johann lost sight of his aversions. He spoke now as gently as to a child.

"Good Mrs. Zekof, you must be brave. You must do your best because of the others."

She may not have understood him clearly, but she stopped weeping to listen to his voice. It was a voice she would ever respect. And then Anton translated for her.

"Yes, Barin, it's true, she says. But little Nikolai can't see the glory of God. That is killing her."

"What!" Johann was incredulous. Heavens! what superstitions human beings do shape for their own undoing. "Anton, I'm afraid I don't quite understand—" Poor lad, he did his best to explain:

"You see, Barin, Nikolai can't enter Paradise for he died in his sins.....and mama can't even pray for him.....she's in sin herself."

It came to Johann with something of shock that the world of men should still hold so strange a concept of spiritual Fatherhood. What poor Daria needed now was sympathetic understanding not intellectual enlightenment.

"Now, Anton," he began cheerfully, "there must be something we can do for your mother. It is she needs comfort, not little Nikolai."

Anton turned this over in his mind gravely. "But, Barin, even her Ikon dropped down from the wall and broke. It is a sign that God is angry. Now we can't even give thanks for mercy."

"Nonsense, Anton! It's more likely a sign that the string was rotten, or the nail driven in a poor place. However, if it's only an Ikon she wants, we'll soon fix that."

The boy was delighted. "Oh, Barin, if it could be done! Oh, if it only could be done!" Then hurriedly he explained the Barin's statement to his mother.

Into her perpetual darkness stole a faint gleam of light and, grateful always, she flung herself at Johann's feet, kissing his hands with religious fervor. "Glory be to Thee, O God"' she cried, "and peace to this noble heart!"

Johann felt a bit shaky when he finally got away. And, laugh though he might, he couldn't forget the festering pain in Daria's eyes. These Zekofs, how lose they were in that maze of superstition—Lost, and without a decent God to shepherd them!

These sacrilegious musings were happily routed by Haasji's merry greeting. All smiles and laughter she waited for Min Heer by the roadside; caraway loaf in one hand, a pint pail of pickled cabbage in the other. "So! We get us a cure for the hens, Min Heer, you think?"

WHEN the Christmas season was at an end and the dull months of January and February faced the young people, they began making plans for various entertainments. There, Andre played an active part, for both Eli and he were prime favorites in the village. Johann attended these festivities, but something about him antagonized the people. His independence and unconscious mannerisms were against him. In their secret hearts these good people suspected such measures as indicative of an upstart nature. And when it was noised abroad that he had spent a hundred and some dollars on a set of Encyclopaedias they were sure of it.

Now Andre was different. They could understand him. When his share of the crops was sold he behaved as a young man should. He bought his pretty sweetheart a bracelet and a silver brooch. Yes, and if he did spend a little foolishly on smart clothes, well, such was to be expected of a lad in love. Oh, Andre was a fine young fellow and no mistake about it!

Another grievance against Johann was the silent way he had. Never a word could you get out of him concerning his own affairs. Most of all his attachment for Sheila worried the villagers. There, too, he acted as no sensible lover should. Just when they were certain his capricious fancy had been captured at last, didn't he up and stop going to the Patricks altogether! It was all very queer and past divining.

Nor would it have seemed less strange had the poor gossips known that Sheila herself was as puzzled as they. Johann had simply stopped coming to see her. Being an admirably poised young lady she decided to ignore the whole thing and to turn her zeal to good account. For a month, she devoted her spare time to fostering the reading circle. But in the end curiosity,—that's the name she gave the impulse—got the best of her and, under pretext of enlisting his services to get young Anton to school, she wrote him a letter.

That was a wonderful day for Johann, a sort of rebirth of hope. Ever since Herman had related that unhappy Norseland romance he had been suffering from a feeling of unworthiness. Hate them he might, but he was a Lind of the Linds and who of a breed like that might aspire to a girl like Sheila?

Then came her letter. Conventional, cold, written in a neat irreproachable handwriting it had power, none the less, to remake his mental world. He couldn't be so utterly worthless since Sheila sought his help! She had not forgotten him—had no intention of forgetting him. Well, heredity be damned, he'd show the world yet that a Lind was not always crooked in the blade! He was strong, clean of heart, and ready to battle the world. Ah, with her beside him, what might he not accomplish!

But first there was the problem of Anton. To win the Zekofs over to the idea of sending the boy to school was not so simple as it sounded. Unless something could be done to better Daria, there was little hope of freedom for Anton. It was then that Johann remembered the Ikon. He had forgotten all about it in his selfish despondency! Well, that at least was quickly remedied. The thing was done and Daria was so overwhelmed with gratitude she couldn't even weep. It went too deep for tears. Glory be to God! the Barin opened the doors of Heaven for her!

Anton promised to report the effects of renewed prayer, and Johann came away with a light heart believing that things would soon right themselves. It was something of a catastrophe, therefore, to have Anton come tumbling to the barn one bitterly cold night, soon after, more discouraged and miserable than ever before.

"Things pretty bad yet, eh, Anton?" asked Johann, clearing a place for the boy on the bench beside him.

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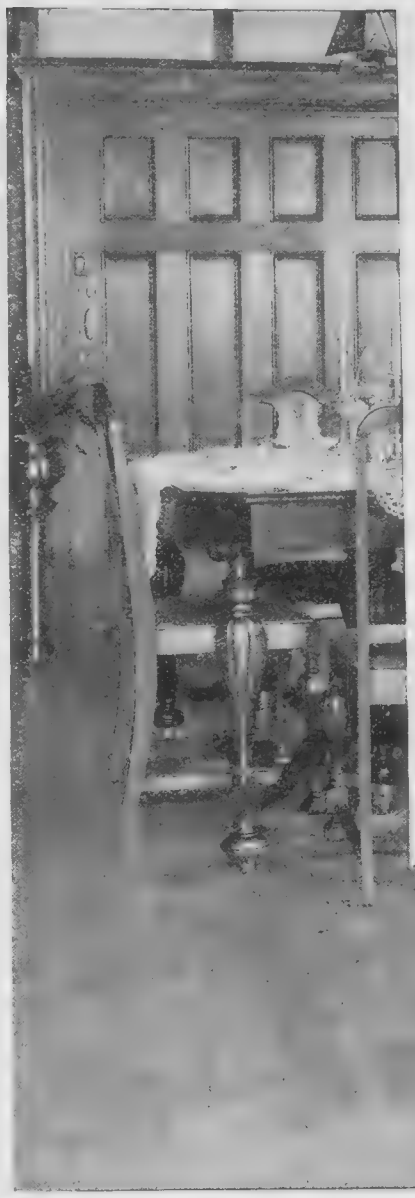

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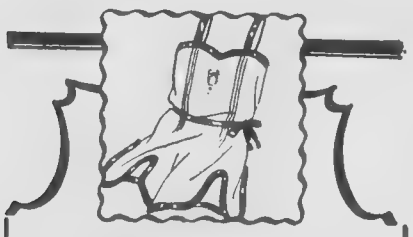

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Johann Lind

Continued from page 87

"Yes, Barin. First it was better and we began to be glad again. But now it is the same. She cries and dreams, and always little Nikolai haunts her night and day. He is so unhappy she say—lost in Limbo, no light of God to guide him..... Oh, Barin, what's to become of us?"

What indeed? Johann saw no way out of the dilemma. School, of course, was an utter impossibility. Someone had to be home to look after the smaller children. All he could do for the time being was to lend Anton books, and to see that from time to time the poor children got a bite of decent fare.

THEN for a time he forgot the Zekofs. Forgot the Zekofs and everyone else besides, save only Sheila. She had been all grace and charm the night he called to report his progress in Anton's affairs. That night Sheila caught a glimpse of the real Johann and felt that formerly she had greatly wronged him. Then, too, thanks to certain gossips, she knew by now that Johann came honestly by that air of his. If he cared nothing what the world thought of him it was because the Linds had long since recognized no law but their own. Of course, no one knew who or what the Linds were, but that only added zest to the mystery. Since it was so difficult to pry any definite explanation out of the Boens, it simply proved their suspicions were well founded. The Linds, it was very certain, had a colorful history.

All this helped to influence Sheila's opinion. She began to see in Johann a conquest worth the making, and before he left that wonderful night she found herself in his arms. And his voice, so cold and biting at times, she discovered had a marvellous range of persuasive tenderness. Ah, yes, Sheila was well satisfied with her conquest when she waved him goodbye.

Johann, riding home under the stars, saw the world about him transfigured by the glory in his heart. Waste and still, the white prairie rolled on to the far rim of the sky. Nowhere a sign of life and no sound save the rapid hoofbeats of Johann's mean-eyed bronco, carrying him like a king through the night.

THE Young Ladies' Guild were going to hold a box social! Not a common ordinary affair such as the churches had recourse to in times of financial stringency, but a unique and spectacular affair. The neighboring towns were invited and all manner of preparations had been underway for several weeks.

Sheila was the genius of the whole thing. Hers were all the new suggestions and hers the adamantine will that carried them through. For one thing there was to be a symbolic pageant, a march of the Seasons with herself as Spring, Eli as Summer, the young Doctor as Autumn, and old Mr. Patrick as Winter.

All this involved a tremendous amount of practice and rehearsals and Johann spent many a bored hour while his love draped herself this way and that in an attempt to attain perfection, or flew about assisting the clumsier efforts of others.

But, whatever his opinions of the forthcoming social, the rest of Hawthorne to a body, dreamt, thought, and talked nothing else.

Johann admitted that he would be more than delighted when the silly show was over and he could get a few satisfactory hours with his lovely Sheila once again. No doubt this secret longing had much to do with his eagerness to be off in good time when the long awaited evening arrived. Helga teased him for starting out so early. No matter, he was ready, the team was ready, and the night was calm and bright; if it was so outrageously early he'd go by the Zekofs and drop a bundle of papers for young Anton to read.

Poor little Anton! Queer he should have thought of him just now. It was so long since he had troubled about him. He'd have to do better in future.

This cheerful anticipation scarcely prepared him for the sight that met his eyes when he whirled out from the screen of willows hedging the Zekof's meadow. By the rude enclosure that marked little Nikolai's grave, poor Daria crouched, beating her desolate breast and wailing bitterly. Alone in a frozen world she was oblivious to all but her own misery. She saw nothing; heard nothing; knew nothing but the black madness tearing at her soul.

Johann was shocked beyond anything he had ever experienced. Quick and compassionate he hurried toward her. "Mrs. Zekof, Mrs. Zekof!" he called out sharply.

She raised her head slowly and looked at him, her eyes glazed and staring. She did not recognize him.

"Good mother, come away." Johann's voice was gentle as a caress. "Come away, good Mrs. Zekof." And he lifted her like a child. Docile but uncomprehending she leaned against him weakly, her poor, dull eyes searching to know his face. "Come with me," he urged softly, "come, Mrs. Zekof, it is Barin Johann."

A sharp convulsion passed through her body and her poor, half frozen face twitched pitifully. Barin Johann? Barin Johann? At last she knew him. "Glory be to Thee, O God! Barin, you will save me.....save little Nikolai! Yes, so—you are good. You not hate poor Russian woman?"

"Of course not, Mrs. Zekof, no one hates you. We all know how hard you work for your little ones."

But she interrupted him with a shriek. "Oh Christos! I—I let let him go to the woods—I let him go to the woods to be killed. My sin! my sin.....Barin, it lays on me like a load. All day, all night .....and I — I cannot pray.....Oh Christos! no one to pray for the little Nikolai—my little Nikolai in his unblessed grave!"

At last Johann understood. "There, there, Mrs. Zekof, try to calm yourself. We will see what can be done." The sound of his voice seemed to comfort her so as he half carried her back to the house he kept up a steady flow of small consolations.

He had taken his buggy robe to wrap about the shivering woman and he bent closer to refasten a loosened fold. "Mrs. Zekof, good mother, I know what you want— it is a priest to search your heart for you."

"God's mercy!" Daria whispered, her poor cold lips finding it difficult to frame the thanks of her heart. "God's mercy on thee, Barin!"

If he had wavered at all in his sudden resolution he now stood firm. Sheila would have to forgive him.....But of course, she would understand. It was twenty miles to the nearest mission..... what of that, Daria's peace of mind depended on it—

Back on the road, he laughed mirthlessly, something in the depths of consciousness doubting despite brave words. How long would she wait for him? How long would she wait—? Down crashed the whip level with the horses' flanks and away they plunged into the night.

WHEN Johann got home next morning, tired, bedraggled, his horses steaming in sweat, he was met by a most indignant family. Helga's round face was an accusing moon.

"Ja, Johann," she burst out immediately, "whatever got into you? Is it right, do you think, to keep Miss Patrick waiting like that? Waiting and waiting, till not a moment could be spared—her with the program on her hands. Let me tell you it's a good thing you didn't hear the worst of it!"

Without a word he proceeded to unhitch the team. But they rallied round him like a bevy of gnats.

"By gar! if you was one to drink I'd understand it," was Ole's contribution, "but such queerness I can't make out!"

"A fine how-do-you-do, I'll say," snorted Andre, his manner bristling as though the whole thing were a personal insult. "Yes, a fine how-do-you-do! One would think you were crazy, Johann Lind!"

Whatever Johann had meant to say in his own defence died a quiet death. He was suddenly overwhelmingly sick of them all; their suspicions, their curiosity and small-souled lack of faith. Whatever he said would be wilfully twisted and misconstrued. Fire raged in his heart, his fingers trembled at their familiar

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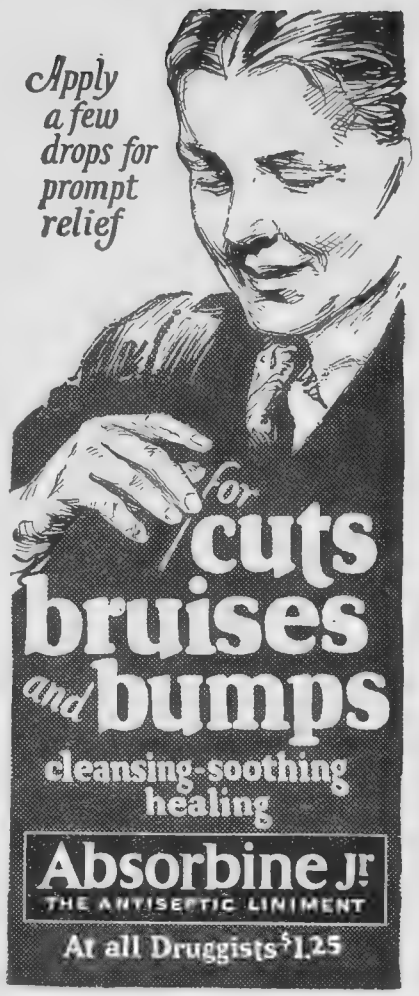

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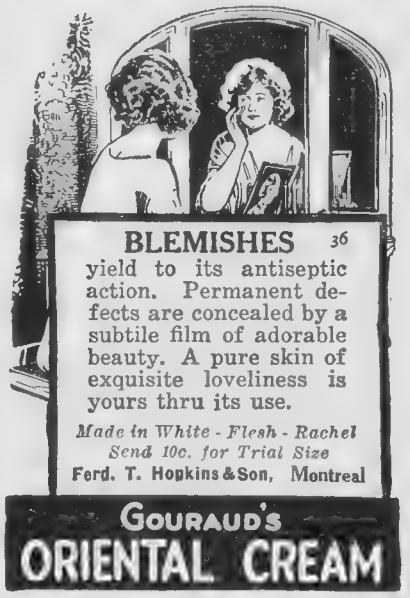

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Johann Lind

Continued from page 88

task but he made no sound nor sign of hearing his tormentors. When the horses were fed and comfortable he flung himself up the stairs to Herman's room.

The old man was perusing an old almanac. He shot a quick look at Johann as he threw himself down on a nearby stool. Each member of the family had in turn told old Herman of Johann's scandalous behavior, yet he seemed nowise affected.

"Nu, da, I see here that they had a wet season in Eighteen Ninety and bad crops," said he, returning to his almanac.

Johann broke into wild laughter; reckless, chilling, laughter that made the old man plunge the deeper in his book. Ah, he knew that laughter, with something of the sea's own madness in it, and the bitter pain it held.....He had heard it before—God's pity!

After a time nothing was heard in that dim, cloister-like room save the ticking of the old clock on the table by the bed. Herman cleared his throat, took off his glasses, laid down the almanac and addressed himself at last to Johann.

"My son, remember what I've said of folks.....fools, the most; seeing nothing but the outer manifestation. Spiritually dead they have no charity; lacking the rational faculty they don't know truth when they see it—of such is public opinion!"

Johann answered nothing but he was grateful nonetheless. It was very well, this resolve to ignore the world of men, but to a sick heart human sympathy would ever be welcome.

That night Helga renewed her criticism over the supper table. She was forever disgraced in the eyes of the community; nor could she imagine how to go about explaining his behavior. To choose such a time for a prank! Surely he didn't expect Sheila Patrick to speak to him again?

Johann set down his cup sharply: "Suppose we let that pass," was all he said. But that acted like tinder to Helga's wounded pride.

"Herre Gud! Listen to him—let it pass, he says! Now I ask, is it just I should suffer for such behavior and not even know what it's about?"

Something approaching a smile tugged at Johann's lips. "No, I don't suppose it's particularly just, but you see, there's nothing to tell," he told her quietly.

"Nothing to tell!" Helga repeated hotly.

"Now, mama," Ole's good nature rebelled at such protracted querulousness. "Now, mama, young men are queer sometimes. Ja, I was queer myself. Women can't understand these things."

Helga was angry indeed. "Ja, well, all I got to say is thank God Andre takes after me. What's to come of it I don't know.

Johann pushed back his plate and walked out of the house. On and on he went, not caring whither, on and on, into the gratifying silence. It surprised him vaguely that in time he should see the Van Meiris' shack—a little blotch in the wide sea of silence. He resented it just a little, that small friendly house, like an intrusion upon a dearly prized solitude. He turned at the fence to retrace his steps back to the road and, out of thin air it seemed, a flying figure came tearing after him.

"Min Heer! Min Heer! Min Heer!

Impatient, scowling, he swung round upon her. But Haasji was nothing daunted. With breathless eagerness out tumbled her tangled sentences. "Oh, Min Heer! Anton, he told me. He told me all! And his mama is glad again. Min Heer, it makes for me a pain in the breast to think of it!"

Eyes like stars, little work-red hands pressed to her heart, she met his dark looks bravely. Ach, if she only dared tell him how it ached for him.

"Min Heer, it makes for me a sorrow—" She was on the point of tears, and tears were not a habit with Haasji. Johann stood rebuked.

Forget it, Haasji. Forget it, child—" Just for a moment the winsome smile that, on rare occasions transfigured his face, flashed into life. "Foolish Haasji, don't let it make for you a sorrow—but, just the same I'm glad you understand."

He left her at that, curiously comforted; never suspecting what he had gained in peace she had lost in happiness. Tears streaming down her windblown face, Haasji stood watching Min Heer so long as she could see him. When he had vanished into the gathering dusk she stood there still a long while crying silently. Ach, there was never a one like Min Heer. Never, never, in all the wide world!

MEANWHILE Johann decided to go back for his pony and ride to the Patrick's. The sooner that was over the better. Once there he met with scant welcome.

"What do you want, sir?" was Mr. Patrick's frowning greeting, fired like a pistol shot from the half opened door. It had a curious effect on the culprit. Johann flung up his bold, black head, and laughed.

"Nothing much, partner," he drawled, "just a word with Miss Sheila."

Old Patrick fumed and blustered but under the steady mockery of Johann's half-veiled eyes, the storm died an abortive death.

"Well, 'tain't likely she'll see you yet," he grumbled. "But wait." Leaving Johann still standing in the doorway he hurried to the foot of the stairs and called out loudly for his niece to come down.

Then, doubtless thinking that smoother waters lay ahead, he returned and in more amiable tones invited the guest to enter. Miss Sheila would be down shortly. With which happy announcement Mr. Patrick took himself away.

The whole affair was beginning to amuse Johann just a little, and that, had Sheila known it argued danger ahead. She came at last, slowly, deliberately, her trim figure upright, her whole manner frigid as puritan displeasure could make it.

"You wish to speak to me?" Her voice was as chilly as her words were commonplace.

"Oh, Sheila, don't talk to me like that!" broke from him passionately, the sight of her despite this strange coldness was able to twist his heartstrings. "I know how it must have seemed, but let me explain. You will understand..... Sheila, you must have understood that only something vital could have taken me away at such a time!"

"I understand nothing, Johann Lind, except the unalterable fact that you made me a laughing-stock when I should have won credit."

"Sheila, listen," he interrupted her sharply. "I was on my way here when I found poor Daria Sekof lying half-mad by her little boy's grave....." In few words; in all simplicity he told her what he'd done, never doubting her belief and sympathy.

She looked at him coldly. "You expect me to believe that?"

In turn he stared at her, shocked, incredulous. "Do I expect you to believe it?"

"Yes, do you expect me to believe such a silly tale? And if I did, would you expect me to feel any different about it? Would you expect me to be less indignant that the fears of an ignorant peasant should be more to you than my self-respect? But really, Mr. Lind, I'm not so simple as to believe you."

For a wild moment Johann doubted his senses. It seemed as though the meaning had gone out of life and all that he was, thought, dreamt, or ever expected to be, spun round in mid-air. Only Sheila, cold as a manikin, seemed firmly rooted as she cut at him with her whip-like voice. At last he saw the grim humor of it all, the whole sorry trick of existence. Some worshipped shapen images and these soulless things grinned down upon one's devotions senselessly. Others thirsted after the mummery of saintly words..... and he, poor fool, had worshipped womanly grace and chastity, and that frozen virtue mocked him for his charity.

With tantalizing deliberation Johann buttoned up his coat and reached for his cap; never taking his eyes from Sheila's angry face. Little by little they narrowed, those eyes of his, and Sheila shivered.

Johann laughed. "So," said he, his voice singularly throaty and soft, "—well, some day, perhaps, you'll come to know that faith is no reflection upon honor."

Noiselessly he closed the door behind him.

Continued Next Month

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Tribulations of Genuis

Continued from page 17

conspicuous. The grim humor of the tombstone raised to Poussin will not be lost on any sensitive soul. Indeed, it has called forth from Esther Sutro, in her life of the painter, the following biting comment: "There is some irony in the fact that the memory of the greatest French artist, the man of the most fastidious and exquisite taste, whose life was spent in one endeavor to produce works equal in beauty to the ancient Greeks, should be commemorated by one of the most mediocre monuments. It is a pedestal surmounted by an indifferent bust of Poussin, with a poor bas-relief of his "Shepherds of Arcady." An inscription was added, associating for all time the name of Chateaubriand with that of Poussin. It runs:

F. A. De CHATEAUBRIAND
à
NICOLAS POUSSIN
etc., etc.

So much for the belated tombstone to Poussin. No doubt in the near future some person with doubtful taste and plethoric bankroll will make a sentimental journey to the Marquesas, and with all due solemnity raise up some banal monument to Gauguin's memory in the vine-grown cemetery of "Calvary" on the lonely hill overlooking Atuona.

And yet such neglect of men truly worthy of a better fate—though they would be the last ones to care, for they lived for their art and not for praise or the remembrance of the multitude—is not confined to Frenchmen. William Blake, poet, painter, mystic, man of genius, one of the outstanding figures of the nineteenth century in England, was buried in an unmarked grave amongst the paupers in Bunhill Fields. Poussin, Blake and Gauguin—and now men write many books about them!

PAINTERS, writers, musicians, and masters in bronze and stone—long is the list of the names of those who from birth to death were pitifully needy, ill in mind and body, and who lacked even recognition before they passed, some little praise that might have made their lot more endurable, for, as Zola says: "artists possess the nerves of women; even when they are not loved they are unhappy . . . . Ah, what a wretchedness. To be so far above, and yet to die of the disdain of the low"!

These words of Zola strikingly apply to Samuel Butler, the author of "The Way of All Flesh," a novel acclaimed now by many critics as the greatest in English in the nineteenth century. Butler did not lack money; but in his secret heart he craved applause, and his life was embittered by his book's failure to gain recognition. Then, shortly after his death, came fame to his name and works. Again we feel the workings of a malevolent Destiny, rather than the hand of man in withholding from one poor mortal this balm of men's applause. But Butler, at least, had comfort, leisure and the joys and broadening influences which come from travel, the viewing of beautiful works of art, and the hearing of some of the world's grandest music. He is in no respect a tragic figure such as George Gissing, the novelist, and James Thomson, the poet, men at times veritable outcasts, existing like street arabs in the indifferent vastness of London.

And Robert Burns! As Oscar Wilde so wonderfully said: "To be both a Scotchman and a genius is the very stage for tragedy." Truly Burns' life in a sentence. His unhappy existence is too well known to need reviewing here. Yet the following brief quotation from a biographical sketch in one edition of his poems is too perfect an example of savage irony to be left unremarked:

"Toward the end of 1795, his health had gradually declined, and at the beginning of 1796 he was laboring under an accumulation of worldly calamities — sickness, sorrow and debt . . . . His latter days were passed in miserable poverty, if not actual want. He died on the 21st of July, 1796. He was buried with full military honors. The multitude which accompanied Burns to the grave numbered between ten and twelve thousand.'

Burns received as a cash reward for his entire works less money by a good deal than does a modern writer of popular fiction for two or three short stories. And Burns went hungry within a few days of his death. And then about 12,000 people devote a day of time to see him buried.

Such is the generosity of the mass to genius; neglect in life so they may put flowers on coffins of useless clay.

There are no more tragic lines in literature than those with which Jean Henri Fabre, the "Homer of the Insects," the gentle philosopher and writer of exquisite prose, commences his volume of "Wonders of Instinct":

"This is what I had wished for: a bit of land, oh, not so very large, but fenced in to avoid the drawbacks of a public way . . . .yes, this was my wish, my dream, always cherished, always vanishing into the mists of the future. It is no easy matter to acquire a laboratory in the open fields, when harassed by a terrible anxiety about one's daily bread. For fifty years have I fought with steadfast courage against the paltry plagues of life, and the long-wished-for laboratory has come at last . . . . The wish is realized. It is a little late, O, my pretty insects. I greatly fear the peach is offered to me when I am beginning to have no teeth wherewith to eat it. Yes, it is a little late; the wide horizons of the outset have shrunk into a low and stifling canopy, more and more straitened day by day"!

And yet to a man whose need moved him to write such words, France gave a "Jubilee" in 1910, and had a special medal struck in his honor.

YOU will find no more cutting commentary on the world's treatment of its great ones than in the pages of "The Life of Fabre," written by his distant relative, the Abbé Augustin Fabre, a few selected paragraphs from which read as follows:

"To obtain for the nonagenarian Fabre a pension of 2,000 francs yearly, his due from the State for his former duties as a professor, it required the loud outcry of indignation uttered by Mistral and the strong feeling aroused by the report, which was echoed by the whole press—a debt to him which was nearly fifty years in arrears . . . More than ninety years of life for Fabre, and almost as many of labor — nearly five years of overwhelming fame"!

In the year 1910 came the "Jubilee," and following it visits to Fabre of countless people; once a whole girl's school from Paris; reporters, photographers, ministers, the very President himself; all the glitter and noise and crowds which is the lot of celebrity. Five years of this after 85 of calm and quiet and continual labor hidden from the world. It was a heavy burden to lay upon an ageing body. The visit of the President seems the last word in the world's sardonic treatment of this man to whom was given "ninety years of life and five of overwhelming fame."

To quote the Abbé: "Fabre, who was then in his 90th year and could no longer stand upright, awaited M. Poincaré sitting in a chair." Further on in the book the Abbé says of the visit of another famous personage: "a world-wide reputation to sustain . . . . today it was the visit of a Minister, and all the flies on the Ministerial wheel. And Fabre had to return thanks, feeling upon him the eyes of the reporters and the photographers' lenses. What an ordeal. Fabre can hold out no longer . . "

When genius was not being neglected, ignored or misunderstood, it was too often preyed upon.

GOLDONI, the famous Italian playwright of the 18th century, and the father of modern Italian comedy, in his later years was very poor. A project was set on foot to give him a pension. This was stoutly opposed by the theatrical managers who, reasoning after the greedy and stupid manner of their kind, were afraid that the moment Goldoni was assured of a living without writing

Continued on page 91

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Tribulations of Genius

Continued from page 90

plays he would cease to produce for them, and to their profit. (How little they understood the workings of the creative mind.)

Goldoni spent his last days in Paris, where the Revolution deprived him of a small pension granted by Louis XVI. Reduced to want, he died on the 6th of February, 1793. On the 7th day of February, 1793, the Convention, unaware of his end, voted to give him back his pension. Truly irony piled on irony with a vengeance.

If we may believe ancient stories there is somewhat of a resemblance in Goldoni's life to that of Homer; for it is said of the ruler Cumes that he refused Homer a pension for fear all blind men would demand one.

In the realm of music we see the great Mozart so dogged by ill-success he got into the habit of expecting nothing. Royalty heard him and gave him watches as tokens of their appreciation, when he sorely needed money instead as payment for the large amount of his time they had monopolized. He had six watches at one time when badly in want of cash. But because the watches were the gift of kings he dared not pawn them. The crowning joke of his needy existence also came from a royal preferment. Mozart was made chamber composer to the court of the stingy Emperor Joseph, who allotted him such paltry pay as not even sufficient to pay his rent. Once in giving a receipt for the pay of a position which had proved void of duties, Mozart, according to Holmes in his "Life of Mozart," wrote on the receipt: "Too much for what I do; too little for what I could do."

Here we find the artistic chafing against obstacles and inaction. Given freedom from the hampering need of getting money for mere existence, how his mind might have soared, doubling the output of musical grandeur as a heritage to the future.

And Beethoven, an even more harassed figure, poor, bound by bonds of debt to his publishers, and grown deaf long before his great powers had waned. His masterly "D Mass," brought out by subscription, found only seven subscribers, and these all alien to the musical world. And yet half a million dollars was given to the authors of "Yes, We Got No Bananas"!

But the list of the names of musicians, authors, painters and sculptors similarly circumstanced is so long that one might continue indefinitely writing down more tales of their hardships, frustrations and glories deferred, an endless string of stories reaching from the long ago till now.

IN VERY recent days it would seem that the outlook for genius is growing brighter; men of very great talent are now being rewarded before they reach the age of fifty.

Yet even in these modern days such a man as W. H. Hudson was granted small attention till within a few years of his death. He earned so little that for many years his wife kept a boarding house. And now his first editions sell for fifty pounds, and drinking troughs are erected to his memory.

A still more famed figure in this respect is Joseph Conrad. So many men of keen literary perception at last united in acclaiming Conrad as a genius that the reluctant herd was led to read him. From the point of view of book collecting alone, Conrad is the most amazing of writers. He began writing when forty years of age in this twentieth century. His books sold poorly, some of them not going into more than an edition for a decade. Then with amazing rapidity Fame began heaping honors upon him so that within twenty-five years of his commencing as a literary artist the original manuscripts of his books today bring more at auction and private sale than similar papers from the pen of Thackeray and Hawthorne.

Volume XXX of "The American Book Price Current" shows that at auction in 1926 the following prices were paid for original manuscripts: Joseph Conrad's "Victory,' $8,100; Hawthorne's "Tanglewood Tales," $7,500. Conrad's "Chance," $6,600; Thackeray's "Lectures on George I & II," $5,000. A portion only of the manuscript of "Lord Jim," $3,900.

And yet I recall reading somewhere not so long ago something written by Conrad himself; how he, at the urging of an American dealer, gathered up from out an old bureau drawer the scattered hand-written leaves of one of his books. And, if my memory does not play me false, I recollect the glee with which Conrad announced receiving three hundred dollars for these papers which now bring twenty times that amount.

In a New York literary paper of the week of March 14th, 1926, I saw a large advertisement, part of which had the following sickening blurb: "Conrad, before he died, saw his original manuscripts auctioned off for $110,998. He saw a limited edition of his work, 735 sets, sell for $129,000, simply because he autographed them."

This is the world's criterion of genius. From this nauseating commentary my eyes turn to a page in the catalogue of Barnet J. Beyer, Inc., of New York City, a dealer in rare manuscripts and books, where I find listed five autographed letters from Conrad to Percival Gibbon, the price seven hundred and fifty dollars!

But one's amazement at the price gives way to wonder, after reading the contents, how letters covering such intimate things can be thrown upon the market. Mr. Gibbon, to whom they are addressed, is a Sir, and a well-known author; can it be that he, too, was in drastic need of money. One letter written in July, 1909, reads:

My Dear Percival:

. . . . I really don't want to worry you indefinitely with my affairs, but your suggestion for clearing the financial position between P. and myself was so clever, business clever, that I can't pretend even to putting it aside. . . . I am in need of 2250 pounds in hard cash for which I offer 3 policies of the Standard Life totalling 1600 pounds . . . . the understanding that the loan is to be used for paying off old liabilities. My age is 52 . . . ." etc., etc.

Yet the work of this man, who in 1909 at the age of 52 was forced to write such a letter, now brings countless thousands in royalties, when he is dead; and ignorant profiteers and the vulgar wealthy pay little fortunes for some old scraps of his handwriting so that thereby they may gain a little reflected glory from the rays of the name of a man who some other men have proclaimed a genius.

ONE is reminded of the story of the greatest Canadian poet, Bliss Carman. A collector in conversation with Carman took it for granted that Carman had a copy of the first edition of one of his early books of poems, and stated so. "Gracious, no; I can't afford to buy copies of my first editions," was Carman's reply. This quiet, retiring man, Bliss Carman, was neglected by his own Canadians until he was nearing sixty years of age. Even now in his own country the sale of his works is pitifully small compared with the number of copies bought of Elinor Glyn. Yet Carman is a great poet, touched with that light of genius which men of lesser mold fail to see so often until the man is gone.

But why go on? The life stories of artists are too lacking in variation from poverty and posthumous honors to make good entertainment in a world where suspense in reading matter is so necessary if the story shall hold its audience. And so for the last two quotations, and an end.

One of the most poignant summings up of the whole race of artists was made, I think, by Frank Harris when he wrote:

"Few people understand how desperate is the life pilgrimage of the literary artist. Not only must he feel more acutely than other men, but he must abandon himself, with every fibre in him, to his sensations and emotions.

Continued on page 93

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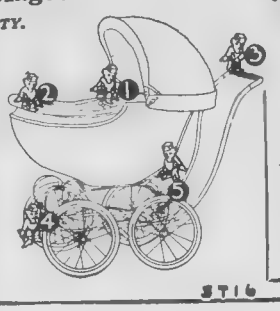

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The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 2, 3 and 4 years. To make this design without collar and cuffs, and sleeveless for a 2-year size, will require 1¾ yard of 36-inch material. If made with collar, cuffs and sleeve extensions on the blouse 2 yards will be required.

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6154. Nainsook, voile, China silk or crepe de chine are suitable for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 6 months, 1 and 2 years. To make the Dress for a 1-year size will require 1⅝ yard of 32-inch material.

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6153. Dimity, challie, crepe de chine or voile are excellent materials for this model. Plait extensions in front and back, give additional fulness, and the saddle shoulder make the sleeve very comfortable.

The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 3-year size will require 1¾ yard of material 32 inches wide or wider. For facing on the cuffs ⅛ yard of contrasting material 20 inches wide is required.

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6119. Sun suits have become very popular for little children. This model is fashioned with deep arm-openings and the body portion of the back is buttoned to the waist. The style is comfortable and is built for coolness and ease.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 3-year size will require 1¼ yard of 36-inch material. To bind neck and arm openings as illustrated will require 1⅞ yard of narrow bias binding.

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6151. Challie, zephyr or cotton print could be be used for this design.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. To make the Dress for an 8-year size will require 2 yards of 36-inch material together with ¼ yard of contrasting material for facing on collar and belt.

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The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

The Boudoir Cap

By Winnifred J. Mott

My wife wears a boudoir cap
Of frills and lace.
It makes a lovely setting for
Her piquant face.
A thousand pities is it I should see
That there's no reason for her finery.

Why can't I think how dear she looks,
How sweet her smile.
How dewy bright her tender eyes,
So free from guile.
And how she in her beauty doth adorn
My humble breakfast table every morn.

Alas! I am a realist.
My vision goes
Beyond the foamy lace and frills,
The dainty bows.
I know as well as she what's hidden there,
She wears it 'cause she hasn't combed her hair.

"Onalee"

By Charles Christy Dunbar

He stood beside life's trodden way,
Clothed in rags of shame,
While he gazed upon a mound of clay,
And murmured to her name—

ONALEE—dewdrop of my dreams,
I paint your face in memory.
Your laughing eyes, oh darling how they gleam,
Like twinkling stars on mirrored sea;
And your vision consoles me in my blight,
While in my dreams I breathe a sigh—
Let me kiss you just for tonight—
ONALEE, sweet memory, good-bye!

Oh withered flowers and crumbled clay,
The only friends I own,
Let me caress you—on this last day—
For I am coming home.

Tribulations of Genius

Continued from page 91

And if he thereby endanger health or sanity, who cares? And his competitors are not only the men of his own day, but the greatest of all time in a dozen countries . . . . And there they pass up and down the streets, unknown and unappreciated. When they are dead and gone men will crown them and do them tardy reverence, and wonder about them and form legends of their sayings and doings."

There is a French proverb which says: "Art is the torch lighted by Adam from the fiery sword of the Archangel who drove him out of Paradise."

Yes; man, forced out into the dreary void of the real world of tribulation, of toil and competitive struggle, must bring something of the lost Paradise with him; and he chose Art as the greatest consoler, the one supreme gift of creation which made him almost the equal of his wrathful God.

And that Art, too often, has been the artist's only reward.

It was dwelling upon this thought perhaps that evoked from Lord Dunsany his incomparable ironic "The Assignation," in "Fifty-one Tales":

"Fame singing in the highways, and trifling as she sang with sordid adventurers, passed the poet by. And still the poet made for her little chaplets of song, to deck her forehead in the courts of time: and still she wore instead the worthless garlands that boisterous citizens flung to her in the ways, made out of perishable things. And after awhile, whenever these garlands died, the poet came to her with his chaplets of song; and still she laughed at him and wore the worthless wreaths though they always died at evening. And one day in his bitterness the poet rebuked her, and said to her: "Lovely Fame, even in the highways and byways you have not forborne to laugh and shout and jest with worthless men, and I have toiled for you and dreamed of you, and you mock me and pass me by." And Fame turned her back on him and walked away, but in departing she looked over her shoulder and smiled at him as she had not smiled before, and, almost speaking in a whisper, said: 'I will meet you in the graveyard at the back of the workhouse in a hundred years.'"

The Power of Schumann-Heink

Continued from page 48

queens. And the "queen" replied, informally, sentimentally—telling how she had sung for the soldiers, how her "boys" still called her "mother"—and apologizing for being a very "indignified" old woman.

There was another group of songs—and then "Taps," clear and poignantly sung, in memory of those who would not call her "mother" any more.

"Fading light, dims the sight
And a star gems the sky, gleaming bright.
From afar, drawing nigh falls the night.
Dear one rest
In the West, sable night lulls the day on her breast.
Sweet good-night, now away to thy rest.
Love sweet dreams
Lo, the beams of the light fairy moon kiss the streams.
Love, good-night, Ah, so soon, peaceful dreams."

Madame Schumann-Heink had said good-bye—and "God Save the King" was played.

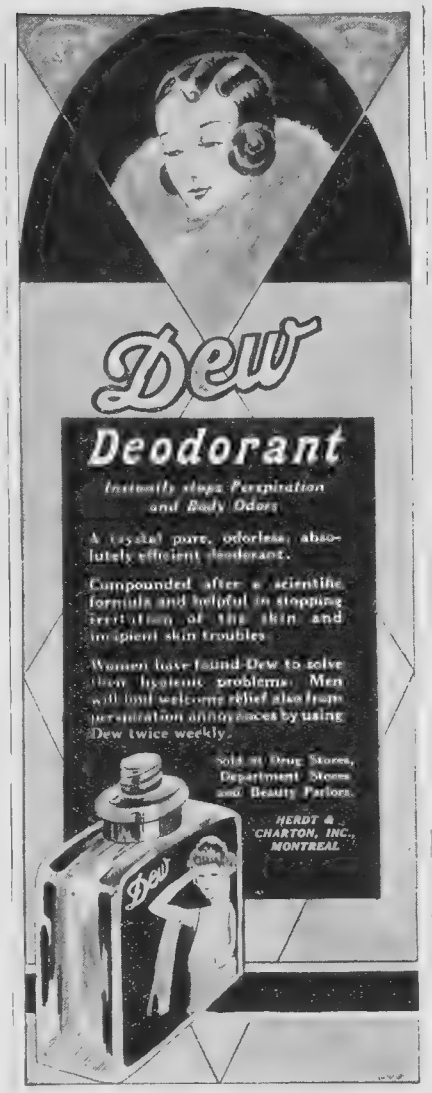
The New Day

By William Thompson

A torch is burning in the east,
The robin pipes unto the morn,
The legions of the sun advance—
The day is born.

A thousand flames consume the sky,
Frail grasses sway with silver dew,
New tokens of a yesterday—
The day is born anew.

Slight, fragile boughs in sleepy nods,
Garbed in newer green bedight,
Smile through a day of ecstasy—
Then frowns the night.



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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

Bill and the Spider

Continued from page 20

bring something from the drug store. Bill invariably forgot such requests. He didn't like these strawberry flavored drops himself, but, well the file clerk was a good scout.....!

When he returned to the office a full half hour ahead of his usual time the file clerk gasped.

"Sick?" he asked.

"Thought I was late," said Bill, nonchalantly.

"And you've brought my pet berries! Here, have some."

"No, thanks, don't care for candies."

"What's up?" Then a burst of glee as Bill removed his cap. "Been to the barber's, too. And all in two hours. Say, you're getting smart. What's the dope?"

"Say, didja ever see the Cadets on parade?"

"Heavens, you don't mean you had time to see the parade too?" moaned the file clerk.

"No foolin', Mr. Spruce. You know the commander don't you? Say, put a word in for me will ya?"

"Sure I will. If you keep up today's record for industry the beaver won't have anything on you."

"I'll say it hasn't," grinned Bill. "Well, so long; I must go to the bench."

THE general superintendent rang for a boy at that moment, and Bill jumped—actually, to the consternation of the office force, jumped. Instead of his long, lazy strides he had acquired a new movement in short, quick time. When he appeared inside the boss' office he stood at attention with shoulders squared.

"Good Lord, Bill, you gave me a start," said the boss, showing a twinkle at the corners of his eyes. "I didn't expect you'd be here for hours."

"I'm sorry, Mr. McDonald. I just heard the buzzer and came as quick as I could hop."

"You surely hopped," commended the general superintendent. "Did you know the junior file clerk has been promoted?"

"No," confessed Bill.

"Better see Mr. Jordan and land that job—that is if you care for it."

"Sure. I'm tired running messages. I'd like a job where there's something to do."

"That's strange. When did this change come over you?"

"A fellow's got to be something sometime and I guess it's time I started."

"You're right, Bill. It's a wise thing you found it out for yourself. By the way, my little girl, Clarice, just called up to tell me about a young boy who championed her and fought the town's bully, giving him the first licking he has ever had. Tell me in your own words all about it."

"Maybe I shouldn't ha' been there watching the Cadets on parade. But anyway, Spider Brown was there, too, and he pushed Clarice aside pretty rough and then insulted the tartan right before the whole crowd. Say, the janitor's a great scout, ain't—isn't he?"

"I suppose he is. But what has he got to do with it?"

"I used to spend a lot o' time down in the basement, readin'. One day the janitor comes in with two sets of boxing gloves, and we put them on. Say, of all the things he showed me. He says I got a perfect uppercut."

"They say Spider Brown acknowledges it, too," laughed the general superintendent.

"Just the same, I felt like hoofin' it when he swung on me, but I remembered about Bruce and the Spider. Three times he goes down—me ready to quit any time—four times, five times—so I spidered him for a sixth."

"Would you be afraid to tackle him again?"

"No, sir; he can't fight—got no science. The janitor's a swell scrapper. You get him to show you some time."

The boss laughed.

"I think I will. I've a tough investigation on my hands tomorrow."

Bill went out rehearsing the four requirements necessary to become a Cadet:

Industry—typified by the life of the beaver. Perseverance—as shown by Bruce and the spider. Loyalty—in defence of the Douglas tartan, and Chivalry—in the championship of womenkind.

"Gee, they say the initiation is sumpin' awful," he shuddered, never suspecting that his recent experiences had automatically admitted him to full membership.

The Princess and Giant Swans

Continued from page 7

"How strange! That is what I was going to command my Miracle Worker to do to them for being so very, very unkind to me."

"It serves them right," said Lepido. "They are very vain; always looking into the water mirror to admire themselves. Such vanity usually brings one to some bad end."

"Do you think it will be safe for me to start for home"?

"Of course. Nothing would harm you. May I escort you"?

"It would be very kind of you; are you certain the Swans will not get us before we have gone far"?

"Most certain, my Lady. This is the hour when they breakfast. Shall we return at once"? stretching his wings.

"Yes, please," replied the Princess.

"Get on my back, and we will start."

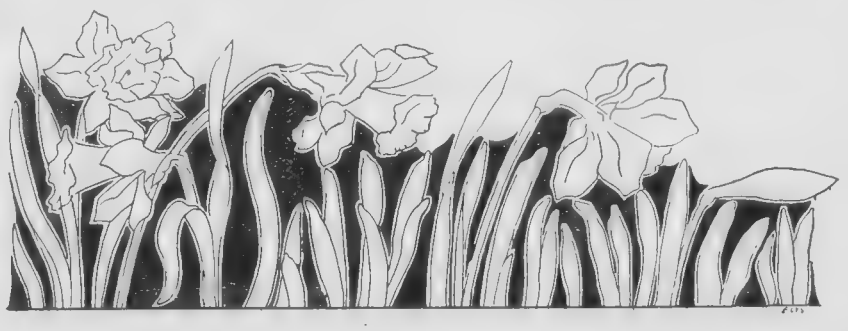
"Oh, joy"!

Off they winged for the Palace, the Butterfly making much better speed than the Princess when she came through the woods. They had not gone far before they heard the most terrible moans and groans and expressions of heart-ache, soul-piercing and most painful to hear. What awful something could have happened? The sounds drew nearer and they could discern voices distracted with grief calling between periods of anguish.

"Our Princess has left us! We cannot withhold our sorrow! Our Princess has left us; we are forgotten, forlorn, we must grieve forever. Our Princess has left us"!

"I'm coming"! she called. "I'm coming"!

The poor stricken multitude looked up. Could they be mistaken? No, it was the Princess of Fairyland. She had returned to her people. The flowers that had been soaked with tears rejoiced, and all of Fairyland wore a broad smile. Scribble said that he would never again allow the Fairy out of his sight, or out of the sight of her Ladies-in-Waiting.



Whoso Diggeth a Pit

Continued from page 36

the money and threw it on the counter.

"Now get to hell out of here."

"Just wait a minute Bill, I'm going to count the money. We're not taking your count."

Slowly Calder counted it then handed it to Kenneth who walked out.

"Bill," said Calder, "Do you ever read your Bible?"

"What's that got to do with it? You get out of here or I'll throw you out."

Not doubting his ability and inclination to carry out the threat, Calder edged toward the door. "Well" he said, "there's a verse about 'Whoso Diggeth a Pit.' Better look it up," and he bolted.

When he overtook Kenneth, they walked along together in silence for some time then Kenneth turned to Calder and holding out his hand said, "Mister Calder, Wee Donald and the Mistress will be going to Winnipeg tomorrow, and all the way there and all the way back and all the time they are there, they will be thinking of you. You're a fearful swearer, but you could be swearing in my own church and I'd neffer be saying a word.

It is Easy to Meet St. Peter

By Erwin Greer

The recipe for meeting Saint Peter? Here it is: Take any fool, add plain jackass ignorance and a motor car, soak the fool well in his own ego, place in the car and let go. After due time remove and set in a satin-lined receptacle and garnish with flowers.

But the fool grins at advice and offers the following tips to those who wish to pass through the Pearly Gates.

Always drive fast and never sound your horn when leaving an alley. Race with locomotives when approaching a grade crossing. Engineers like it, as it breaks the monotony of their jobs. Take the shortest route around blind left-hand curves. Let the other fellow watch out for himself. Never look around when you back up, as there is never anyone behind you. Always speed. It distinguishes you as a driver of pep.

Drive fast on wet pavements and never use nonskid chains. There is always something to stop you—often a heavy truck or a strong curb. Drive just as if there weren't twenty million other cars in service. In wet weather always drive in trolley tracks. It's smooth going and out of the mud. Always lock your brakes and your weed chains in the tool box when skidding. It makes the job more artistic.

In sloppy weather drive close to the curb and splash pedestrians. Dry cleaners appreciate it. Always use a cutout. Snappy drivers always do, and sick people love it. Never sound your horn on the road, but save it for late at night as a door bell. In this way you will be sure to get attention from mothers of sleeping children.

When driving at night make sure one of your headlights is out. This makes people think you are Dead Eye Dick, which greatly enhances your safety. When stopping for traffic signals always inch onto the pedestrian's right of way, and always make your "horseshoe" turns at intersections where the traffic is heaviest.

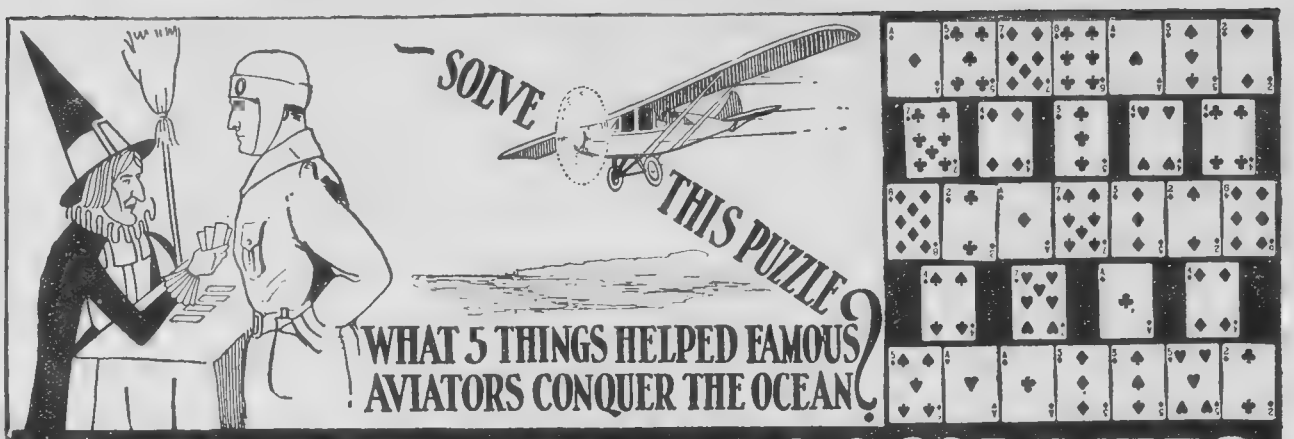
The fool grins. That same grin is on his face when, later, he is hurried to the morgue—only then the grin is more horrible.

The Oily Bird Has Got the Hookworm

One of the most strikingly beneficial results of the application of great wealth to medical research is the fact that the hookworm disease has now been practically eradicated by the work of the Rockefeller Foundation.—Medical Record.

Domestic Feats of Athletics

Athletic authorities declare that only one man has ever turned a triple somersault. So we presume that records made by men carrying an armload of jars of preserved fruit down the cellar stairs are unofficial and do not count.—Peace River Record.



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PRIZES

First—New 1928 Essex Coach, Value $1020.00

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Fifth - -	75.00	"
Sixth - -	50.00	"
Seventh -	25.00	"
Eighth -	15.00	"
Ninth to 25th	10.00	"

It is said that before a famous aviator was about to cross the ocean in his plane he consulted a fortune teller to get a preview of the result of his trip. "I want to know" he told her "if my venture is going to be a success?" "The cards will surely tell us," replied the old woman, who forthwith proceeded to lay the cards on the table. "Now there are five things you must have to accomplish your trip, and if the cards come right they will show them." She therefore laid the cards in five rows, each row spelling the name of the thing he must have to reach America safely. After the cards were all laid out the aviator enquired anxiously: "Well, will I succeed, have I the five things necessary?" "Read the cards," replied the fortune teller, "and you will see."

How He Read Them

"You see," said the fortune teller, "each row of cards spells a word, and each card represents a letter of the word. If a card is the ace, or one spot, of anything that card represents, A, B or C. If it is the two of any denomination it represents D, E, or F, and so on. Now here is your code, see if you can work out the names of the five things you must have to successfully fly the ocean, and if you can read them in the cards you will be successful. To help you a bit the second word is 'skill'. Now find the other four yourself." The aviator did it. Can you?

Solve It: Win First Prize

If you can solve this puzzle, send your answer in at once to compete for the beautiful 1928 Essex Coach First Prize. Write your answer neatly on a piece of paper in pen and ink.

Nothing to Buy or Sell

No Money to Spend

Frankly, this is an advertising contest. Its object is to get a wider distribution for the Sterling Money saving hosiery and underwear catalogue, listing three hundred quality items at direct to consumer prices. When we receive your answer to the puzzle, we will write and tell you how many points you have gained towards first prize and will send you a copy of our latest catalogue right away. You can enter and win the highest prizes without buying a single thing, selling anything, or spending a cent of your money. You will be under no obligation whatever to make a purchase to obtain standing for first prize. Send your answer at once.

CODE
1-a.c.
2-e.
3-g.h.i.
4-k.l.
5-m.n.o.
6-r.
7-s.t.u.
8-w.

FIRST PRIZE

Essex Coach, Value $1020

FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES

1. Write your answers in pen and ink only, on one side of the paper. Put name and address in upper right hand corner stating whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss, also name of this paper. Write anything else on separate sheet. Don't send fancy answers.

2. You must be 16 years or over.

3. Employees of Sterling Hosiery Mills or friends and relatives of employees are forbidden to enter.

4. Different members of a family may compete but only one prize will be awarded to any one household.

5. Final awards will be made by a committee of three prominent Toronto business men who are in no way connected with this firm. Their names will be made known to all contestants. Contestants must agree to abide by their decisions.

6. If you find the correct answer to the puzzle you will be awarded 950 points, and we will send you by mail a simple Busy Bee Hunt puzzle game on which you will be awarded all the final points. No points are to be awarded for neatness, handwriting, general appearance, spelling, etc., nor are points to be awarded for orders unless sent optionally to a limited amount to complete missing or doubtful answers. You are neither obliged nor required to buy or sell a single thing to win the highest prize.

7. Contest closes 5 p.m. Wednesday, October 31, 1928. Entries should be forwarded promptly.

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STOVEL COMPANY LIMITED

"A Complete Printing Service"

WINNIPEG

A Voyage

By Ida M. Haliburton

A sailing on our stately ship
We gaily go exploring
The captain's hand is on the wheel
The first mate stands adoring.

Through Straits of Hall we wind our way,
To port called Parlor grand;
Through drawbridge while we hold our breath
We reach the Dining Strand.

'Tis here we might be pirates bold,
If we were so inclined;
For goodies tempt on every side
And fruits of many kinds.

Then out across Lawn Bay we move
All in this gay adventure;
We've made the trip without a bump
And not a word of censure.

SOMETHING TO LEARN

A Song of Ritches

I have a golden ball,
A big, bright, shining one,
Pure gold; and it is all
Mine.—It is the sun

I have a silver ball,
A white and glistening stone
That other people call
The moon;—my very own!

The jewel things that prick
My cushion's soft blue cover
Are mine, my stars, thick, thick,
Scattered the sky all over.

And everything that's mine
Is yours, and yours, and yours,
The shimmer and the shine!—
Lets lock our wealth out-doors!

Florence Converse

SOMETHING TO DO IN THE SUMMER MONTHS

Dear Boys and Girls of the Cosy Corner,—

I hope you remember that every summer we have "Something to Do" in the long months of the holidays just so that your bright eyes and hearing ears may not get too lazy. Last year it was the "Stop Look and Listen" competition and it was splendid and we got some very fine letters from you all. This year it is going to be "*My Treasure Hunt Diary.*" Does'nt that sound fascinating?

You all know what a Treasure Hunt is don't you? You know at the bottom of the ocean are great ships, some of which sank many years ago, some of which sank only a few years ago. In these ships are treasures of gold and jewels, and many are the divers who have risked their lives to try and bring these treasures to the surface. In certain old countries sometimes people have suspected some old miser of burying treasure and they have started out to find it, sometimes they have been successful, but most often they have found nothing. You remember the story of the three lazy brothers whose father died? In his will he said, "There is a treasure hidden in the garden, dig for it." And those three lazy men dug and sifted all the earth but no treasure could they find, but all the digging made the garden grow wonderfully and they found that the wise old man had known that this was the only way to make the lazy greedy men work as they should.

Well now for our Treasure Hunt. It is to last two months, from June 25th to August 25th, and it will mean watching and listening and thinking, and these are the

Children's Cosy Corner

CONDUCTED BY BOBBY BURKE

"IN READING THERE IS KNOWLEDGE"

treasures you are to look for—unusual fruits, unusual flowers, unusual insects, unusual birds, strange clouds, strange storms, anything that is unusual and different. Now it would not be at all unusual for you to see a crow fly overhead, but it would be very unusual if you saw an eagle, wouldn't it? Wouldn't an eagle be a treasure then? It wouldn't be anything for you to see a long brown furry caterpillar, but suppose you found a marvellous humming bird moth, that would be a treasure, wouldn't it? Do you see what I mean? Only the bright boys and girls will find these treasures, but then look how many of you are finding mistakes in the "What's Wrong With This Picture" Series. You must be a clever lot you Cosy Cornerites, so get busy on the Treasure Hunt and see what you can find.

Keep your notes in the form of a diary, and snap shots, drawings, cut out pictures all may be used. For instance one entry might read like this:

June 30th—Wading in the brook I found a queer looking stone. Daddy says it is a fossil and we think it is part of a fish that belonged to the old old days.

July 15th—Today I saw a flower I have never seen around here before. From the pictures in the nature book I think it is a pink orchid. They grow in wet shady places and the teacher says there were many at her old home.

Now do you understand? For the best diary there will be a prize of a Brownie camera, and for the second best a fountain pen. There will be gold buttons too for the next six good diaries. Sharpen your wits and your pencils now.

The dove says Coo, coo, what shall I do?
I can scarce maintain two.
Pooh pooh says the wren, I have got ten,
and keep them all like gentlemen!

SOMETHING RECEIVED

A letter from Ernest Siegel of Luseland, Sask. Ernest is 13 years old and would like to have some of the members write to him. He got Honorable Mention in the Picture Competition.

Lois Coles of Dilke, Sask., who won a gold button in March, says how much she likes it. She goes to a two roomed school that has folding doors between the rooms so that by opening the doors they have space for a good concert.

Dorval Wilkin of 1234 Second Ave., Moose Jaw, sends us in a little story. Thank you Dorval. Go on with your writing and I am sure that one day you will have a story in the Children's Cosy Corner.

Fred Spencer Squires who wrote that very good story "The Vision" in the April number, has sent us his address, 914,-9th Ave. E., Calgary. A gold button goes out to Fred with our best wishes.

Frances Dayman has written a story which has a pretty name, "The Sea of Shining Waters and the Humpbacked Pirate." I shall be very glad to see it Frances, and let you know what we think of it.

I SERVE

LONG ago there lived in England a boy prince called Edward. Although he was only sixteen years old, he used to ride off to the wars with his father, the king. He was a merry lad, with fair hair and blue eyes. Brave, he was, too; and, because he wore a black coat of mail, he was called the "Black Prince."

One day a great battle was going on in France. The young prince was leading part of the English army. On the top of a little hill, the king was watching the fight. As he stood there, a soldier rode up to him.

"Sire," said the man, "the prince is in danger. If you do not send more men to his help, he will be beaten by the foe."

"Is my son dead, or wounded, or cut down from his horse?" asked the king.

"No," said the soldier, "but the foe is driving him back. He needs help."

"I will send no help so long as the prince is alive," said the king. "If he wins the day, the glory shall be his. Let the lad win his spurs."

When the young prince heard what his father had said, he and his men fought harder than ever. It was a great struggle; but, in the end, the foe was driven back, and the Black Prince gained a great victory. He did, in truth, that day win his spurs.

After the battle, the king felt very proud of his manly son. "You are my true son," he said to the boy. "You have been a brave lad today, and well deserve a crown."

Now, in the army of the foe there was a brave king, who was both old and blind. When he heard that his side was losing the battle, he cried out, "Before I die, let me strike one more blow with my good sword." Two men tied the old king's horse to their horses; and between them the blind man rode into the thick of the battle. There he met a soldier's death.

After the fight, the Black Prince and his father were riding over the battle-field. There they saw lying the brave old soldier king, with his shield beside him. As they were looking sadly upon him, the young prince saw the crest and motto on the shield. The crest was three feathers, and the motto below it was two German words, which mean, "I serve."

"That is a good motto," said the prince. 'It tells how even the king must serve his country."

"Yes," said his father, "they are the crest and motto of a good and brave man. Why not take them for your own, and go on serving your country as you have done in this battle?"

Thus it is that, to this day, Britain's prince has for his badge the three plumes which we call, "The Prince of Wales' Feathers," and for his motto the noble words, "I serve."

WHAT IS WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?

There are from fifteen to twenty mistakes in this picture and a gold button will be awarded to the first two who find the greatest number of mistakes

Going Abroad With Bobby Burke

How would you like to come to Europe with me this summer? I wish I could charter a boat and pile you all in and let you see some of the wonderful places and funny people and nice people and strange ships and let you taste different foods and queer candies. I'm afraid I can't do that though, so the next best thing I can do is to try and tell you a few interesting things about some of these places so that some day when you can go yourself, you will remember "I heard that from Bobby Burke."

We begin our voyage in Montreal in the good ship "Montcalm." Not a very big ship this as ships go, but big enough to house 1,000 people and give them room to sleep and eat and play and walk and have a good time. We drive from the train to the docks in the early morning through narrow little streets and suddenly we find ourselves outside some great sheds, bigger than barns these sheds, and filled with people running this way and that, men pushing trucks of trunks, small boys with their arms full of boxes of flowers, people in taxis and cars and busses, telegram boys hurrying, officers giving orders, trunks and packages and even automobiles being hoisted on to the deck of the ship by great pulleys and then lowered into the hold of the ship, not to see the light of day again until the wide Atlantic has been crossed. We find ourselves presently at the foot of some steps under a canvas cover. We hand over our tickets, a man in a white coat seizes our bags and we begin to climb up the steps, and presently find ourselves on the deck of the ship. Here are many more people, saying goodbye, laughing, talking, perhaps crying a little, opening boxes of flowers, peeping into books and boxes of candy, and everyone looking around them interested and wondering. We follow the white coated man down steep stairs and wind along narrow passages until he opens a door and we find ourselves in a tiny room with a round opening in the wall instead of a window. This is called a port hole and it is filled with heavy glass which is closed with a great brass screw so that in stormy weather the sea may be kept out. The tiny room has four beds or bunks fastened to the walls. You climb into the two top ones with ladders. There are washstands in this room with basins that close up into them. Perhaps there is a tiny wardrobe too, and in this wee room we must sleep and dress while we are crossing the ocean. Up one flight of stairs is the great dining room, filled with long tables that are laden with flowers. In this room we not only eat our meals but have concerts at night and moving picture shows. There is a room too called a lounge, filled with couches and big chairs with a piano and books in it, and here you may play games or talk or read a book.

Well we must hurry out on deck again, for soon the ship will be leaving and we must wave goodbye to everyone. There is a bugle playing, do you know what that means? It means "Friends all ashore" and presently another white coated man hurries through calling "Visitors ashore" and after a while you see them pulling up the steps you came up, and out in the river two little tugs are pulling and fussing, and then you see that the dock and the people on it are beginning to move away and soon there is a wide piece of water between the ship and the dock and people are waving on the boat and calling, and people are waving from the shore and calling, and the tugs are whistling and the

great ship turning and then the band begins to play and we pass other ships, and they whistle to us, and the flags are flying and the dock getting farther away, and we are bound for the great gray wide Atlantic, and the wonderful countries that lie on the other side of the world.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?

Congratulations Cornerites, every day in every way you are getting brighter and brighter. Do you know that there were six of you who had 16 out of 16 correct in this competition? The very bright ones are—Lillian Roach, Cromer, Man.; Florence Grandbois, Halrite, Sask.; George Sinclair, 123-97th St., Edmonton; Francis Salmon, Assiniboia, Sask.; Roberta Willet, Treherne, Man, Ruth Labelle 263 W. Mary St., Fort William Ont. There were thirteen more who only had one mistake, and these smart people were Gladys M. Boyd, Sidmouth, B.C.; Frank Phip 132 Atlas Ave., Toronto; Wm. Vernon Cowan, 2605-5th Ave., W. Vancouver; Ruth Benvie, 1130 Ave. C, North Saskatoon; Melanie Langenhohn, Vermilion, Alta.; Freana L. Zinger, Kerrobert, Sask.; Evelyn K. Peterson, Wellwood, Man.; Rosella Schumm, Halbrite, Sask.; Jean Phillips, Delia, Alta., Norman W. Kilborn, Lac Vert, Sask.; Martha Black, Avonhurst, Sask.; Ruby Hamson, Viking, Alta.; Henry Welch, Scremington, Sask. We are going to be extravagant and send you all medals this time, both the sixteens and the fifteens.

There is Honorable Mention for a number of fourteens and these are Esther Sessions, Sperling; Billy T. Wilson, 3610-25th Ave., W. Vancouver; Ellen Foster, Galahad, Alta.; Elsie Panely, Evesham, Sask.; Auston Baker, Carnduff, Sask.; Mona Yielding, Vancouver; Mary E. Annand, Calgary; Lottie Schuman, Saskatoon, John R. Wheeler, Haileybury, Ont.; Mary I. McDougall, Margaret, Man.; Krene Leslie, Holland; Raymond Kohlsmith, Foam Lake; Edith McClure, Edmonton, Alta.; Grace Hayden, Nanton; Dick Crisp, Vermilion; Edna Rawlings, Brownlee; Ernest Siegel, Lusceland, Sask.; Hilda May Smith, Tompkins, Sask.; Peggy Brown, Minburn, Alta.; Elizabeth Grant, Olda, Alta.; Alice Laycock, Rosebank, Man.

The Things Wrong with the Picture Are:

1—Woman is dressed for summer, child for winter.
2—Child has one mitten and one glove.
3—Man has only one eyebrow.
4—Butchers do not sell fruit.
5—Meat Markets do not have decorative pictures on walls.
6—Goose has only one leg.
7—Butchers do not sell doughnuts.
8—Man has only half a necktie.
9—Child has only one overshoe on.
10—One sleeve of lady's dress is scalloped and one is plain.
11—Woman's beads do not reach around her neck.
12—Half woman's skirt is scalloped and half is plain.
13—Meat markets do not have vases of flowers on their showcases.
14—The centre piece of meat in the ice box is not hanging on the hook.
15—Goose has no wing.
16—Part of picture frame is unpainted.

The Difference Between Frogs And Toads

Lots of people, both big and little don't know very well the difference between a frog and a toad. There is a hazy kind of idea that a frog jumps and a toad walks, but then a toad can hop if he is frightened and a frog often walks, so there you are! However there are many differences and we are going to tell you about a few of them. To begin with a toad is a very ugly thing. His color is dun and reminds you of mud and slime, he squats low on the ground and his back is covered with nasty warty looking lumps. When a toad is touched or disturbed he waddles away very quickly with his head low down to the ground and his body all hunched up, He has the power of exuding, (now there's a new word, look that up) a nasty substance from his skin. This is poisonous to birds and insects, has a disagreeable poisonous smell, and a yellowish color. There is a story that a child once died from handling a toad, but then people have died from wasp bites and pin pricks, and it is likely to depend more on the state of the person's blood than it does on the poison of the toad. Both frogs and toads eat the tiny insects that infest plants, and so they are both useful friends in the garden, but certainly the frog is a young fellow I would much prefer to have dealings with.

I expect you have all seen frogs eggs. They come in large masses that look like jelly with black spots in it, but the toads eggs come in long chains though otherwise they look much alike. Toad tadpoles are much smaller and rounder and darker in color than frog tadpoles, and the tongue of the frog is lobed at the tip, but the toad's tongue is entire. The toad is toothless but strange to say the frog has teeth in the upper jaw and across the palate. Both frogs and toads can be tamed to a certain degree. Flies and small quickly moving worms are food they will come for, and also they are so fond of music that they will come into a room to listen to it. Both seem to like human voices. Have you ever heard the story of toads being able to live in solid stone or rock? This of course is nonsense, but what does happen is probably this—a tiny toad is washed or hops down into a crevice in the rocks, insects and flies come close enough for his busy tongue to catch them. If he has enough room in the hole he grows; if not he dies, and is never heard of again. Some day a stonecutter not noticing the crevice, which by this time is probably filled with bits of earth and roots, cuts open the stone or rock, and out hops Mr. Toad, and the stonecutter says "There—there's a toad growing in the solid rock", but it wasn't really so solid as the stone cutter thought.

Frogs and toads, for some reason best known to themselves, don't like each other. They are seldom seen together, and for that reason you cannot very often see the points of difference. A frog when you disturb him will sit bolt upright and stare at you and then he will give such a jump—fifty times his own length—and when you look for him again, he has gone. A handsome green, smooth coated fellow is the frog, and a lovely voice too in the spring time! Don't you like to hear him though in the spring evenings "gruphing" away in the meadows and marshes? Did you know that frogs eggs might be left in a marshy spot in the pasture one year, and then if there were two or three dry years, and the pasture was quite high and dry they might lie there and not hatch out, but let there be a rainy spring and every egg would mean a young frog croaking away! Eventually as the summer lengthens and the days become hot Mr. Frog finds his way in mighty leaps to the nearest marsh, river or ditch and there he hops and croaks and gobbles insects for the rest of his queer life. In the winter he burys himself in the mud and there he lies doggo until next spring. Remember the different points of the frog and the toad and next time you meet one of these queer creatures be sure that you address him by his proper name!

There is an old legend that a toad carries a jewel in his head between the eyes, but I am afraid it is a jewel that would be of very little value except in fairy stories, and speaking of fairy stories, wasn't the handsome prince or the wicked fairy often turned into a toad in those old wild days when witches and goblins and fairies held sway and no one knew what an aeroplane was?

Canada's Good Example

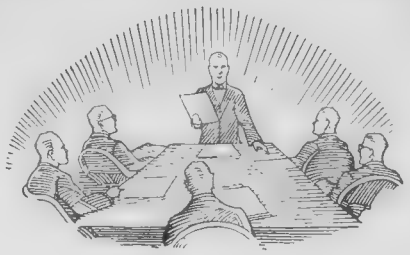
Canada and Canadians are being held up as examples of progress to the people of Great Britain by Premier Stanley Baldwin. Times have changed in the last few decades. In old colonial days, it was the Mother Country that was being urged as the example from which the Dominions should pattern their conduct. Now it is the thriving young Dominion which is being held aloft as a spur to the people of the Motherland, and by no less a person than its own premier.—Wall Street Journal.

No One Could Tell a Sillier One

Judge Bausman, of Chicago, says that annexation of the United States by Canada has been seriously suggested. The only adequate comment on that is, "Now you tell one."—Saskatoon Star.

The Optimist with Real Enthusiasm

An optimist is the fellow who takes the cold water thrown upon his proposition, heats it with enthusiasm, makes steam and pushes ahead. Kitchener Record.



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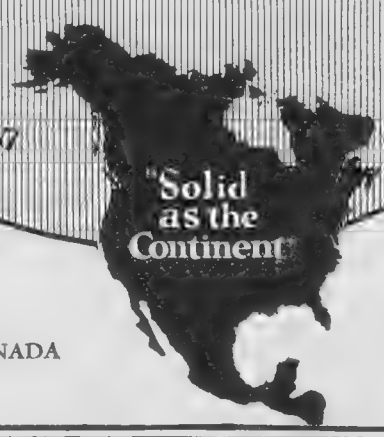

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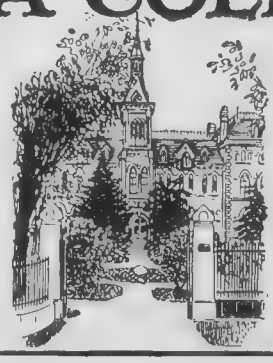

Athletics so organized that every girl has active part.

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The New Health

WHEN Hon. Dr. J. H. King, the Minister of Public Health, said in the House at Ottawa not many days ago that "within the past quarter of a century the progress of science has not only lengthened the expectation of life but has produced an increasing freedom from disabling diseases," he said a thing which we all know to be true. We regard it, indeed, as a matter of course, as we regard so many other things which to our grandfathers would have been miracles. Dr. King might have added that to a better hygiene we have added a better philosophy of life. More active in body, we are also more active in mind. Our whole attitude towards life has changed, so as to keep us more youthful in spirit. No one today feels old, or should feel old, at any age.

Aren't Women People

WHEN the Supreme Court of Canada decided unanimously that a woman is not a "person" within the meaning of the British North America Act, which was passed in 1867, and that therefore, no woman can be appointed to the Senate, it started something in regard to which there can be no doubt of how it will end. Sooner or later, women will sit in the Senate, as the learned judges of the Supreme Court, in the splendor of their scarlet and white robes, know well. The world has changed since 1867.

Gloom is Not Wisdom

FOR several years there has been a flood of unpleasant fiction by writers who seemed determined to think the worst of everything. The literary clouds have broken at last, and the sunshine is coming through into novels and stories. Let us hope that dismally pessimistic fiction will rapidly become scarcer and scarcer. The man who frowns in long-faced gloom is not necessarily a sage who has steeped himself in the deepest pools of human experience. The fact is that the man who on occasion can grin and kick his heels is by no means necessarily a fool and clown. On the contrary he may well be, and probably is, vastly wiser than the gloomy frowner.

Youthfulness of Heart

THERE are some old people who, when they speak of their past experiences show a tendency to idealization, almost to a romanticism suggestive of the dreams which youth has of the coming years. Sometimes you will find these revelations of an unquenchable youthfulness of heart made by old people who have suffered many hardships and great sorrows. Is there anything which carries an inspiration of truer wisdom in it than the thought of how these old people have not let the hard and bitter realities of the world destroy their inner life?

How Life Changes Us

WHEN we are living the ardent life of childhood and of youth, the world shines for us with a glamor and magic newness cast upon everything by our own usefulness of spirit. It is the ever-renewed enchantment of young life. All the real happenings, we feel, are in the future. Who knows, we whisper to ourselves, the wonderful, romantic things the future holds for us! Gradually the glamor fades into the light of common day. But who can remember the month, or the year, in which the world changed? For all that, there are some from whom the passing years cannot take all their youthfulness of spirit, and to whom life, though it has brought them sorrows, has brought them also mellowing wisdom.

Success in Life

AFTER reading a book entitled "Why Men Fail," to which a score of eminent writers have contributed chapters, one is left wondering why writers so eminent have failed to explain why men fail. They have done their best to answer the question propounded by the title of the book. Most of them write with cheerful optimism. And after all, is not cheerful optimism the way of truest wisdom towards success? Only in that spirit can each of us learn to discern what true success is. There is a form of success which each of us may achieve, even those who are severely handicapped by circumstances and whose lack of advantage is great. How many men and women are there who have had perfectly ideal advantages from the beginning of their lives? The most real success is always made against disadvantages.

Openmindedness

DO NOT most of us rather resent being made to think? We may not be so intolerantly narrow-minded and rigidly set in our ideas that we meet a new idea with suspicion and hostility. But do we always welcome the duty of doing some unprejudiced thinking and coming to a decision about it? This question came into The Philosopher's mind on hearing a young man say of a college companion: "He couldn't face a new idea without heart-failure"! No doubt there was in that remark some youthful, humorous exaggeration. But there must have been some reason for it. We should be willing to face new ideas and examine them intelligently. For that is how knowledge grows and progress increases.

In The Air

WHAT will all these achievements in the air lead to? There are disasters in the air, too, as well as triumphs. More aviators, men and women, will lose their lives and hundreds will clamor for chances to risk theirs, before air travel over the ocean becomes as safe as steamship travel—if it ever does. Eric the Red, father of Leif Erickson, who crossed the Atlantic to this continent five centuries before Columbus, headed a fleet of twenty-five small, open ships, with oars as well as sails, which sailed from Iceland in the year 986; only fourteen of the twenty-five reached Greenland. No doubt the transatlantic enterprises of Eric and his son were regarded by some people in Iceland as "foolhardy" and "suicidal." And, as a matter of fact, were they not more so than the transatlantic flying of today?

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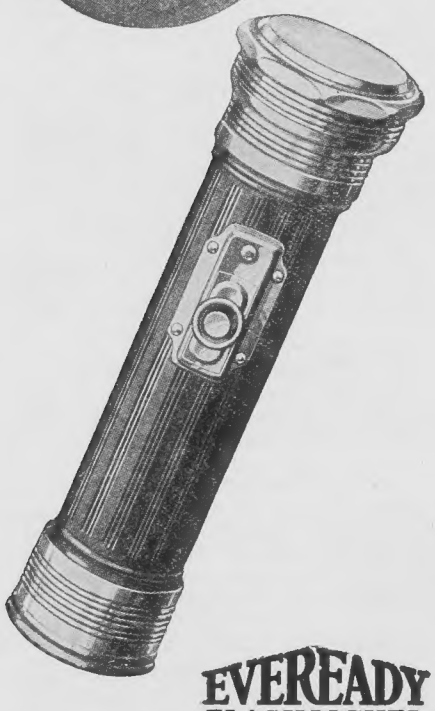

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What the World is Saying

Could They Make a Bigger Mistake?

Some people think that religion consists in having a pious look.—Prince Albert Herald.

Perhaps They Did

Some people brag about their ancestors, as if they invented them.—Brockville Recorder-Times.

The Hens Keep On Without Crowing

Seven per cent increase in Canada's egg production is something to crow over.—Toronto Globe.

Especially the Inside

Much is to be said on both sides of the average political question.—Quebec Evenement.

It Is Next to Impossible

In the case of the average healthy small boy cleanliness is not next to godliness.—Edmonton Journal.

It Would Be No Treat, If He Did

Man may be slipping, but at that he doesn't go around showing his garters.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

Motoring Item

The fellow who wants all the road often finds the ditch thrown in for good measure.—Lethbridge Herald.

Wood Supplied by the Undertaker

Much of the bootleg liquor in the United States is eventually aged in the Wood.—Sault Ste Marie Star.

Never Again, 'Twould Seem

Skirts may be lengthened, but it is safe to say that never again will they sweep the floors.—Montreal Patrie.

'Tis Often Thus!

Things don't always turn out as you expect—and that includes the automobile just ahead of you.—Indian Head News.

Think, Too, of Their Intelligence

One reason why animal films are so popular is that the animals do not try to act.—New York Tribune-Hearald.

Should He Keep His Nose To It

Life is a grindstone and whether it grinds a man down or polishes him up depends on the stuff he's made of.—Victoria Colonist.

Curiosity Is a Powerful Impulse

"The night has a thousand eyes," says the song. Sometimes it would seem that the neighbors have more even than that.—Brantford Expositor.

It Might, Perhaps, Be Thought So

Children, we are informed, are very much like their parents. Which, apparently, is the trouble.—Calgary Herald.

Probably Not

Two pictures at an art show in New York have been hung upside down, it is reported. But can anybody prove it.—Toronto Star.

A Pleasing Sign of Progress

It is always a pleasant sign of the times when we see in the newspapers notices calling for tenders.—Fort William Times-Journal.

But the Minister Wasn't a Seer

There are some couples about whom it might almost be believed that they had been married not by a minister of the gospel but by the minister of war.—Medicine Hat News.

The Vogue of Slimness

What with dieting and modern fashion the skeleton is coming out of the closet and clothes are going in.—Kitchener Record.

Local Improvements in Chicago

A city ordinance has been introduced in Chicago compelling all milk wagons to be provided with rubber tires. The next step will be equipping the beer wagon guns with Maxim silencers.—Buffalo Express.

Editorial Frankness

The ex-crown prince of Germany is reported to be "broke." As a matter of fact, we are not any too flush ourselves.—Oshawa Reformer.

Time Brings Changes

A professor finds that a girl baby triples her weight during her first year. And tries to half it during her fortieth.—Brandon Sun.

An Explanation

Another fashion writer says that clothing styles "move in tides." We understand it now—the girls have been preparing for high water.—London Humorist.

Certainly Not Longer Talkers

The Japanese parliament is to meet but for fourteen days only. These Japs must be faster workers than our fellows.—Hamilton Herald.

The Nightly Jazz

What would the author of "Oft in the Stilly Night" say if he could tune in about 9 o'clock almost any night?—Selkirk Recorder.

Fashion Item

"Colored stockings will be seen more," says a fashion expert. We didn't think there was any more of them to be seen.—Owen Sound Sun-Times.

The Advance of Women's Rights

Who could have expected a few decades ago to see the days when a man would scold his wife for dropping ashes on his office floor?—Montreal Herald.

Editorial Sarcasm

Government control of broadcasting in Canada is forecast. Of course this will have no effect on the ladies' aid societies.—Carleton Place Central Canadian.

Ups and Downs

Airplanes, says a news item, are being sold in England on the instalment plan. So much down before you go up.—Saskatoon Star.

It Is Worse Than That

A holy war is reported to be raging in Arabia and parts adjacent. As we understand it, a holy war is about as holy as a civil war is civil.—New York World.

A Question of Figures

If a girl pays $2.00 for a pair of stockings, she can hardly be blamed for wanting to show $1.95 worth of them.—Vancouver Sun.

Natural History Notes

When a woman makes a pet of her husband he generally leads a dog's life.—Moose Jaw Times-Herald.

More Than One Man, Too

Long Tong is the name of a Chinese lady living in Vancouver. It is a name which would eminently suit more than one lady who lives a long way on this side of Vancouver.—Halifax Mail.

Ideas Don't Cause Verbosity

Very few men sit in parliament or exist anywhere whose ideas on any particular occasion need more than forty minutes for expression.—Ottawa Citizen.

A Shrinking Garment

"The skirt as now worn," says a fashion writer, "has reached the utmost limit of abbreviation." This is the sort of rash assertion that puts flappers on their mettle.—London Passing Show.

Youth Is Optimistic

Among other optimists is the young chap who calls his girl on the party line with the belief that the neighbors don't listen in.—Fargo Tribune.

A Privilege Widely Exercised

When we don't know people well enough to speak to, it does not necessarily follow that we don't know them well enough to talk about.—Montreal Star.

Where "*Hurry*" is a harmful word

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